James Phillan

"Winter 46"

1/46 T90

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/britishdramaten0000unse

BRITISH DRAMA

Ten Plays

FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY
TO THE END OF THE NINETEENTH

EDITED BY

PAUL ROBERT LIEDER
Professor of English Language and Literature in Smith College

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
Professor of English in the University of Chicago

ROBERT KILBURN ROOT
Professor of English in Princeton University

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · DALLAS · SAN FRANCISCO
The Riverside Press Cambridge

COPYRIGHT, 1929
BY PAUL ROBERT LIEDER, ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, AND ROBERT KILBURN ROOT
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

PREFACE

THIS collection of plays has been prepared as a companion volume to the editors' *British Poetry and Prose.* In that anthology they deliberately excluded plays, believing that the development of British drama could not be illustrated even sketchily by a few examples, and that the inclusion of selected scenes was at best only a makeshift.

The plays here presented have been carefully chosen to provide the student in a survey course, or in a course in types, with an adequate introduction to the history of British drama. Supplemented by the plays of Shakespeare that are ordinarily read in an introductory course, this collection will supply the student with worthy and interesting specimens of the chief types of British drama chosen from the most outstanding periods.

As in their previous volumes, the editors have provided for each selection an introductory note designed to characterize the play, its author, or the period in which the play was produced. These notes are in no way meant to be exhaustive. They are, literally, introductions, designed to lift the barrier between the student and the play upon their first meeting. Scope is left to the individual instructor; and the eager student who wishes to satisfy his curiosity by himself will find sufficient guidance in the selected bibliographies appended to each introduction. Footnotes, placed for convenience at the bottom of the page, have been supplied to enable a student to read the play through without interruption and with pleasure. These footnotes have been prepared expressly for the purposes of this edition; and in several cases they contain new explanations of old difficulties.

While this volume is intended for the general reader or student, the editors have taken great care in the selection and preparation of the texts. *Abraham and Isaac, The Second Shepherds' Play,* and *Everyman* are the able modernized versions by Professor C. G. Child, compared, in the case of doubtful readings, with Arber, Manly, and Adams. *Doctor Faustus, The Alchemist,* and *Philaster* are the excellent texts prepared by President William Allan Neilson. The text of *All for Love* is based on the first quarto of 1678, compared, after it was completed, with Noyes's scholarly edition of Dryden's plays. *The Way of the World* is taken from the first quarto of 1700, and not the poorer first collected edition of 1711, which unfortunately has been used in nearly all later editions of this play. *The School for Scandal,* except for a few minor changes, is Hanson Hart Webster's admirable version in the Riverside College Classics; and *Lady Windermere's Fan* is printed from the standard text. Some of these plays have appeared before in Matthews and Lieder, *Chief British Dramatists,* and are reprinted here by permission, with an occasional borrowing from the appendices.

The editors are greatly indebted to and hereby thank Professor C. G. Child and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use the texts of *Abraham and Isaac.*

The Second Shepherds' Play, and *Everyman*; President William Allan Neilson for permission to reprint the plays by Marlowe, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher; Hanson Hart Webster, Esq., and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use the text of *The School for Scandal*.

The editors also wish to thank Professor Robert Withington of Smith College for his assistance in the reading of the proofs.

CONTENTS

The Brome Abraham and Isaac		1
The Second Shepherds' Play		11
Everyman		27
The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus	*Christopher Marlowe*	43
The Alchemist	*Ben Jonson*	71
Philaster, or Love Lies A-Bleeding	*Beaumont and Fletcher*	137
All for Love, or The World Well Lost	*John Dryden*	185
The Way of the World	*William Congreve*	235
The School for Scandal	*Richard Brinsley Sheridan*	285
Lady Windermere's Fan	*Oscar Wilde*	339
Index of Characters		373

BRITISH DRAMA

THE BROME ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

THE BROME ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

English drama, like the early drama of most countries, had its origins in religious worship. Its earliest form was called a trope, an interpolation in the mass consisting of music, dialogue, and mimetic action. The subject was usually taken from the life of a saint or a story from the Bible. When the tropes became popular and more elaborate, they passed from the hands of the priests and monks into the control of guilds or trade-unions, who produced the plays in the open air on pageant-wagons in series or cycles, each guild assuming responsibility for one play. Only four cycles have come down to us, the Chester, the York, the Towneley or Wakefield, and the Coventry, besides fragments of cycles and individual plays. These plays are called miracle or mystery plays. Some scholars use the term "miracle" for dramatizations of scenes from the lives of saints, "mystery" for scenes from the Bible. In English drama, no such distinction is usually made. (*Mystery* is from the French *mystère*, meaning, in all probability, a play given by a craft or guild.)

Abraham and Isaac is the best miracle play of a serious nature in the English language. The story appears in each of the four great cycles and in two individual versions, the Dublin and the Brome; and of these the Brome is without question the best. It is a little masterpiece of religious drama in its pure form. Unlike the *Second Shepherds' Play*, with which it ranks in popularity and in artistry, it adheres closely to the Bible story, without introducing native or secular elements. The dramatist, however, while keeping to the facts, treats Abraham and Isaac as his simple audience would like him to, Abraham as a father, Isaac as a son. The play turns, accordingly, not so much on Abraham and Isaac as characters from the Old Testament, as on the conflict between a father's love and a son's devotion. God's command, which is accepted on authority, motivates the play, and the angel who halts Abraham's sword is the familiar "god from the machine."

Abraham and Isaac, among miracle plays, is unrivaled in its ability to arouse rational emotion and to create suspense. This is the more remarkable because of the extreme artistic economy of the piece. Not many playwrights, using, practically, only two characters, could build with the same sureness of construction a similar climax to top the series of preceding dramatic crises.

For medieval drama, the standard authority is Sir E. K. Chambers, *The Medieval Stage*, two volumes, 1903. Other useful books are: W. R. Mackenzie, *The English Moralities*, 1914; E. H. Moore, *English Miracle Plays and Moralities*, 1907; A. W. Pollard, *English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes*, latest edition, 1923; and the introduction to C. G. Child, *Everyman and Other Plays*, in the Riverside Literature Series. Authoritative texts of the early plays are easily accessible in J. Q. Adams, *Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramatists* (Houghton Mifflin Company).

THE BROME ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

[ABRAHAM *and* ISAAC *enter.*]

ABRAHAM. Father of Heaven, omnipotent,
With all my heart to thee I call,
Thou hast given me both land and rent,
And my livelihood thou hast to me sent,
I thank thee greatly evermore for all.

First of the earth thou madest Adam,
And Eve also to be his wife;
All other creatures from these two came:
And now thou has granted me, Abraham,
Here in this land to lead my life.

In mine age thou hast granted me this
That with me should dwell this young child dear.
I love nothing so much, ywis,
Except thine own self, dear Father of Bliss,
As my own sweet son, my Isaac here.

I have divers children more, I know,
But I love them not half so well as he.
This fair sweet child he doth cherish me so,
In every place wherever I go,
That no affliction may trouble me.

And therefore, Fáther of Heaven, I thee pray
For his health and also for his grace.
Nów, Lord, keep him both night and day
That never affliction nor terror may
Come to my child in any place.

Now come on, Isaac, my own sweet child,
Go we home and take our rest.

ISAAC. Abraham, mine own father so mild,
To follow you I am readiest
Late and early, God wot!

ABRAHAM. Come on, sweet child, I love thee best
Of all the children that ever I begot.

[ABRAHAM *and* ISAAC *go.* GOD *speaks:*]

DEUS. Mine angel, fast hie thee on thy way,
And unto mid-earth anon do thou go —
Abraham's heart now will I essay,
Whether he be stedfast or no.

Say I commanded him for to take
His young son Isaac, he loveth so,
And with his blood that he sacrifice make
If my friendship he would have and know.

Show him the way unto the hill
Where that his sacrifice shall be.
I shall essay now his good will,
Whether he loveth better his child or me.
All men shall take example by him
My commandments how they shall keep.

[THE ANGEL *goes to find* ABRAHAM. ABRAHAM *speaks:*]

ABRAHAM. Now, Father of Heaven, that didst form everything,
My prayers I make to thee again,
For this day my tender offering
Here must I give to thee amain.

Ah, Lord God, Almighty King,
What kind will be to thee most fain?
If I had thereof true knowing,
It should be done with might and main
Full soon by me!
To do thy pleasure on a hill,
Verily, it is my will,
Dear Father, God in Trinity!

[THE ANGEL *appears to* ABRAHAM.]

THE ANGEL. Abraham, Abraham, be at rest!
Our Lord commandeth thee to take

13 *ywis*, certainly; modern German *gewiss*.
35 *essay*, try, test.
50 *amain*, forcibly; here, immediately.
52 *fain*, desirous.

Isaac, thy young son, that thou lovest best
And with his blood that thou sacrifice make.

Into the Land of Vision do thou go,
And offer thy child unto thy Lord;
I shall thee lead and show also.
To God's bidding, Abraham, give accord,

And follow me upon this green!
ABRAHAM. Welcome to me be my Lord's command!
And his behest I will not withstand —
Yet Isaac, my young son in land,
A full dear child to me hath been!

Were God so pleased, I were liefer rid
Of all the good that I have, he gave,
Than that Isaac, my son, were discomforted,
So God in heaven my soul may save!

No thing on earth so much love I bore,
And now I must the child go kill!
Ah, Lord God, my conscience is troubled sore,
And yet, my dear Lord, I dread me the more
To begrudge anything against thy will.

I love my child as my life,
But yet I love my God much more thereto,
For though my heart should make any strife,
Yet will I not spare for child or wife,
But do as my Lord hath bid me do!

Though I love my son never so great a deal,
Yet smite off his head soon I shall.
Ah, Father of Heaven, to thee I kneel,
A hard death my son shall feel,
For to honor thee, Lord, withal!

THE ANGEL. Abraham, Abraham, this is well said,
And all these decrees look thou obey!
But in thy heart be nothing dismayed.
ABRAHAM. Nay, nay, forsooth! I hold me well paid
To please my God the best I may.

For though my heart be in heaviness set
The blood of my own dear son to see,
Yet will I not withhold my debt,
But Isaac, my son, I will go get,
And come as fast as ever may be.

[THE ANGEL *departs.* ABRAHAM *goes to fetch* ISAAC:]

ABRAHAM. Now, Isaac, my own son dear,
Where art thou, child! Speak to me.
ISAAC. My fair sweet father, I am here,
And make my prayers to the Trinity.

ABRAHAM. Rise up, my child, and fast come hither,
My gentle bairn that art so wise,
For we too, child, must go together,
And unto my Lord make sacrifice.

ISAAC. I am full ready, my father. Lo!
Given to your hands, I stand right here,
And whatsoever ye bid me do, even so
It shall be done with glad cheer,
Full well and fine.
ABRAHAM. Ah, Isaac, mine own son so dear,
God's blessing I give thee, and mine.

Hold this fagot upon thy back,
And I myself here fire shall bring.
ISAAC. Father, all this here will I pack,
I am full fain to do your bidding.
ABRAHAM. Ah, Lord of Heaven, my hands I wring,
This child's words wound like death my heart!

Now, Isaac, son, go we on our way
Unto yon mount with might and main.
ISAAC. Let us go, my dear father, as fast as I may —
To follow you I am full fain,
Although I be slender.
ABRAHAM. Ah, Lord, my heart breaketh in twain,
This child's words, they be so tender!

Ah, Isaac son, anon lay it there,
No longer upon thy back it hold,
For I must make ready prayer
To honor my Lord God as I was told.

63 *Land of Vision.* The Bible has "into the land of Moriah," Genesis, XXII, 2. 73 *good,* goods.

ISAAC. Lo, my dear father, where it is.
To cheer you, always I draw me near,
But, father, I marvel sore at this,
Why it is that ye make this heavy cheer,

And also, father, ever more fear I —
Where is your quick beast that ye should kill?
Both fire and wood we have ready by,
But quick beast have we none on this hill.

A quick beast, I wot well, slain must be,
Your sacrifice to make.
ABRAHAM. Dread thee not, my child, I counsel thee
Our Lord will unto this place send me
Some manner of beast to take
By his sweet command.
ISAAC. Yea, father, but my heart beginneth to quake
To see that sharp sword in your hand.

Why bear ye your sword drawn so?
Of your countenance I have much wonder!
ABRAHAM. Ah, Father of Heaven, so great is my woe,
This child here breaks my heart in sunder.

ISAAC. Tell me, my dear father, ere that ye cease —
Bear ye your sword thus drawn for me?
ABRAHAM. Ah, Isaac, sweet son, peace, peace!
For in sooth thou breakest my heart in three!

ISAAC. Now truly, father, on somewhat ye think,
That ye mourn thus more and more.
ABRAHAM. Ah, Lord of Heaven, let thy grace down sink,
For my heart was never half so sore!

ISAAC. I pray you, father, let me know the truth,
Whether I shall have any harm or no.

ABRAHAM. Not yet may I tell thee, sweet son, in sooth,
My heart is now so full of woe.

ISAAC. Dear father, I pray you, hide it not from me,
But some of your thought, tell ye me, your son.
ABRAHAM. Ah, Isaac, Isaac, I must kill thee!
ISAAC. Kill me, father? Alas, what have I done!

If in aught I have trespassed against you, God wot,
With a rod ye may make me full mild —
And with your sharp sword kill me not,
For in truth, father, I am but a child.

ABRAHAM. I am full sorry, son, thy blood to spill,
But truly, my child, it is not as I please.
ISAAC. Now I would to God my mother were here on this hill!
She would kneel for me on both her knees
To save my life.
And since that my mother is not here,
Change your look, I pray you, father dear,
And kill me not with your knife.

ABRAHAM. Forsooth, my son, save I thee kill,
I should grieve God right sore, I fear,
It is his commandment and also his will
That I should do this same deed here.

He commanded me, son, for certain
To make my sacrifice with thy blood.
ISAAC. And is it God's will that I should be slain?
ABRAHAM. Yea, truly, Isaac, my son so good,
And therefore my hands I wring!

ISAAC. Now, father, against my Lord's decree,
I will never murmur, loud or still.
He might have sent me a better destiny,
If it had been his will.

136 *cheer*, countenance. 138 *quick*, live.

ABRAHAM. Forsooth, son, save this deed I did,
In grievous displeasure our Lord would be.
ISAAC. Nay, nay, father, God forbid
That ever ye should grieve him for me!

Ye have other children, one or two,
Which ye should love well in natural kind.
I pray you, father, no more your grief renew,
For, if I am once dead and gone from you,
I shall soon be out of your mind.

Therefore do our Lord's bidding,
And when I am dead, then pray for me.
But, good father, tell ye my mother nothing,
Say that I am in another country dwelling.
ABRAHAM. Ah, Isaac, Isaac, blessed mayest thou be!

My heart in anguish beginneth to rise
To see the blood of thy blessed body!
ISAAC. Father, since it may be no other wise,
Let it pass over, as well as I.

But, father, ere I go unto my death,
I pray you bless me with your hand.
ABRAHAM. Now, Isaac, with all my breath,
My blessing I give thee upon this land,
And, verily, God's thereto with this.
Isaac, Isaac, son, rise up and stand,
Thy fair sweet mouth that I may kiss.

ISAAC. Now farewell, my own father so fine,
And greet well my mother as may accord,
But I pray you, father, to hide mine eyne
That I see not the stroke of your sharp sword
That my flesh shall defile.
ABRAHAM. Son, thy words make me to weep full sore —
Now, my dear son Isaac, speak no more.
ISAAC. Ah, my own dear father, wherefore?
We shall speak here together so little while.

And since that I must needs be dead,
Yet, my dear father, to you I pray,
Smite but few strokes at my head
And make an end as soon as ye may,
And tarry not too long.
ABRAHAM. Child, thy meek words do me dismay,
So welaway must be my song!

Except alone that I do God's will.
Ah, Isaac, my own sweet child,
Kiss me yet again upon this hill —
In all the world is none so mild!

ISAAC. Now, truly, father, all this tarrying,
It doeth my heart but harm;
I pray you, father, make an ending.
ABRAHAM. Come up, sweet child, into my arm.

I must bind thy hands two,
Although thou be never so mild.
ISAAC. Ah, mercy, father! Why should yé so do?
ABRAHAM. That thou should'st not resist, my child.

ISAAC. Nay, indeed, father, I'll not try to let you.
Do on, for all me, your will,
And the purpose to which ye have set you,
For God's love, hold it steadfast still.

I am full sorry this day to die,
But yet I wish not my God to grieve.
Do your pleasure for all me full boldly,
My fair sweet father, I give you leave.

But, father, I pray you evermore,
Nothing unto my mother tell,
If she knew it, she would weep full sore,
For she loveth me, father, in truth, full well —
May God's blessing with her be!
Now farewell, my mother so sweet,
We two are like no more to meet,
ABRAHAM. Ah, Isaac, Isaac, son, thou dost make me greet,
And with thy words thou doth anguish me!

220 *may accord.* The original has *in erde*, on earth. 247 *let*, hinder. 262 *greet*, weep.

ISAAC. I am sorry, sweet father, to grieve you truly;
I cry you mercy for what I have done;
And for all trespass I did you unduly,
Forgive me, dear father, all I have done
God of Heaven be with me!

ABRAHAM. Ah, dear child, forbear to moan!
In all thy life, thou didst grieve me none.
Now blessed be thou, body and bone,
That ever thou wert bred and born.
Thou hast been to me a child full good.
But in truth, child, though I mourn,
Never so fast,
Yet must I needs here at the last
In this place shed all thy blood.

Therefore, my dear son, here shalt thou lie.
Unto my work I must proceed.
In truth, I as lief were myself should die —
If God would be pleased with my deed —
And mine own body for to offer!
ISAAC. Ah, mercy, father! mourn ye no more.
Your weeping maketh mine heart as sore
As mine own death I am to suffer.

Your kerchief, father, about mine eyes wind.
ABRAHAM. So I shall, sweetest child on earth so broad.
ISAAC. Now still, good father, have this in mind,
And smite me not often with your sharp sword,
But hastily that it be sped.

(*Here* ABRAHAM *laid a cloth on* ISAAC'S *face, thus saying:*)

ABRAHAM. Now farewell, my child so full of grace!
ISAAC. Ah, father, father, turn downward my face!
For of your sharp sword I am ever adread.

ABRAHAM. To do this deed I am full sorry,
But, Lord, thy behest I will not withstand.

ISAAC. Ah, Father of Heaven, to thee I cry.
Lord, receive me into thy hand!

ABRAHAM. Lo, now is the time come for sure
That my sword into his neck shall bite.
Ah, Lord, my heart may not this endure,
I may not find it in my heart to smite!
My heart is not equal thereunto!
Yet fain would I work my Lord's will,
But this young innocent lieth so still,
I may not find it in my heart him to kill —
O Father of Heaven, what shall I do!

ISAAC. Ah, mercy, father, why tarry ye so,
And let me so long on this heath thus lie?
Now I would God the stroke were no more to know.
Father, heartily I pray you, shorten my woe,
And let me not wait thus, looking to die.

ABRAHAM. Now, heart, why would'st thou not break in thee?
Yet shált thou not máke me to my Gód unmild.
I will no longer hold back for thee,
Because that my God would offended be.
Now receive the stroke, my own dear child.

(*Here* ABRAHAM *drew his stroke, and* THE ANGEL *took the sword in his hand suddenly.*)

THE ANGEL. I am an angel, thou mayest quickly soon see,
That from heaven to thee is sent.
Our Lord a hundred times thanketh thee
For the keeping of his commandment.
He knoweth thy will and also thine heart,
That thou fearest him above everything,
And to ease of thy heaviness a part,
A fair ram yonder I did bring.

Lo, among the briars he standeth tied.
Now, Abraham, amend thy mood,
For Isaac, thy young son, here by thy side,
This day shall not shed his blood.
Go, make thy sacrifice with yon ram.

308 *to know.* The original is *were doo*, were done.

Now farewell, blessed Abraham,
For unto heaven I go now home:
The way is full straight.
Take up thy son so free!
[THE ANGEL *goes.*]

ABRAHAM. Ah, Lord, I thank thee for thy great grace,
Now am I eased in divers wise.
Arise up, Isaac, my dear son, arise,
Arise up, sweet child, and come to me!

ISAAC. Ah, mercy, father, why do ye not smite?
Ah, smite on, father, once with your knife!
ABRAHAM. Peace, my sweet son, let your heart be light,
For our Lord of Heaven hath granted thy life
By his angel now,
That thou shalt not die this day, son, truly.
ISAAC. Ah, father, full glad then were I,
Iwis, father, I say, iwis,
If this tale were true!
ABRAHAM. A hundred times, my son fair of hue,
For joy thy mouth now will I kiss.

ISAAC. Ah, my dear father Abraham,
Will not God be wroth that we do thus?
ABRAHAM. No, no, surely, my sweet son!
for yon same ram
He hath sent hither down to us.

Yon beast shall die here in thy stead,
In honor of our Lord, alone!
Go fetch him hither, my child, indeed.
ISAAC. Father, I will go catch him by the head,
And bring yon beast with me anon.

Ah, sheep, sheep, blessed may thou be!
That ever thou wert sent down hither!
Thou shalt this day die for me,
In worship of the Holy Trinity.
Now come fast and go we together,
To my father quick hie!
Though thou be never so gentle and good,
Yet I had liefer thou should'st shed thy blood
In sooth, sheep, than I!

Lo, father, I have brought here, full smart,
This gentle sheep, and him to you I give,
But, Lord God, I thank thee with all my heart,
For I am glad that I shall live,
And kiss again once my dear mother!
ABRAHAM. Now be right merry, my sweet child,
For this quick beast that is so mild,
Here I shall offer before all other.

ISAAC. And I will fast begin to blow,
This fire shall burn a full good speed,
But, father, if I stoop down low,
Ye will not kill me with your sword, I trow?
ABRAHAM. No, to fear, sweet son, thou hast surely no need.
My mourning is past!
ISAAC. Yea, but I would that sword were in a fire, indeed,
For, father, it maketh me full sore aghast!

(*Here* ABRAHAM *made his offering, kneeling and saying thus:*)

ABRAHAM. Now, Lord God of Heaven in Trinity,
Almighty God omnipotent,
My offering I make in worship of thee,
And with this quick beast I thee present.
Lord, receive thou my intent,
As thou art God and ground of our grace.

DEUS. Abraham, Abraham, well mayest thou speed,
And Isaac, thy young son, thee by!
Truly, Abraham, for this deed,
I shall multiply of you both the seed,
As thick as stars be in the sky,
Both of greater and less,
And as thick as the sand is in the sea,
So thick multiplied your seed shall be,
This grant I you for your goodness.

Of you shall come increase great enow,
And ever be in bliss without end,
For me, as God alone, ye avow
In fear, and to my commandments bow,
My blessing I give wheresoever ye wend!

ABRAHAM. Lo, of this work that we have wrought,
Isaac, my son, how think ye still?
Full glad and blithe may we be in thought
That we murmured not against God's will
On this fair heath here!
ISAAC. Ah, father, I thank our Lord heartily,
That so well my wit hath served me,
The Lord God more than my death to fear.

ABRAHAM. Why, dearworthy son, wert thou frighted so?
Full boldly, child, tell me thy lore.
ISAAC. By my faith, yea, father, — if aught I know,
I was never so afraid before,
As I have been on yon hill!
But, by my faith, father, I swear
I will nevermore come there,
Except it be against my will!

ABRAHAM. Yea, come on, my own sweet son; even so,
And homeward fast now let us go.
ISAAC. By my faith, father, thereto I agree!
I had never such good will to go home,
And to speak with my dear mother!
ABRAHAM. Ah, Lord of Heaven, I thank thee!
For now I may lead home with me
Isaac, my young son so free,
The gentlest child above all other,
This may I avow full heartily.

Now, go we forth, my blessed son.
ISAAC. I assent, father, and let us go,
For, by my troth, once home, why then,
I would never go out like this again.
I pray God give us grace evermore anew,
And all those that we be beholden to!

[ABRAHAM *and* ISAAC *go.* *The* DOCTOR *enters.*]

DOCTOR. Lo, now, sovereigns and sirs, we have showed for example
This solemn story to great and small,
It is a good lesson for learned and simple,
And for the wisest of us all,
Without whipping, God wot!
For this story showeth you clear
How to our full power here,
We should keep God's commandments and murmur not.

Think ye, sirs, if God sent an angel,
And commanded you your child to slay,
By your truth, is there any of you
That would either repine or rebel straightway?
How think ye now, sirs? I think there be
Three or four or more hereby —
And these women that weep so sorrowfully
When that their children from them die
(As is law of kind).
It is but folly, ye well may trow,
Against God to murmur or grief to show,
For ye shall never see him mischiefed, well I know!
By land or water, bear this in mind!

And murmur not against our Lord God,
In wealth or woe, whatsoever he send,
Though low ye be bowed beneath his rod,
For when he so willeth, he may it amend,
If his commandments with true hearts ye keep without fail,
As this story may serve you to show and forewarn,
And him faithfully serve, while ye be sound and hale,
That ye may please God both even and morn.
Now Jesu, that wore the crown of thorn,
Bring us all to heaven's bliss!

411 *lore*, teaching; here, "instruct or tell me how you felt."
434 *Doctor*, teacher; a character often found in miracle and morality plays who in the beginning or at the end of the play explains the moral of the story.
453 *mischiefed*, injured.

FINIS

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY

The Second Shepherds' Play, or the *Secunda Pastorum*, to give it its original title, is so called because it followed the first play of the shepherds in the Towneley cycle. The Towneley cycle, so named after the family that owned the manuscript in which the plays have come down to us, probably belonged to the guilds of the town of Wakefield. The mysteries in this cycle, thirty-two in number, were composed during the first half of the fourteenth century. While unequal in merit, they comprise the most interesting of the four cycles, particularly because in four or five of the plays, of which *The Second Shepherds' Play* is one, there are evidences of an individual author of uncommon ability. Who this author is, scholars are still debating.

The *Secunda Pastorum* is one of the best plays in the whole history of drama. The author, following the custom of the time, takes his plot from the Bible, but he introduces as a sub-plot the story of Mak the sheep-stealer, a realistic English tale done with the same freshness and humor and the same daring that Shakespeare displayed when he brought Falstaff and his fellows into the history of Henry IV. In both cases these human scenes were the result of popular demand, met, fortunately, by playwrights of genius.

To some readers this play is a splendid farce. Assuredly, some scenes, like the tossing of Mak in a blanket, are "slapstick." But in the greater part of the play the dramatist has made his comic scenes grow naturally out of the characters. In fact, so much of the humor arises from Mak, his wife, or one of the shepherds acting either "in character" or "out of character" that the farce rises to the heights of pure comedy, and comedy of a very fine sort.

For books useful in the study of medieval drama the student should consult the note to *Abraham and Isaac* in this volume. Among one-volume histories of British drama, most useful is A. Nicoll, *British Drama*, 1925 (Crowell). Other good compact surveys are: F. E. Schelling, *English Drama*, 1914 (Dutton); B. Brawley, *Short History of the English Drama*, 1922 (Harcourt Brace); and W. Archer, *The Old Drama and the New*, 1923 (Small Maynard). There is no satisfactory extensive account of British drama in English. Sir A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* (two volumes, 1873; three volumes, 1899) extends only through the age of Queen Anne. Ashley H. Thorndike's *Tragedy*, 1908 (Houghton Mifflin Company), and his *English Comedy*, 1929 (Macmillan) are exhaustive, trustworthy studies.

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY

FROM THE TOWNELEY CYCLE

[*The* First Shepherd (Primus Pastor) *enters.*]

Primus Pastor. Lord, but this weather
is cold, and I am ill wrapped!
Nigh dazed, were the truth told, so long
have I napped;
My legs under me fold; my fingers are
chapped —
With such like I don't hold, for I am all
lapt
In sorrow.
In storms and tempest,
Now in the east, now in the west,
Woe is him has never rest
Midday nor morrow!

But we seely shepherds that walk on the
moor,
In faith we're nigh at hand to be put out of
door.
No wonder, as it doth stand, if we be poor,
For the tilth of our land lies fallow as the
floor,
As ye ken.
We're so burdened and banned,
Over-taxed and unmanned,
We're made tame to the hand
Of these gentry men.

Thus they rob us of our rest, our Lady
them harry!
These men bound to their lords' behest,
they make the plough tarry,
What men say is for the best, we find the
contrary, —
Thus are husbandmen oppressed, in point
to miscarry,
In life,
Thus hold they us under
And from comfort sunder.
It were great wonder,
If ever we should thrive.

For if a man may get an embroidered
sleeve or a brooch now-a-days,
Woe is him that may him grieve, or a word
in answer says!
No blame may he receive, whatever pride
he displays;
And yet may no man believe one word that
he says,
Not a letter.
His daily needs are gained
By boasts and bragging feigned,
And in all he's maintained
By men that are greater.

Proud shall come a swain as a peacock may
go,
He must borrow my wain, my plough
also,
Then I am full fain to grant it ere he
go.
Thus live we in pain, anger, and woe
By night and day!
He must have it, if he choose,
Though I should it lose,
I were better hanged than refuse,
Or once say him nay!

It does me good as I walk thus alone
Of this world for to talk and to make my
moan.
To my sheep will I stalk, and hearken
anon,
There wait on a balk, or sit on a stone.
Full soon,
For I trow, pardie,
True men if they be,
We shall have company,
Ere it be noon.

[*The* First Shepherd *goes to one side. The* Second Shepherd *enters.*]

Secundus Pastor. Ben'cite and Dominus! What may this mean?

10 *seely*, poor, simple.
37 *swain*, squire.
38 *wain*, wagon.
49 *balk*, the unplowed ridge between furrows.
51 *pardie, par Dieu;* by God.
55 *Ben'cite*, contraction for *Benedicite*, bless you.

Why fares the world thus! The like often we've seen!
Lord, but it is spiteful and grievous, this weather so keen!
And the frost so hideous — it waters mine een!
That's no lie!
Now in dry, now in wet,
Now in snow, now in sleet,
When my shoes freeze to my feet,
It's not all easy!

But so far as I ken, wherever I go,
We seely wedded men suffer mickle woe,
We have sorrow once and again, it befalls oft so.
Seely Capel, our hen, both to and fro
She cackles,
But if she begins to croak,
To grumble or cluck,
Then woe be to our cock,
For he is in the shackles!

These men that are wed have not all their will;
When they're full hard bestead, they sigh mighty still;
God knows the life they are led is full hard and full ill,
Nor thereof in bower or bed may they speak their will,
This tide.
My share I have found,
Know my lesson all round,
Woe is him that is bound,
For he must it abide!

But now late in men's lives (such a marvel to me
That I think my heart rives such wonders to see,
How that destiny drives that it should so be!)
Some men will have two wives and some men three
In store.
Some are grieved that have any,
But I'll wager my penny
Woe is him that has many,
For he feels sore!

But young men as to wooing, for God's sake that you bought,
Beware well of wedding, and hold well in thought,
"Had I known" is a thing that serves you nought.
Much silent sorrowing has a wedding home brought,
And grief gives,
With many a sharp shower —
For thou mayest catch in an hour
What shall taste thee full sour
As long as one lives!

For — if ever read I epistle! — I have one by my fire,
As sharp as a thistle, as rough as a briar,
She has brows like a bristle and a sour face by her;
If she had once wet her whistle, she might sing clearer and higher
Her pater-noster;
She is as big as a whale,
She has a gallon of gall, —
By him that died for us all,
I wish I had run till I had lost her!

PRIMUS PASTOR. "God look over the row!" like a deaf man ye stand.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Yea, sluggard, the devil thy maw burn with his brand!
Didst see aught of Daw?
PRIMUS PASTOR. Yea, on the pasture-land
I heard him blow just before; he comes nigh at hand
Below there.
Stand still.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Why?
PRIMUS PASTOR. For he comes, hope I.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. He'll catch us both with some lie
Unless we beware.

[*The* THIRD SHEPHERD *enters, at first without seeing them.*]

TERTIUS PASTOR. Christ's cross me speed and St. Nicholas!
Thereof in sooth I had need, it is worse than it was.

77 *tide*, time.
100 *fire*. The original is, "I have oone to my fere," i.e., "I have one as my companion."

Whoso hath knowledge, take heed, and let the world pass,
You may never trust it, indeed, — it's as brittle as glass,
As it rangeth.
Never before fared this world so,
With marvels that greater grow,
Now in weal, now in woe,
And everything changeth.

There was never since Noah's flood such floods seen,
Winds and rains so rude and storms so keen;
Some stammered, some stood in doubt, as I ween. —
Now God turn all to good, I say as I mean!
For ponder
How these floods all drown
Both in fields and in town,
And bear all down,
And that is a wonder!

We that walk of nights our cattle to keep,
[*Catches sight of the others.*]
We see startling sights when other men sleep.
Yet my heart grows more light — I see shrews a-peep.
Ye are two tall wights — I will give my sheep
A turn, below.
But my mood is ill-sent;
As I walk on this bent,
I may lightly repent,
If I stub my toe.

Ah, sir, God you save and my master sweet!
A drink I crave, and somewhat to eat.

PRIMUS PASTOR. Christ's curse, my knave, thou'rt a lazy cheat!

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Lo, the boy lists to rave! Wait till later for meat,
We have eat it.
Ill thrift on thy pate!
Though the rogue came late,
Yet is he in state
To eat, could he get it.

TERTIUS PASTOR. That such servants as I, that sweat and swink,
Eat our bread full dry gives me reason to think.
Wet and weary we sigh while our masters wink,
Yet full late we come by our dinner and drink —
But soon thereto
Our dame and sire,
When we've run in the mire,
Take a nip from our hire,
And pay slow as they care to.

But hear my oath, master, since you find fault this way,
I shall do this hereafter—work to fit my pay;
I'll do just so much, sir, and now and then play,
For never yet supper in my stomach lay
In the fields.
But why dispute so?
Off with staff I can go.
"Easy bargain," men say,
"But a poor return yields."

PRIMUS PASTOR. Thou wert an ill lad for work to ride wooing
From a man that had but little for spending.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Peace, boy, I bade!
No more jangling,
Or I'll make thee full sad, by the Heaven's King,
With thy gauds!
Where are our sheep, boy? Left lorn?

TERTIUS PASTOR. Sir, this same day at morn,
I them left in the corn
When they rang Lauds.

They have pasture good, they cannot go wrong.

138 *shrews*, rascals.
139 *tall wights*, splendid fellows; K. Malone reads *allwights*, uncanny creatures, taking *shrews* as literal — small animals supposed to be dangerous to sheep, but whose appearance is regarded as a sign of good weather.
142 *bent*, moor. 154 *swink*, toil. 156 *wink*, sleep.
161 *nip from . . . hire*, deduct from our wages. 176 *gauds*, jests, tricks.
180 *Lauds*. The first of the day-offices of the Church, following Matins.

PRIMUS PASTOR. That is right. By the Rood, these nights are long!
Ere we go now, I would someone gave us a song.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. So I thought as I stood, to beguile us along.
TERTIUS PASTOR. I agree.
PRIMUS PASTOR. The tenor I'll try.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. And I the treble so high.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Then the mean shall be I.
How ye chant now, let's see!
[*They sing* (*the song is not given*).]

(*Tunc entrat* MAK, *in clamide se super togam vestitus.*)

MAK. Now, Lord, by thy seven names' spell, that made both moon and stars on high,
Full more than I can tell, by thy will for me, Lord, lack I.
I am all at odds, nought goes well — that oft doth my temper try.
Now would God I might in heaven dwell, for there no children cry,
So still.
PRIMUS PASTOR. Who is that pipes so poor?
MAK. Would God ye knew what I endure!
[PRIMUS PASTOR.] Lo, a man that walks on the moor,
And has not all his will!

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Mak, whither dost speed? What news do you bring?
TERTIUS PASTOR. Is he come? Then take heed each one to his thing.
(*Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.*)
MAK. What! I am a yeoman — since there's need I should tell you — of the King,
That self-same, indeed, messenger from a great lording,
And the like thereby.
Fie on you! Go hence
Out of my presence!
I must have reverence,
And you ask "who am I"!

PRIMUS PASTOR. Why dress ye it up so quaint? Mak, ye do ill!
SECUNDUS PASTOR. But, Mak, listen, ye saint, I believe what ye will!
TERTIUS PASTOR. I trow the knave can feint, by the neck the devil him kill!
MAK. I shall make complaint, and you'll all get your fill,
At a word from me —
And tell your doings, forsooth!
PRIMUS PASTOR. But, Mak, is that truth?
Now take out that southern tooth
And stick in a flea!
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Mak, the devil be in your eye, verily! to a blow I'd fain treat you.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Mak, know you not me? By God, I could beat you!

MAK. God keep you all three! Me thought I had seen you — I greet you,
Ye are a fair company!
PRIMUS PASTOR. Oh, now you remember, you cheat, you!
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Shrew, jokes are cheap!
When thus late a man goes,
What will folk suppose? —
You've a bad name, God knows,
For stealing of sheep!

MAK. And true as steel am I, all men know and say,
But a sickness I feel, verily, that grips me hard, night and day.
My belly is all awry, it is out of play —
TERTIUS PASTOR. "Seldom doth the Devil lie dead by the way —"
MAK. Therefore
Full sore am I and ill,

Tunc entrat. The few stage directions in early plays were in Latin. Here: "Then Mak enters, with a cloak over his smock." The English stage directions inclosed in square brackets are editorial additions.
194 *still*, steadily. *Et accipit.* "He takes the cloak from him." 207 *quaint*, strange.
209 *saint.* The meaning here is not clear; possibly, make-believe saint, deceiver. The line is ironic.
215 *southern tooth.* Mak has been using a Southern pronunciation in an attempt to deceive the shepherds.
229 *seldom doth.* A proverb: you can't trust appearances; the devil is usually active.

Though I stand stone still;
I've not eat a needle
This month and more.

PRIMUS PASTOR. How fares thy wife, by my hood, how fares she, ask I?
MAK. Lies asprawl, by the Rood, lo, the fire close by,
And a house-full of home-brewed she drinks full nigh —
Ill may speed any good thing that she will try
Else to do! —
Eats as fast as may be,
And each year there'll a day be
She brings forth a baby,
And some years two.

But were I now kinder, d'ye hear, and far richer in purse,
Still were I eaten clear out of house and home, sirs.
And she's a foul-favored dear, see her close, by God's curse!
No one knows or may hear, I trow, of a worse,
Not any!
Now will ye see what I proffer? —
To give all in my coffer,
To-morrow next to offer
Her head-mass penny.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Faith, so weary and worn is there none in this shire.
I must sleep, were I shorn of a part of my hire.
TERTIUS PASTOR. I'm naked, cold, and forlorn, and would fain have a fire.
PRIMUS PASTOR. I'm clean spent, for, since morn, I've run in the mire.
Watch thou, do!
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Nay, I'll lie down hereby,
For I must sleep, truly.
TERTIUS PASTOR. As good a man's son was I,
As any of you!
[*They prepare to lie down.*]

But, Mak, come lie here in between, if you please.
MAK. You'll be hindered, I fear, from talking at ease,
Indeed!
[*He yields and lies down.*]
From my top to my toe,
Manus tuas commendo,
Poncio Pilato,
Christ's cross me speed!

(*Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit:*)

Now 'twere time a man knew, that lacks what he'd fain hold,
To steal privily through then into a fold,
And then nimbly his work do — and be not too bold,
For his bargain he'd rue, if it were told
At the ending
Now 'twere time their wrath to tell! —
But he needs good counsel
That fain would fare well,
And has but little for spending.

But about you a circle as round as a moon,
[*He draws the circle.*]
Till I have done what I will, till that it be noon,
That ye lie stone still, until I have done;
And I shall say thereto still, a few good words soon
Of might:
Over your heads my hand I lift.
Out go your eyes! Blind be your sight!
But I must make still better shift,
If it's to be right.

Lord, how hard they sleep — that may ye all hear!
I never herded sheep, but I'll learn now, that's clear.
Though the flock be scared a heap, yet shall I slip near.
[*He captures a sheep.*]
Hey — hitherward creep! Now that betters our cheer
From sorrow.

252 *head-mass penny*, i.e., pay for the burial-service.
266 *Manus tuas.* Mak here, like Colle, the first shepherd, later, misquotes Latin. The joke in this case is that he prays to Pontius Pilate.
Tunc surgit, etc. "Then he rises, when the shepherds are asleep, and speaks."

A fat sheep, I dare say!
A good fleece, swear I may!
When I can, then I'll pay,
But this I will borrow!

[MAK *goes to his house, and knocks at the door.*]

MAK. Ho, Gill, art thou in? Get us a light!
UXOR EIUS. Who makes such a din at this time of night?
I am set for to spin, I think not I might
Rise a penny to win! Curses loud on them light
Trouble cause!
A busy house-wife all day
To be called thus away!
No work's done, I say,
Because of such small chores!

MAK. The door open, good Gill. See'st thou not what I bring?
UXOR. Draw the latch, an thou will. Ah, come in, my sweeting!
MAK. Yea, thou need'st not care didst thou kill me with such long standing!
UXOR. By the naked neck still thou art likely to swing.
MAK. Oh, get away!
I am worthy of my meat,
For at a pinch I can get
More than they that swink and sweat
All the long day.

Thus it fell to my lot, Gill! Such luck came my way!
UXOR. It were a foul blot to be hanged for it some day.
MAK. I have often escaped, Gillot, as risky a play.
UXOR. But "though long goes the pot to the water," men say,
"At last
Comes it home broken."
MAK. Well know I the token,
But let it never be spoken —
But come and help fast!

I would he were slain, I would like well to eat,
This twelvemonth was I not so fain to have some sheep's meat.
UXOR. Should they come ere he's slain and hear the sheep bleat —
MAK. Then might I be ta'en. That were a cold sweat!
The door —
Go close it!
UXOR. Yes, Mak, —
For if they come at thy back —
MAK. Then might I suffer from the whole pack
The devil, and more!

UXOR. A good trick have I spied, since thou thinkest of none,
Here shall we him hide until they be gone —
In my cradle he'll bide — just you let me alone —
And I shall lie beside in childbed and groan.
MAK. Well said!
And I shall say that this night
A boy child saw the light.
UXOR. Now that day was bright
That saw me born and bred!

This is a good device and a far cast.
Ever a woman's advice gives help at the last!
I care not who spies! Now go thou back fast!
MAK. Save I come ere they rise, there'll blow a cold blast!
[MAK *goes back to the moor, and prepares to lie down.*]
I will go sleep.
Still sleeps all this company,
And I shall slip in privily
As it had never been I
That carried off their sheep.

PRIMUS PASTOR. *Resurrex a mortruis!*
Reach me a hand!
Judas carnas dominus! I can hardly stand!
My foot's asleep, by Jesus, and my mouth's dry as sand.
I thought we had laid us full nigh to England!

297 *Uxor Eius*, "his wife."

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Yea, verily!
Lord, but I have slept well.
As fresh as an eel,
As light do I feel,
As leaf on the tree.

TERTIUS PASTOR. Ben'cite be herein!
So my body is quaking,
My heart is out of my skin with the to-do it's making.
Who's making all this din, so my head's set to aching?
To the doer I'll win! Hark, you fellows, be waking!
Four we were —
See ye aught of Mak now?
PRIMUS PASTOR. We were up ere thou.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Man, to God I vow,
Not once did he stir.

TERTIUS PASTOR. Methought he was lapt in a wolf's skin.
PRIMUS PASTOR. So many are wrapped now — namely within.
TERTIUS PASTOR. When we had long napped, methought with a gin
A fat sheep he trapped, but he made no din.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Be still!
Thy dream makes thee mad,
It's a nightmare you've had.
PRIMUS PASTOR. God bring good out of bad,
If it be his will!

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Rise, Mak, for shame! Right long dost thou lie.
MAK. Now Christ's Holy Name be with us for aye!
What's this? by Saint James, I can't move when I try.
I suppose I'm the same. Oo-o, my neck's lain awry
Enough, perdie —
Many thanks! — since yester even.
Now, by Saint Stephen,
I was plagued by a sweven,
Knocked the heart of me.

I thought Gill began to croak and travail full sad,
Well-nigh at the first cock, with a young lad
To add to our flock. Of that I am never glad,
I have "tow on my rock more than ever I had."
Oh, my head!
A house full of young banes —
The devil knock out their brains!
Woe is him many gains,
And thereto little bread.

I must go home, by your leave, to Gill, as I thought.
Prithee look in my sleeve that I steal naught.
I am loath you to grieve, or from you take aught.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Go forth — ill may'st thou thrive! [MAK *goes.*] Now I would that we sought
This morn,
That we had all our store.
PRIMUS PASTOR. But I will go before.
Let us meet.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Where, Daw?
TERTIUS PASTOR. At the crooked thorn.

[*They go out.* MAK *enters and knocks at his door.*]

MAK. Undo the door, see who's here!
How long must I stand?
UXOR EIUS. Who's making such gear?
Now "walk in the wenyand."
MAK. Ah, Gill, what cheer? It is I, Mak, your husband.
UXOR. Then may we "see here the devil in a band,"
Sir Guile!
Lo, he comes with a note

362 *doer.* The original has *dowore*, door. 370 *gin*, device, trick. 384 *sweven*, dream.
389 *tow on . . . rock*, flax on my distaff; i.e., I have more to take care of than I ever had.
403 *crooked thorn.* This local allusion, and the more important reference in line 455, are the reasons for supposing that this play was first performed in Wakefield.
405 *gear*, ado. 405 *in . . . wenyand*, during the waning of the moon; i.e., an inauspicious time.
407 The meaning of this line is conjectural.

As he were held by the throat.
And I cannot devote
To my work any while.

MAK. Will ye hear the pother she makes to get her a gloze —
Naught but pleasure she takes, and curls up her toes.
UXOR. Why, who runs, who wakes, who comes, who goes,
Who brews, who bakes, what makes me hoarse, d'ye suppose!
And also,
It is ruth to behold,
Now in hot, now in cold,
Full woeful is the household
That no woman doth know!

But what end hast thou made with the shepherds, Mak?
MAK. The last word that they said when I turned my back
Was they'd see that they had of their sheep all the pack.
They'll not be pleased, I'm afraid, when they their sheep lack,
Perdie.
But how so the game go,
They'll suspect me, whether or no,
And raise a great bellow,
And cry out upon me.

But thou must use thy sleight.
UXOR. Yea, I think it not ill.
I shall swaddle him aright in my cradle with skill.
Were it yet a worse plight, yet a way I'd find still.
[GILL *meanwhile swaddles the sheep and places him in the cradle.*]
I will lie down forthright. Come tuck me up.
MAK. That I will.
UXOR. Behind!
[MAK *tucks her in at the back.*]
If Coll come and his marrow,
They will nip us full narrow.
MAK. But I may cry out "Haro,"
The sheep if they find.

UXOR. Hearken close till they call — they will come anon.
Come and make ready all, and sing thou alone —
Sing lullaby, thou shalt, for I must groan
And cry out by the wall on Mary and John
Full sore.
Sing lullaby on fast,
When thou hear'st them at last,
And, save I play a shrewd cast,
Trust me no more.

[*The Shepherds enter on the moor and meet.*]

TERTIUS PASTOR. Ah, Coll, good morn! Why sleepest thou not?
PRIMUS PASTOR. Alas, that ever I was born! We have a foul blot.
A fat wether have we lorn.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Marry, God forbid, say it not!
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Who should do us that scorn? That were a foul spot.
PRIMUS PASTOR. Some shrew.
I have sought with my dogs
All Horbury Shrogs,
And of fifteen hogs
Found I all but one ewe.

TERTIUS PASTOR. Now trust me, if you will, by Saint Thomas of Kent,
Either Mak or Gill their aid thereto lent!
PRIMUS PASTOR. Peace, man, be still! I saw when he went.
Thou dost slander him ill. Thou shouldest repent
At once, indeed!
SECUNDUS PASTOR. So may I thrive, perdie,
Should I die here where I be,
I would say it was he
That did that same deed!

TERTIUS PASTOR. Go we thither, quick sped, and run on our feet,
I shall never eat bread till I know all complete!

413 *gloze*, excuse. 418 *ruth*, pity.
436 *marrow*, companion. 438 *Haro*, an exclamation.
453 *shrew*, rascal. 455 *Horbury Shrogs*, Horbury Thickets, near Wakefield.
458 *Saint T. of Kent*, Saint Thomas à Becket, whose shrine was in Canterbury Cathedral in Kent.

PRIMUS PASTOR. Nor drink in my head till with him I meet.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. In no place will I bed until I him greet,
My brother!
One vow I will plight,
Till I see him in sight,
I will ne'er sleep one night
Where I do another!

[*They go to* MAK'S *house.* MAK, *hearing them coming, begins to sing lullaby at the top of his voice, while* GILL *groans in concert.*]

TERTIUS PASTOR. Hark the row they make! List our sire there croon!
PRIMUS PASTOR. Never heard I voice break so clear out of tune.
Call to him.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Mak, wake there! Undo your door soon!
MAK. Who is that spake as if it were noon?
Aloft?
Who is that, I say?
TERTIUS PASTOR. Good fellows, if it were day —
[*Mocking* MAK.]
MAK. As far as ye may,
Kindly, speak soft;

O'er a sick woman's head in such grievous throes!
I were liefer dead than she should suffer such woes.
UXOR. Go elsewhere, well sped. Oh, how my pain grows —
Each footfall ye tread goes straight through my nose
So loud, woe's me!
PRIMUS PASTOR. Tell us, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?
MAK. But are ye in this town to-day —
Now how fare ye?

Ye have run in the mire and are wet still a bit,
I will make you a fire, if ye will sit.
A nurse I would hire — can you help me in it?
Well quit is my hire — my dream the truth hit —
In season.
I have bairns, if ye knew,
Plenty more than will do,
But we must drink as we brew,
And that is but reason.

I would ye would eat ere ye go. Methinks that ye sweat.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Nay, no help could we know in what's drunken or eat.
MAK. Why, sir, ails you aught but good, though?
TERTIUS PASTOR. Yea, our sheep that we get
Are stolen as they go; our loss is great.
MAK. Sirs, drink!
Had I been there,
Some one had bought it sore, I swear.
PRIMUS PASTOR. Marry, some men trow that ye were,
And that makes us think!

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Mak, one and another trows it should be ye.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Either ye or your spouse, so say we.
MAK. Now if aught suspicion throws on Gill or me,
Come and search our house, and then may ye see
Who had her —
If I any sheep got,
Or cow or stot;
And Gill, my wife, rose not,
Here since we laid her.

As I am true and leal, to God, here I pray
That this is the first meal that I shall eat this day.
PRIMUS PASTOR. Mak, as may I have weal, advise thee, I say —
"He learned timely to steal that could not say nay."
UXOR. Me, my death you've dealt!
Out, ye thieves, nor come again,
Ye've come just to rob us, that's plain.
MAK. Hear ye not how she groans amain —
Your hearts should melt!

480 *aloft*, loudly. 518 *stot*, steer. 521 *leal*, loyal.

UXOR. From my child, thieves, begone. Go nigh him not, — there's the door!

MAK. If ye knew all she's borne, your hearts would be sore.
Ye do wrong, I you warn, thus to come in before
A woman that has borne — but I say no more.

UXOR. Oh, my middle — I die!
I vow to God so mild,
If ever I you beguiled,
That I will eat this child
That doth in this cradle lie!

MAK. Peace, woman, by God's pain, and cry not so.
Thou dost hurt thy brain and fill me with woe.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. I trow our sheep is slain. What find ye two, though?
Our work's all in vain. We may as well go.
Save clothes and such matters
I can find no flesh
Hard or nesh,
Salt nor fresh,
Except two empty platters.

Of any "cattle" but this, tame or wild, that we see,
None, as may I have bliss, smelled as loud as he.

UXOR. No, so God joy and bliss of my child may give me!

PRIMUS PASTOR. We have aimed amiss; deceived, I trow, were we.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Sir, wholly each one.
Sir, Our Lady him save!
Is your child a knave?

MAK. Any lord might him have, This child, for his son.

When he wakes, so he grips, it's a pleasure to see.

TERTIUS PASTOR. Good luck to his hips, and blessing, say we!
But who were his gossips, now tell who they be?

MAK. Blest be their lips —
[*Hesitates, at a loss.*]

PRIMUS PASTOR [*aside*]. Hark a lie now, trust me!

MAK. So may God them thank,
Parkin and Gibbon Waller, I say,
And gentle John Horn, in good fey —
He made all the fun and play —
With the great shank.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Mak, friends will we be, for we are at one.

MAK. We! — nay, count not on me, for amends get I none.
Farewell, all three! Glad 'twill be when ye're gone! [*The* SHEPHERDS *go.*]

TERTIUS PASTOR. "Fair words there may be, but love there is none
This year."

PRIMUS PASTOR. Gave ye the child anything?

SECUNDUS PASTOR. I trow, not one farthing.

TERTIUS PASTOR. Fast back I will fling. Await ye me here.

[DAW *goes back. The other* SHEPHERDS *turn and follow him slowly, entering while he is talking with* MAK.]

[TERTIUS PASTOR.] Mak, I trust thou'lt not grieve, if I go to thy child.

MAK. Nay, great hurt I receive, — thou hast acted full wild.

TERTIUS PASTOR. Thy bairn 'twill not grieve, little day-star so mild.
Mak, by your leave, let me give your child But six-pence.
[DAW *goes to cradle, and starts to draw away the covering.*]

MAK. Nay, stop it — he sleeps!

TERTIUS PASTOR. Methinks he peeps —

MAK. When he wakens, he weeps;
I pray you go hence!
[*The other* SHEPHERDS *return.*]

TERTIUS PASTOR. Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up the clout.
What the devil is this? — he has a long snout!

PRIMUS PASTOR. He's birth-marked amiss. We waste time hereabout.

545 *nesh*, soft, tender. 554 *knave*, boy. 559 *gossips*, godparents. 563 *fey*, faith.
565 *great shank*. Probably, with his long or big legs. 584 *clout*, cloth, covering.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. "A weft that ill-spun is comes ever foul out."
[*He sees the sheep.*]
Aye — so!
He is like to our sheep!
TERTIUS PASTOR. Ho, Gib, may I peep?
PRIMUS PASTOR. I trow "Nature will creep
Where it may not go."

SECUNDUS PASTOR. This was a quaint gaud and a far cast.
It was a high fraud.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Yea, sirs, that was't.
Let's burn this bawd, and bind her fast.
"A false scold," by the Lord, "will hang at the last!"
So shalt thou!
Will ye see how they swaddle
His four feet in the middle!
Saw I never in the cradle
A horned lad ere now!

MAK. Peace, I say! Tell ye what, this to-do ye can spare!
[*Pretending anger.*]
It was I him begot and yon woman him bare.
PRIMUS PASTOR. What the devil for name has he got? Mak? — Lo, God, Mak's heir!
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Come, joke with him not. Now, may God give him care,
I say!
UXOR. A pretty child is he
As sits on a woman's knee,
A dilly-down, perdie,
To make a man gay.

TERTIUS PASTOR. I know him by the ear-mark — that is a good token.
MAK. I tell you, sirs, hark, his nose was broken —
Then there told me a clerk he'd been mis-spoken.
PRIMUS PASTOR. Ye deal falsely and dark; I would fain be wroken.
Get a weapon, — go!

UXOR. He was taken by an elf,
I saw it myself.
When the clock struck twelve,
Was he mis-shapen so.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Ye two are at one, that's plain, in all ye've done and said.
PRIMUS PASTOR. Since their theft they maintain, let us leave them dead!
MAK. If I trespass again, strike off my head!
At your will I remain.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Sirs, take my counsel instead.
For this trespass
We'll neither curse nor wrangle in spite,
Chide nor fight,
But have done forthright,
And toss him in canvas.
[*They toss* MAK *in one of* GILL'S *canvas sheets till they are tired. He disappears groaning into his house. The* SHEPHERDS *pass over to the moor on the other side of the stage.*]

PRIMUS PASTOR. Lord, lo! but I am sore, like to burst, in back and breast.
In faith, I may no more, therefore will I rest.
SECUNDUS PASTOR. Like a sheep of seven score he weighed in my fist.
To sleep anywhere, therefore seemeth now best.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Now I you pray,
On this green let us lie.
PRIMUS PASTOR. O'er those thieves yet chafe I.
TERTIUS PASTOR. Let your anger go by, —
Come do as I say.

[*As they are about to lie down* THE ANGEL *appears.*]
(ANGELUS *cantat "Gloria in excelsis."*
Postea dicat:)

ANGELUS. Rise, herdsmen gentle, attend ye, for now is he born
From the fiend that shall rend what Adam had lorn,

587 *weft*, woof or cross-weaving. 592 *go*, walk. 593 *quaint gaud*, crafty scheme.
613 *misspoken*, bewitched. 614 *wroken*, revenged.
Angelus cantat. "The angel sings *Gloria in excelsis.* Then have him say:"

That warlock to shend, this night is he born,
God is made your friend now on this morn.
Lo! thus doth he command —
Go to Bethlehem, see
Where he lieth so free,
In a manger full lowly
'Twixt where twain beasts stand.
[The Angel *goes.*]

Primus Pastor. This was a fine voice, even as ever I heard.
It is a marvel, by St. Stephen, thus with dread to be stirred.
Secundus Pastor. 'Twas of God's Son from heaven he these tidings averred.
All the wood with a levin, methought at his word
Shone fair.
Tertius Pastor. Of a Child did he tell,
In Bethlehem, mark ye well.
Primus Pastor. That this star yonder doth spell —
Let us seek him there.

Secundus Pastor. Say, what was his song — how it went, did ye hear?
Three breves to a long —
Tertius Pastor. Marry, yes, to my ear
There was no crotchet wrong, naught it lacked and full clear!
Primus Pastor. To sing it here, us among, as he nicked it, full near,
I know how —
Secundus Pastor. Let's see how you croon!
Can you bark at the moon?
Tertius Pastor. Hold your tongues, have done!
Hark after me now! [*They sing.*]

Secundus Pastor. To Bethlehem he bade that we should go.
I am sore adrad that we tarry too slow.

Tertius Pastor. Be merry, and not sad — our song's of mirth not of woe,
To be forever glad as our meed may we know,
Without noise.
Primus Pastor. Hie we thither, then, speedily,
Though we be wet and weary,
To that Child and that Lady! —
We must not lose those joys!

Secundus Pastor. We find by the prophecy — let be your din! —
David and Isaiah, and more that I mind me therein,
They prophesied by clergy, that in a virgin,
Should he alight and lie, to assuage our sin,
And slake it,
Our nature, from woe,
For it was Isaiah said so,
"*Ecce virgo*
Concipiet" a child that is naked.

Tertius Pastor. Full glad may we be and await that day
That lovesome one to see, that all mights doth sway.
Lord, well it were with me, now and for aye,
Might I kneel on my knee some word for to say
To that child.
But the angel said
In a crib was he laid,
He was poorly arrayed,
Both gracious and mild.

Primus Pastor. Patriarchs that have been and prophets beforne,
They desired to have seen this child that is born.
They are gone full clean, — that have they lorn.
We shall see him, I ween, ere it be morn,
For token.
When I see him and feel,

640 *warlock*, imp, devil. 640 *shend*, overcome. 644 *free*, noble.
650 *levin*, flash of lightning. 654 *spell*, betoken.
657 *breves*. A *breve* in church music is equal to two whole notes; a *long* is equal to four or six whole notes.
658 *crotchet*. A *crotchet* is a quarter note.
681 . . . *Concipiet*. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive." Isaiah, vii, 14.
696 *For token*. As proof that the prophecy was correct.

I shall know full well,
It is true as steel,
What prophets have spoken,
To so poor as we are that he would appear,
First find and declare by his messenger.

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Go we now, let us fare, the place is us near.

TERTIUS PASTOR. I am ready and eager to be there; let us together with cheer
To that bright one go.
Lord, if thy will it be,
Untaught are we all three,
Some kind of joy grant us, that we
Thy creatures, comfort may know!

[*They enter the stable and adore the infant Saviour.*]

PRIMUS PASTOR. Hail, thou comely and clean one! Hail, young Child!
Hail, Maker, as I mean, from a maiden so mild!
Thou hast harried, I ween, the warlock so wild, —
The false beguiler with his teen now goes beguiled.
Lo, he merries,
Lo, he laughs, my sweeting!
A happy meeting!
Here's my promised greeting, —
Have a bob of cherries!

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Hail, sovereign Saviour, for thou hast us sought!
Hail, noble nursling and flower, that all things hast wrought!
Hail, thou, full of gracious power, that made all from nought!
Hail, I kneel and I cower! A bird have I brought
To my bairn from far.
Hail, little tiny mop!
Of our creed thou art the crop,
I fair would drink in thy cup,
Little day-star!

TERTIUS PASTOR. Hail, darling dear one, full of Godhead indeed!
I pray thee be near, when I have need.
Hail, sweet is thy cheer! My heart would bleed
To see thee sit here in so poor a weed,
With no pennies.
Hail, put forth thy dall,
I bring thee but a ball,
Keep it, and play with it withal,
And go to the tennis.

MARIA. The Father of Heaven this night, God omnipotent,
That setteth all things aright, his Son hath he sent.
My name he named and did light on me ere that he went.
I conceived him forthright through his might as he meant,
And now he is born.
May he keep you from woe!
I shall pray him do so.
Tell it, forth as ye go,
And remember this morn.

PRIMUS PASTOR. Farewell, Lady, so fair to behold
With thy child on thy knee!

SECUNDUS PASTOR. But he lies full cold!
Lord, 'tis well with me! Now we go, behold!

TERTIUS PASTOR. Forsooth, already it seems to be told
Full oft!

PRIMUS PASTOR. What grace we have found!

SECUNDUS PASTOR. Now are we won safe and sound.

TERTIUS PASTOR. Come forth, to sing are we bound.
Make it ring then aloft!
[*They depart singing.*]

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

713 *teen*, vexation. 718 *bob*, cluster. 724 *mop*, moppet, rag doll.
725 *crop*, harvest, fruit. 730 *cheer*, expression. 731 *weed*, dress.
733 *dall*, hand. 752 *won*, saved. *Explicit* . . . "Here endeth the play of the Shepherds."

EVERYMAN

EVERYMAN

About two centuries after the early English plays had left the Church, a new type of play arose, similar in intent to the early miracle plays, but different in content. This was the morality. Like the early miracle play its purpose was to furnish instruction or religious edification in a manner entertaining to the common man, but its plots were no longer confined to the Bible or to lives of the saints. Any story that could be treated allegorically to point a moral was a fit subject. This extension of the kind of story that might be used on the stage is a significant step in the development of British drama, in line with the departure from custom by the author of *The Second Shepherds' Play,* who introduced non-Biblical elements into his story with praiseworthy results. So, too, the morality play is in accord with the tendency of miracle plays to make individual characters universal. Abraham in the Brome play is not only a father; he is almost Fatherhood. The morality went still further. It deliberately took abstract qualities like Riches, Vice, Good Fellowship, and Death, personified them, and made them actors in a play. That there was any direct connection, however, between the morality play and the miracle is doubtful; nor do we know the steps in the development of the morality as a type.

While the morality play, through its personifications and didacticism, brought a certain austerity into drama, it nevertheless, paradoxical though it may seem, brought the theater nearer to life. The range of stories was increased, and the events in these stories were regularly related to the problems of living that an ordinary man might face. The morality, likewise, brought about an advance in technique and in methods of production. Plays became longer and more complicated; they were composed, with some idea of form, in scenes and acts; and they were produced in structures more permanent than pageant-wagons by professional playwrights and professional actors. The morality, accordingly, marks a great advance toward the theater of the Elizabethan age.

The best and most interesting of moralities is *Everyman.* The marked similarity between it and the Dutch play *Elckerlijk* raises the question whether *Everyman* is an English play, or whether the Dutch morality is a translation or an adaptation of the English. Be that as it may, *Everyman* has been, ever since its appearance near the end of the fifteenth century, a deservedly popular play for both readers and playgoers of the English-speaking race. The careful reader will note for himself the ability of the author to arouse legitimate emotion by his portrayal of characters in action, even though they are ostensibly types; his skill in developing a story dramatically; his flashes of homely humor; and his power as a truly imaginative poet. Impressive as the play is when read, it is, as should always be the case with plays written for the theater, still more impressive when seen on the stage.

EVERYMAN

Here beginneth a treatise how the High Father of Heaven sendeth Death to summon every creature to come and give an account of their lives in this world, and is in manner of a moral play.

[*The* MESSENGER *enters.*]

MESSENGER. I pray you all give your audience,
And hear this matter with reverence,
In form a moral play.
The Summoning of Everyman it is called so,
That of our lives and ending maketh show
How transitory we be every day.
This matter is wondrous precious,
But the meaning of it is more gracious
And sweet to bear away.
The story saith: Man, in the beginning
Watch well, and take good heed of the ending,
Be you never so gay!
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which, in the end, causeth the soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
Will fade from thee as flower in May,
For ye shall hear how our Heaven's King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning.
Give audience and hear what he doth say.

[*The* MESSENGER *goes.*]

GOD *speaketh:* I perceive, here in my majesty,
How that all creatures be to me unkind,
Living, without fear, in worldly prosperity.
In spiritual vision the people be so blind,
Drowned in sin, they know me not for their God;
In worldly riches is all their mind.
They fear not my righteousness, the sharp rod.
My law that I disclosed, when I for them died,
They clean forget, and shedding of my blood red.
I hung between two it cannot be denied,
To get them life I suffered to be dead,
I healed their feet, with thorns was hurt my head.
I could do no more than I did truly,
And now I see the people do clean forsake me;
They use the seven deadly sins damnable
In such wise that pride, covetousness, wrath, and lechery,
Now in this world be made commendable,
And thus they leave of angels the heavenly company.
Every man liveth so after his own pleasure,
And yet of their lives they be nothing sure.
The more I them forbear, I see
The worse from year to year they be;
All that live grow more evil apace;
Therefore I will, in briefest space,
From every man in person have a reckoning shown.
For, if I leave the people thus alone
In their way of life and wicked passions to be,
They will become much worse than beasts, verily.
Now for envy would one eat up another, and tarry not.
Charity is by all clean forgot.
I hoped well that every man
In my glory should make his mansion,
And thereto I made them all elect,
But now I see, like traitors abject,
They thank me not for the pleasure that I for them meant,
Nor yet for their being that I them have lent.

36 *seven deadly sins.* Pride, envy, gluttony, lechery, avarice, wrath, sloth.

I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,
And few there be that ask it heartily.
They be so cumbered with worldly riches, thereto
I must needs upon them justice do —
On every man living without fear.
Where art thou, Death, thou mighty messenger?

[DEATH *enters.*]

DEATH. Almighty God, I am here at your will,
Your commandment to fulfil.
GOD. Go thou to Everyman,
And show him in my name
A pilgrimage he must on him take,
Which he in no wise may escape,
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying. [*Exit.*]
DEATH. Lord, I will in the world go run over all,
And cruelly search out both great and small.
Every man will I beset that liveth beastly
Out of God's law, and doth not dread folly.
He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart
His sight to blind and him from heaven to part —
Except if Alms be his good friend —
In hell for to dwell, world without end.
Lo, yonder I see Everyman walking.
Full little he thinketh on my coming!
His mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure,
And great pain it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lord, of Heaven the King.
Everyman, stand still! Whither art thou going
Thus gayly? Hast thou thy Maker forgot?

[EVERYMAN *enters.*]

EVERYMAN. Why askest thou?
Wouldest thou know? For what?
DEATH. Yea, sir, I will show you now.
In great haste I am sent to thee
From God, out of his majesty.
EVERYMAN. What! sent to me?
DEATH. Yea, certainly.
Though thou hast forgot him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,
As, ere we part, thou shalt know.
EVERYMAN. What desireth God of me?
DEATH. That shall I show thee.
A reckoning he will needs have
Without any longer respite.
EVERYMAN. To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave.
This blind matter troubleth my wit.
DEATH. Upon thee thou must take a long journey,
Therefore, do thou thine accounting-book with thee bring.
For turn again thou canst not by no way,
And look thou be sure in thy reckoning,
For before God thou shalt answer, and show true
Thy many bad deeds and good but a few,
How thou hast spent thy life and in what wise
Before the Chief Lord of Paradise.
Get thee prepared that we may be upon that journey,
For well thou knowest thou shalt make none for thee attorney.
EVERYMAN. Full unready I am such reckoning to give.
I know thee not. What messenger art thou?
DEATH. I am Death, that no man fear,
For every man I arrest and no man spare,
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.
EVERYMAN. O Death, thou comest when I had thee least in mind!
In thy power it lieth to save me yet; —
Thereto of my goods will I give thee, if thou wilt be kind —
Yea, a thousand pounds shalt thou get! —
And defer this matter till another day.
DEATH. Everyman, it may not be in any way.
I set no store by gold, silver, riches, or such gear,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, prince, or peer.
For, if I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get,

112 *make . . . attorney*, i.e., appoint some one else to act for you.

But my custom is clean the contrary way.
I give thee no respite. Come hence, nor delay!
EVERYMAN. Alas, shall I have no longer respite!
I may say Death giveth no warning!
To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,
For all unready is my book of reckoning.
But if I might have twelve years of waiting,
My accounting-book I would make so clear
That my reckoning I should not need to fear.
Wherefore, Death, I pray thee, for God's mercy,
Spare me till I be provided with a remedy!
DEATH. It availeth thee not to cry, weep, and pray,
But haste thee lightly, that thou mayest be on thy journey,
And make proof of thy friends, if thou can,
For, know thou well, time waiteth for no man,
And in the world each living creature
Because of Adam's sin must die by nature.
EVERYMAN. Death, if I should this pilgrimage take,
And my reckoning duly make,
Show me, for Saint Charity,
Should I not come again shortly?
DEATH. No, Everyman, if once thou art there,
Thou mayest nevermore come here,
Trust me, verily.
EVERYMAN. O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,
Have mercy on me in this utmost need!
Shall I no company have from this vale terrestrial
Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?
DEATH. Yea, if any be so hardy
As to go with thee and bear thee company.
Haste thee that thou mayest be gone to God's magnificence,
Thy reckoning to give before his presence.
What, thinkest thou thy life is given thee,
And thy worldly goods also?
EVERYMAN. I had thought so, verily.
DEATH. Nay, nay, it was but lent to thee,
For, as soon as thou dost go,
Another a while shall have it and then even so,
Go therefore as thou hast done.
Everyman, thou art mad! Thou hast thy wits five,
And here on earth will not amend thy life,
For suddenly I do come!
EVERYMAN. O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee
That I may escape this endless sorrow!
Nay, gentle Death, spare me until tomorrow
That I may amend me
With good advisement!
DEATH. Nay, thereto I will not consent,
Nor no man respite, if I might,
But to the heart suddenly I shall smite
Without any "advisement."
And now out of thy sight I will me hie,
See that thou make thee ready speedily,
For thou mayest say this is the day
Wherefrom no man living may escape away.
EVERYMAN. Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep!
Now have I no manner of company
To help me on my journey and me to keep,
And also my writing is all unready.
What can I do that may excuse me!
I would to God I had never been begot!
To my soul a full great profit it would be,
For now I fear pains huge and great, God wot!
The time passeth — help, Lord, that all things wrought!
For, though I mourn, yet it availeth naught.
The day passeth and is almost through,
I wot not well of aught that I may do.
To whom were it best that I my plaint should make?
What if to Fellowship I thereof spake,
And what this sudden chance should mean disclosed?
For surely in him is all my trust reposed —
We have in the world so many a day

142 *make proof of*, test. 148 *Saint, sancta*, holy.

Been good friends in sport and play.
I see him yonder certainly —
I trust that he will bear me company;
Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.
Well met, good Fellowship, and a good morrow!

[*Enter* FELLOWSHIP.]

FELLOWSHIP *speaketh:* I wish thee good morrow, Everyman, by this day!
Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?
If anything be amiss, prithee to me it say
That I may help in remedy.
EVERYMAN. Yea, good Fellowship, yea,
I am in great jeopardy!
FELLOWSHIP. My true friend, show to me your mind.
I will not forsake thee to my life's end,
In the way of good company.
EVERYMAN. That was well spoken and lovingly.
FELLOWSHIP. Sir, I must needs know your heaviness.
I have pity to see you in any distress.
If any have wronged you, revenged ye shall be,
Though I upon the ground be slain for thee,
Even should I know before that I should die.
EVERYMAN. Verily, Fellowship, gramercy!
FELLOWSHIP. Tush! By thy thanks I set not a straw.
Show me your grief and say no more.
EVERYMAN. If I my heart should to you unfold,
And you then were to turn your heart from me,
And no comfort would give when I had told,
Then should I ten times sorrier be.
FELLOWSHIP. Sir, I say as I will do indeed!
EVERYMAN. Then you be a good friend at need.
I have found you true heretofore.
FELLOWSHIP. And so ye shall evermore,
For, in faith, if thou goest to hell,
I will not forsake thee by the way.
EVERYMAN. Ye speak like a good friend — I believe you well.
I shall deserve it, if so I may!
FELLOWSHIP. I speak of no deserving, by this day,
For he that will say, and nothing do,
Is not worthy with good company to go.
Therefore show me the grief of your mind,
As to your friend most loving and kind.
EVERYMAN. I shall show you how it is:
Commanded I am to go a journey,
A long way, hard and dangerous,
And give a strict account without delay
Before the High Judge, Adonai.
Wherefore, I pray you, bear me company,
As ye have promised, on this journey.
FELLOWSHIP. That is matter, indeed! Promise is duty —
But if I should take such a voyage on me,
I know well it should be to my pain;
Afeard also it maketh me, for certain.
But let us take counsel here as well as we can,
For your words would dismay a strong man.
EVERYMAN. Why, if I had need, ye said
Ye would never forsake me, quick nor dead,
Though it were to hell truly!
FELLOWSHIP. So I said certainly,
But such pleasant things be set aside, the truth to say;
And also, if we took such a journey,
When should we come again?
EVERYMAN. Nay, never again till the day of doom.
FELLOWSHIP. In faith, then, will I not come there.
Who hath you these tidings brought?
EVERYMAN. Indeed, Death was with me here.
FELLOWSHIP. Now, by God that all hath bought,
If Death were the messenger,
For no man living here below
I will not that loathly journey go —
Not for the father that begat me!

183 At the end of this speech Death goes out.
221 *gramercy*, many thanks; from *grant* (*grand*) *merci*, great thanks. 245 *Adonai*, God.
255 *quick*, living. 265 *bought*, paid for, atoned for.

EVERYMAN. Ye promised otherwise, pardy!
FELLOWSHIP. I know well I do say so, truly,
And still, if thou wilt eat and drink and make good cheer,
Or haunt of women the merry company,
I would not forsake you while the day is clear,
Trust me, verily.
EVERYMAN. Yea, thereto ye would be ready!
To go to mirth, solace, and play,
Your mind would sooner persuaded be
Than to bear me company on my long journey.
FELLOWSHIP. Now, in good sooth, I have no will that way —
But if thou would'st murder, or any man kill,
In that I will help thee with a good will.
EVERYMAN. Oh, that is simple advice, indeed!
Gentle Fellowship, help me in my necessity!
We have loved long, and now I am in need!
And now, gentle Fellowship, remember me!
FELLOWSHIP. Whether ye have loved me or no,
By Saint John, I will not with thee go!
EVERYMAN. Yea, I pray thee, take this task on thee and do so much for me,
As to bring me forward on my way for Saint Charity,
And comfort me till I come without the town.
FELLOWSHIP. Nay, if thou wouldest give me a new gown,
I will not a foot with thee go.
But, if thou hadst tarried, I would not have left thee so.
And so now, God speed thee on thy journey,
For from thee I will depart as fast as I may!
EVERYMAN. Whither away, Fellowship? Will you forsake me?
FELLOWSHIP. Yea, by my faith! I pray God take thee.
EVERYMAN. Farewell, good Fellowship — for thee my heart is sore.
Adieu forever, I shall see thee no more!
FELLOWSHIP. In faith, Everyman, farewell now at the ending.
For you I will remember that parting is grieving. [FELLOWSHIP *goes.*]
EVERYMAN. Alack! Shall we thus part indeed?
Ah, Lady, help! Lo, vouchsafing no more comfort,
Fellowship thus forsaketh me in my utmost need.
For help in this world whither shall I resort?
Fellowship heretofore with me would merry make,
And now little heed of my sorrow doth he take.
It is said "In prosperity men friends may find
Which in adversity be full unkind."
Now whither for succor shall I flee,
Since that Fellowship hath forsaken me?
To my kinsmen will I truly,
Praying them to help me in my necessity.
I believe that they will do so
For "Nature will creep where it may not go."

[KINDRED *and* COUSIN *enter.*]

I will go try, for yonder I see them go.
Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen, lo?
KINDRED. Here we be now at your commandment.
Cousin, I pray you show us your intent
In any wise and do not spare.
COUSIN. Yea, Everyman, and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go any whither,
For, wit you well, we will live and die together!
KINDRED. In wealth and woe we will with you hold,
For "with his own kin a man may be bold."

270 *pardy, par Dieu,* by God. 280 *will,* inclination. 290 *bring me forward,* accompany me.
298 *take.* The original is, "To God I betake thee"; i.e., "To God I commend thee."
316 Compare the use of this old proverb in *The Second Shepherds' Play,* l. 591. 316 *go,* walk

EVERYMAN. Gramercy, my friends and kinsmen kind!
Now shall I show you the grief of my mind.
I was commanded by a messenger
That is a High King's chief officer.
He bade me go a pilgrimage to my pain,
And I know well I shall never come again;
And I must give a reckoning strait,
For I have a great enemy that lieth for me in wait,
Who intendeth me to hinder.
KINDRED. What account is that which you must render? —
That would I know.
EVERYMAN. Of all my works I must show
How I have lived and my days have spent,
Also of evil deeds to which I have been used
In my time, since life was to me lent,
And of all virtues that I have refused.
Therefore, I pray you, go thither with me
To help to make my account, for Saint Charity!
COUSIN. What, to go thither? Is that the matter?
Nay, Everyman, I had liefer fast on bread and water
All this five year and more!
EVERYMAN. Alas, that ever my mother me bore!
For now shall I never merry be,
If that you forsake me!
KINDRED. Ah, sir, come! Ye be a merry man!
Pluck up heart and make no moan.
But one thing I warn you, by Saint Anne,
As for me, ye shall go alone!
EVERYMAN. My cousin, will you not with me go?
COUSIN. No, by our Lady! I have the cramp in my toe.
Trust not to me, for, so God me speed,
I will deceive you in your utmost need.
KINDRED. It availeth not us to coax and court.
Ye shall have my maid, with all my heart.
She loveth to go to feasts, there to make foolish sport
And to dance, and in antics to take part.
To help you on that journey I will give her leave willingly,
If so be that you and she may agree.
EVERYMAN. Now show me the very truth within your mind —
Will you go with me or abide behind?
KINDRED. Abide behind? Yea, that I will, if I may —
Therefore farewell till another day!
EVERYMAN. How shall I be merry or glad? —
For fair promises men to me make,
But, when I have most need, they me forsake!
I am deceived — that maketh me sad!
COUSIN. Cousin Everyman, farewell now, lo!
For, verily, I will not with thee go.
Also of mine own an unready reckoning,
I have to give account of, therefore I make tarrying.
Now God keep thee, for now I go!
[KINDRED *and* COUSIN *go.*]
EVERYMAN. Ah, Jesus, is all to this come so?
Lo, "fair words make fools fain,"
They promise, and from deeds refrain.
My kinsmen promised me faithfully
For to abide by me stedfastly,
And now fast away do they flee.
Even so Fellowship promised me.
What friend were it best for me to provide?
I am losing my time longer here to abide.
Yet still in my mind a thing there is,
All my life I have loved riches.
If that my Goods now help me might,
He would make my heart full light.
To him will I speak in my sorrow this day.
My Goods and Riches, where art thou, pray?

[GOODS *is disclosed hemmed in by chests and bags.*]

GOODS. Who calleth me? Everyman? Why this haste thou hast?
I lie here in corners trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast,

333 *strait*, strict. 379 *fain*, eager. 394 *trussed*, tied up.

Also sacked in bags, thou mayest see with thine eye,
I cannot stir; in packs, full low I lie.
What ye would have, lightly to me say.
EVERYMAN. Come hither, Goods, with all the haste thou may,
For counsel straightway I must ask of thee.
GOODS. Sir, if ye in this world have sorrow or adversity,
That can I help you to remedy shortly.
EVERYMAN. It is another disease that grieveth me;
In this world it is not, I tell thee so,
I am sent for another way to go,
To give a strict account general
Before the highest Jupiter of all.
And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee,
Therefore I pray thee go with me,
For, peradventure, thou mayest before God Almighty on high
My reckoning help to clean and purify,
For one may hear ever and anon
That "money maketh all right that is wrong."
GOODS. Nay, Everyman, I sing another song —
I follow no man on such voyages,
For, if I went with thee,
Thou shouldest fare much the worse for me,
For, because on me thou didst set thy mind,
Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,
So that thine account thou canst not make truly —
And that hast thou for the love of me.
EVERYMAN. That would be to me grief full sore and sorrowing,
When I should come to that fearful answering.
Up, let us go thither together!
GOODS. Nay, not so! I am too brittle, I may not endure,
I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.
EVERYMAN. Alas! I have thee loved, and had great pleasure
All the days of my life in goods and treasure.
GOODS. That is to thy damnation, I tell thee a true thing,
For love of me is to the love everlasting contrary.
But if thou hadst the while loved me moderately,
In such wise as to give the poor a part of me,
Then would'st thou not in this dolor be,
Nor in this great sorrow and care.
EVERYMAN. Lo, now was I deceived ere I was ware,
And all I may blame to misspending of time.
GOODS. What, thinkest thou I am thine?
EVERYMAN. I had thought so.
GOODS. Nay, Everyman, I say no.
Just for a while I was lent to thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity.
My nature it is man's soul to kill,
If I save one, a thousand I do spill.
Thinkest thou that I will follow thee?
Nay, from this world not, verily!
EVERYMAN. I had thought otherwise.
GOODS. So it is to thy soul Goods is a thief,
For when thou art dead I straightway devise
Another to deceive in the same wise
As I have done thee, and all to his soul's grief.
EVERYMAN. O false Goods, cursed may thou be!
Thou traitor to God that hast deceived me,
And caught me in thy snare.
GOODS. Marry, thou broughtest thyself to this care —
Whereof I am glad!
I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad!
EVERYMAN. Ah, Goods, thou hast had long my hearty love.
I gave thee that which should be the Lord's above.
But wilt thou not go with me, indeed? — I pray thee truth to say!
GOODS. No, so God me speed!
Therefore farewell, and have good-day.
[GOODS *is hidden from view.*]
EVERYMAN. Oh, to whom shall I make my moan
For to go with me on that heavy journey!
First Fellowship, so he said, would have with me gone,

443 *spill*, destroy. 454 *care*, distress.

His words were very pleasant and gay,
But afterwards he left me alone;
Then spake I to my kinsmen, all in despair,
And they also gave me words fair,
They lacked not fair speeches to spend,
But all forsook me in the end;
Then went I to my Goods that I loved best,
In hope to have comfort, but there had I least,
For my Goods sharply did me tell
That he bringeth many into hell.
Then of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed.
Thus may I well myself hate.
Of whom shall I now counsel take?
I think that I shall never speed
Till I go to my Good Deeds.
But, alas! she is so weak,
That she can neither move nor speak.
Yet will I venture on her now.
My Good Deeds, where be you?

[GOOD DEEDS *is shown.*]

GOOD DEEDS. Here I lie, cold in the ground.
Thy sins surely have me bound
That I cannot stir.

EVERYMAN. O Good Deeds, I stand in fear!
I must pray you for counsel,
For help now would come right well!

GOOD DEEDS. Everyman, I have understanding
That ye be summoned your account to make
Before Messias, of Jerusalem King.
If you do my counsel, that journey with you will I take.

EVERYMAN. For that I come to you my moan to make.
I pray you that ye will go with me.

GOOD DEEDS. I would full fain, but I cannot stand, verily.

EVERYMAN. Why, is there something amiss that did you befall?

GOOD DEEDS. Yea, sir, I may thank you for all.
If in every wise ye had encouraged me,
Your book of account full ready would be.
Behold the books of your works and your deeds thereby.
Ah, see, how under foot they lie
Unto your soul's deep heaviness.

EVERYMAN. Our Lord Jesus his help vouchsafe to me,
For one letter here I cannot see.

GOOD DEEDS. There is a blind reckoning in time of distress!

EVERYMAN. Good Deeds, I pray you help me in this need,
Or else I am forever damned indeed.
Therefore help me to make reckoning
Before him, that Redeemer is of everything,
That is, and was, and shall ever be, King of All.

GOOD DEEDS. Everyman, I am sorry for your fall,
And fain would I help you, if I were able.

EVERYMAN. Good Deeds, your counsel, I pray you, give me.

GOOD DEEDS. That will I do, verily.
Though on my feet I may not go,
I have a sister that shall with you be, also,
Called Knowledge, who shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dire reckoning.

[KNOWLEDGE *enters.*]

KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, I will go with thee and be thy guide,
In thy utmost need to go by thy side.

EVERYMAN. In good condition I am now in every thing,
And am wholly content with this good thing,
Thanks be to God, my creator!

GOOD DEEDS. And when he hath brought thee there,
Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,
Then go with thy reckoning and thy good deeds together,
For to make thee joyful at heart
Before the Holy Trinity.

EVERYMAN. My Good Deeds, gramercy!
I am well content, certainly,
With your words sweet.

KNOWLEDGE. Now go we together lovingly

500 *all*, everything.

To Confession, that cleansing river fair.
EVERYMAN. For joy I weep — I would we were there!
But, I pray you, give me cognition,
Where dwelleth that holy man, Confession?
KNOWLEDGE. In the House of Salvation.
We shall find him in that place,
That shall us comfort by God's grace.

[CONFESSION *enters.*]

Lo, this is Confession. Kneel down and ask mercy,
For he is in good favor with God Almighty.
EVERYMAN. O glorious fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,
Wash from me the spots of vice unclean,
That on me no sin be seen!
I come with Knowledge for my redemption,
Redeemed with heartfelt and full contrition,
For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,
And great accounts before God to make.
Now I pray you, Shrift, Mother of Salvation,
Help my good deeds because of my piteous exclamation!
CONFESSION. I know your sorrow well, Everyman,
Because with Knowledge ye come to me.
I will you comfort as well as I can,
And a precious stone will I give thee,
Called penance, voice-voider of adversity.
Therewith shall your body chastened be
Through abstinence and perseverance in God's service.
Here shall you receive that scourge of me
That is penance strong, that ye must endure,
To remember thy Saviour was scourged for thee
With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently —
So must thou ere thou escape from that painful pilgrimage.
Knowledge, do thou sustain him on this voyage,
And by that time Good Deeds will be with thee.
But in any case be sure of mercy,
For your time draweth on fast, if ye will saved be.
Ask God mercy, and he will grant it truly.
When with the scourge of penance man doth him bind,
The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.

[CONFESSION *goes.*]

EVERYMAN. Thanked be God for his gracious work,
For now will I my penance begin.
This hath rejoiced and lightened my heart,
Though the knots be painful and hard within.
KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, see that ye your penance fulfil,
Whatever the pains ye abide full dear,
And Knowledge shall give you counsel at will,
How your account ye shall make full clear.
EVERYMAN. O eternal God, O heavenly being,
O way of righteousness, O goodly vision,
Which descended down into a virgin pure
Because he would for every man redeem
That which Adam forfeited by his disobedience —
O blessed God, elect and exalted in thy divinity,
Forgive thou my grievous offence!
Here I cry thee mercy in this presence.

O spiritual treasure, O ransomer and redeemer,
Of all the world the hope and the governor,
Mirror of joy, founder of mercy,
Who illumineth heaven and earth thereby,
Hear my clamorous complaint, though late it be,
Receive my prayers, unworthy in this heavy life!

538 *cognition,* information. 552 *Shrift,* absolution.
558 *voice-voider.* He who makes a thing null and void by simply saying so.
576 *knots,* swellings made by the scourge; or, the knots tied in the rope.

Though I be a sinner most abominable,
Yet let my name be written in Moses' table.

O Mary, pray to the Maker of everything
To vouchsafe me help at my ending,
And save me from the power of my enemy,
For Death assaileth me strongly! —
And, Lady, that I may, by means of thy prayer,
In your Son's glory as partner share,
Through the mediation of his passion I it crave.
I beseech you, help my soul to save!

Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance;
My flesh therewith shall give acquittance.
I will now begin, if God give me grace.

KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, God give you time and space!
Thus I bequeath you into the hands of our Saviour,
Now may you make your reckoning sure.

EVERYMAN. In the name of the Holy Trinity,
My body sorely punished shall be.
Take this, body, for the sin of the flesh.
As thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in the way of damnation thou didst me bring,
Therefore suffer now the strokes of punishing.
Now of penance to wade the water clear I desire,
To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.

GOOD DEEDS. I thank God now I can walk and go,
And am delivered of my sickness and woe!
Therefore with Everyman I will go and not spare;
His good works I will help him to declare.

KNOWLEDGE. Now, Everyman, be merry and glad,
Your Good Deeds cometh now, ye may not be sad.
Now is your Good Deeds whole and sound,
Going upright upon the ground.

[GOOD DEEDS *rises and walks to them.*]

EVERYMAN. My heart is light and shall be evermore.
Now will I smite faster than I did before.

GOOD DEEDS. Everyman, pilgrim, my special friend,
Blessed be thou without end!
For thee is prepared the eternal glory.
Now thou hast made me whole and sound this tide,
In every hour I will by thee abide.

EVERYMAN. Welcome, my Good Deeds! Now I hear thy voice,
I weep for sweetness of love.

KNOWLEDGE. Be no more sad, but ever rejoice!
God seeth thy manner of life on his throne above.
Put on this garment to thy behoof,
Which wet with the tears of your weeping is,
Or else in God's presence you may it miss,
When ye to your journey's end come shall.

EVERYMAN. Gentle Knowledge, what do you it call?

KNOWLEDGE. A garment of sorrow it is by name,
From pain it will you reclaim.
Contrition it is,
That getteth forgiveness,
Passing well it doth God please.

GOOD DEEDS. Everyman, will you wear it for your soul's ease?

[EVERYMAN *puts on the robe of contrition.*]

EVERYMAN. Now blessed be Jesu, Mary's son,
For now have I on true contrition!
And let us go now without tarrying.
Good Deeds, have we all clear our reckoning?

GOOD DEEDS. Yea, indeed, I have them here.

EVERYMAN. Then I trust we need not fear.
Now, friends, let us not part in twain!

KNOWLEDGE. Nay, Everyman, that will we not, for certain.

617 *wade . . . clear*, to go through with, do thoroughly. 632 *tide*, time.
638 *behoof*, use, advantage. 653 *them*, the account-books.

GOOD DEEDS. Yet must thou lead with thee
Three persons of great might.
EVERYMAN. Who should they be?
GOOD DEEDS. Discretion and Strength they hight.
And thy Beauty may not abide behind.
KNOWLEDGE. Also ye must call to mind
Your Five Wits as your counsellors beside.
GOOD DEEDS. You must have them ready at every tide.
EVERYMAN. How shall I get them hither?
KNOWLEDGE. You must call them all together,
And they will hear you immediately.
EVERYMAN. My friends, come hither and present be,
Discretion, Strength, my Five Wits, and Beauty. [*They enter.*]
BEAUTY. Here at your will be we all ready.
What will ye that we should do?
GOOD DEEDS. That ye should with Everyman go,
And help him in his pilgrimage.
Advise you — will you with him or not, on that voyage?
STRENGTH. We will all bring him thither,
To help him and comfort, believe ye me!
DISCRETION. So will we go with him all together.
EVERYMAN. Almighty God, beloved mayest thou be!
I give thee praise that I have hither brought
Strength, Discretion, Beauty, Five Wits — lack I nought —
And my Good Deeds, with Knowledge clear,
All be in my company at my will here.
I desire no more in this my anxiousness.
STRENGTH. And I, Strength, will stand by you in your distress,
Though thou wouldest in battle fight on the ground.
FIVE WITS. And though it were through the world round,
We will not leave you for sweet or sour.
BEAUTY. No more will I unto Death's hour,
Whatsoever thereof befall.
DISCRETION. Everyman, advise you first of all.
Go with a good advisement and deliberation.
We all give you virtuous monition
That all shall be well.
EVERYMAN. My friends, hearken what I will tell.
I pray God reward you in his heavenly sphere.
Now hearken all that be here,
For I will make my testament
Here before you all present.
In alms, half my goods will I give with my hands twain,
In the way of charity with good intent,
And the other half still shall remain
In bequest to return where it ought to be.
This I do in despite of the fiend of hell,
Out of his peril to quit me well
For ever after and this day.
KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, hearken what I say.
Go to Priesthood, I you advise,
And receive of him in any wise
The Holy Sacrament and Unction together,
Then see ye speedily turn again hither.
We will all await you here, verily.
FIVE WITS. Yea, Everyman, haste thee that ye may ready be.
There is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron bold,
That from God such commission doth hold
As he doth to the least priest in this world consign,
For of the Blessed Sacraments, pure and benign,
He beareth the keys, and thereof hath the cure
For man's redemption, it is ever sure,
Which God as medicine for our souls' gain
Gave us out of his heart with great pain,
Here in this transitory life for thee and me.
Of the Blessed Sacraments seven there be,
Baptism, Confirmation, with Priesthood good,
And the Sacrament of God's precious Flesh and Blood,
Marriage, the Holy Extreme Unction, and Penance.

660 *hight*, are called. 663 *Five Wits*, five senses.

These seven are good to have in remembrance,
Gracious Sacraments of high divinity.
EVERYMAN. Fain would I receive that holy body.
And meekly to my spiritual father will I go.
FIVE WITS. Everyman, that is best that ye can do.
God will you to salvation bring,
For Priesthood exceedeth every other thing.
To us Holy Scripture they do teach,
And convert men from sin, heaven to reach.
God hath to them more power given
Than to any angel that is in heaven.
With five words he may consecrate
God's body in flesh and blood to make,
And handleth his Maker between his hands.
The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands
Both in earth and heaven. —
Thou dost administer all the Sacraments seven.
Though we should kiss thy feet, yet thereof thou worthy wert.
Thou art the surgeon that doth cure of mortal sin the hurt.
Remedy under God we find none
Except in Priesthood alone. —
Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,
And setteth them in his stead among us to be,
Thus be they above angels in degree.
[*Exit* EVERYMAN.]
KNOWLEDGE. If priests be good, it is so surely;
But when Jesus hung on the cross with grievous smart,
There he gave out of his blessed heart
That same Sacrament in grievous torment. —
He sold them not to us, that Lord omnipotent.
Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say
That Jesus' curse have all they
Which God their Saviour do buy or sell,
Or if they for any money do "take or tell."
Sinful priests give sinners bad example in deed and word,
Their children sit by other men's fires, I have heard,
And some haunt of women the company,
With life unclean as through lustful acts of lechery —
These be with sin made blind.
FIVE WITS. I trust to God no such may we find.
Therefore let us do Priesthood honor,
And follow their doctrines for our souls' succor.
We be their sheep, and they shepherds be,
By whom we all are kept in security.
Peace! for yonder I see Everyman come,
Who unto God hath made true satisfaction.
GOOD DEEDS. Methinketh it is he indeed.
EVERYMAN. Now may Jesus all of you comfort and speed!
I have received the Sacrament for my redemption,
And also mine extreme unction.
Blessed be all they that counselled me to take it!
And now, friends, let us go without longer respite.
I thank God ye would so long waiting stand.
Now set each of you on this rood your hand,
And shortly follow me.
I go before where I would be.
God be our guide!
STRENGTH. Everyman, we will not from you go,
Till ye have gone this voyage long.
DISCRETION. I, Discretion, will abide by you also.
KNOWLEDGE. And though of this pilgrimage the hardships be never so strong,
No turning backward in me shall you know.
Everyman, I will be as sure by thee,
As ever I was by Judas Maccabee.
EVERYMAN. Alas! I am so faint I may not stand,
My limbs under me do fold.
Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold,

742–46 This part of Five Wits' speech is addressed to Priesthood.
758 *take or tell*, receive or count; probably an old stock phrase.
778 *rood*, cross. 779 *shortly*, immediately. 785 *strong*, difficult.
788 *Maccabee*. Judas Maccabeus, a Jewish soldier and patriot of the second century B.C. The four Books of the Maccabees in the Old Testament Apocrypha tell the story of his family and the persecution of the Jews.

For into this cave must I creep,
And turn to the earth, and there sleep.
BEAUTY. What — into this grave? Alas! Woe is me!
EVERYMAN. Yea, there shall ye consume utterly.
BEAUTY. And what, — must I smother here?
EVERYMAN. Yea, by my faith, and never more appear!
In this world we shall live no more at all,
But in heaven before the highest lord of all.
BEAUTY. I cross out all this! Adieu, by Saint John!
I take "my tap in my lap" and am gone.
EVERYMAN. What, Beauty! — whither go ye?
BEAUTY. Peace! I am deaf, I look not behind me,
Not if thou wouldest give me all the gold in thy chest.
[BEAUTY *goes, followed by the others, as they speak in turn.*]
EVERYMAN. Alas! in whom may I trust!
Beauty fast away from me doth hie.
She promised with me to live and die.
STRENGTH. Everyman, I will thee also forsake and deny,
Thy game liketh me not at all!
EVERYMAN. Why, then ye will forsake me all!
Sweet Strength, tarry a little space.
STRENGTH. Nay, Sir, by the rood of grace,
I haste me fast my way from thee to take,
Though thou weep till thy heart do break.
EVERYMAN. Ye would ever abide by me, ye said.
STRENGTH. Yea, I have you far enough conveyed.
Ye be old enough, I understand,
Your pilgrimage to take in hand.
I repent me that I thither came.
EVERYMAN. Strength, for displeasing you I am to blame.
Yet promise is debt, this ye well wot.
STRENGTH. In faith, I care not!
Thou art but a fool to complain,
You spend your speech and waste your brain.
Go, thrust thyself into the ground!
EVERYMAN. I had thought more sure I should you have found,
But I see well, who trusteth in his Strength,
She him deceiveth at length.
Both Strength and Beauty have forsaken me,
Yet they promised me fair and lovingly.
DISCRETION. Everyman, I will after Strength be gone —
As for me, I will leave you alone.
EVERYMAN. Why, Discretion, will ye forsake me?
DISCRETION. Yea, in faith, I will go from thee,
For when Strength goeth before
I follow after, evermore.
EVERYMAN. Yet, I pray thee, for love of the Trinity
Look in my grave once in pity of me.
DISCRETION. Nay, so nigh will I not come, trust me well!
Now I bid you each farewell.
EVERYMAN. Oh, all things fail save God alone —
Beauty, Strength, and Discretion!
For when Death bloweth his blast,
They all run from me full fast.
FIVE WITS. Everyman, my leave now of thee I take.
I will follow the others, for here I thee forsake.
EVERYMAN. Alas! then may I wail and weep,
For I took you for my best friend.
FIVE WITS. I will thee no longer keep.
Now farewell, and here's an end!
EVERYMAN. O Jesu, help! All have forsaken me.
GOOD DEEDS. Nay, Everyman, I will abide by thee,
I will not forsake thee indeed!
Thou wilt find me a good friend at need.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Good Deeds, now may I true friends see.
They have forsaken me everyone,
I loved them better than my Good Deeds alone.
Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?

802 *tap in my lap.* Professor C. G. Child notes that this is a proverbial expression, still common in parts of Scotland, for a hurried departure. It means: "I gather up my spinning flax in my apron and am off."

KNOWLEDGE. Yea, Everyman, when ye to death shall go,
But not yet, for no manner of danger.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Knowledge, with all my heart!
KNOWLEDGE. Nay, yet will I not from hence depart,
Till whereunto ye shall come, I shall see and know.
EVERYMAN. Methinketh, alas! that I must now go
To make my reckoning, and my debts pay,
For I see my time is nigh spent away.
Take example, all ye that this do hear or see,
How they that I love best do forsake me,
Except my Good Deeds that abideth faithfully.
GOOD DEEDS. All earthly things are but vanity.
Beauty, Strength and Discretion do man forsake,
Foolish friends and kinsmen that fair spake,
All flee away save Good Deeds, and that am I!
EVERYMAN. Have mercy on me, God most mighty,
And stand by me, thou Mother and Maid, holy Mary!
GOOD DEEDS. Fear not, I will speak for thee.
EVERYMAN. Here I cry God mercy!
GOOD DEEDS. Shorten our end and minish our pain,
Let us go and never come again.
EVERYMAN. Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend —
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost!
As thou didst me buy, so do thou me defend,
And save me from the fiend's boast
That I may appear with that blessed host
That shall be saved at the day of doom.
In manus tuas, of mights the most,
Forever *commendo spiritum meum*.
[EVERYMAN *goes into the grave*.]
KNOWLEDGE. Now that he hath suffered that we all shall endure,
The Good Deeds shall make all sure;
Now that he hath made ending,
Methinketh that I hear angels sing,
And make great joy and melody,
Where Everyman's soul shall received be!

[*The* ANGEL *appears*.]

THE ANGEL. Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu!
Here above shalt thou go,
Because of thy singular virtue.
Now thy soul from thy body is taken, lo!
Thy reckoning is crystal clear.
Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,
Unto which ye all shall come
That live well before the day of doom.

[*The* ANGEL *goes and the* DOCTOR *enters*.]

DOCTOR. This moral men may have in mind —
Ye hearers, take it as of worth, both young and old,
And forsake Pride, for he deceiveth you in the end, as ye will find,
And remember Beauty, Five Wits, Strength, and Discretion, all told,
They all at the last do Everyman forsake,
Save that his Good Deeds there doth he take.
But beware, if they be small,
Before God he hath no help at all,
None excuse for Everyman may there then be there.
Alas, how shall he then do and fare!
For after death amends may no man make,
For then Mercy and Pity do him forsake.
If his reckoning be not clear when he doth come,
God will say, *Ite, maledicti, in ignem æternum*.
And he that hath his account whole and sound,
High in heaven he shall be crowned,
Unto which place God bring us all thither
That we may live, body and soul, together!
Thereto their aid vouchsafe the Trinity —
Amen, say ye, for holy Charity!

FINIS.

Thus endeth this moral play of Everyman.

883 *didst me buy*. See note to *bought*, line 265.
887 *In manus tuas*. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Luke, XXIII, 46.
916 *Ite, maledicti*. Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. Matt., XXV, 41.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE was born in Canterbury in 1564, the son of a shoemaker whose fortunes later, apparently, improved. He was educated at the King's School, Canterbury, and at Corpus Christi (then Bene't) College, Cambridge, where he held a scholarship from 1581 to 1587, receiving the B.A. in 1584 and the M.A. in 1587. He is, accordingly, by training one of the Elizabethan dramatists who comprised that group among Shakespeare's predecessors known as the "university wits." In this group were Greene and Nash, who, like Marlowe, were from Cambridge; Lyly, Lodge, and Peele from Oxford; and Kyd, who had a thorough school-training, even though he may not have attended the university.

When Marlowe went to London is not known, but by 1587 he had produced the first part of *Tamburlaine* and given a new and powerful impulse to English drama through his concept of character and the grandeur of his blank verse. Then followed in quick succession the second part of *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus* (about 1588), *The Jew of Malta* (about 1589), and *Edward II* (about 1592), Marlowe's four indisputably great plays. *The Massacre at Paris* and *The Tragedy of Dido*, both written probably in 1593, the latter with Nash, are far from being in a class with these masterly tragedies. In addition, Marlowe had, in all likelihood, a share in the second and third parts of *Henry VI* (1590–92), and collaborated to a small extent in *Titus Andronicus* (1593). Among his non-dramatic works are translations of Ovid and Lucan, miscellaneous lyrics, and *Hero and Leander*, completed by Chapman after Marlowe's death.

In London, Marlowe associated mainly with the university wits, Bohemians who tasted life in all its forms. In their living as in their writings and thinking they were fearless, passionate, dynamic. Because of his connection with them and other liberal and speculative minds, among them Sir Walter Raleigh, Marlowe acquired the reputation of being a free-thinker in both religion and politics. In 1593, because of his views, a warrant was issued for his arrest. Marlowe fled to Deptford, just outside the city, where he was stabbed to death in a tavern by one Ingram Frizer, ostensibly in a quarrel over the bill. Although dying tragically at the early age of twenty-nine, he had easily surpassed as a poet and as a playwright all his contemporaries, including Shakespeare, who was exactly his age.

Marlowe and the other university wits brought to the Elizabethan theater the new learning of the Renaissance. They drew inspiration from the classics. Their scholarship, however, was so blended with emotion and they were so filled with the zest of living that their plays were seldom coldly formal or "correct" in a neo-classic way. In fact, whenever form and material came into conflict, they were inclined, like most Elizabethan dramatists, to let construction and plotting take care of themselves.

Dr. Faustus is Marlowe's most typical play. It is inferior structurally to *Edward II*, his masterpiece in dramatic composition, but this looseness in design is more than compensated for by the passionate portrayal of life, the energy of imagination, and the splendor of the blank verse throughout the play. In its type of tragic hero, *Faustus* is likewise characteristic of the new age. In *Faustus*, as in *Tamburlaine* and *The Jew of Malta*, Marlowe individualizes the Renaissance conception of hero. This hero is not the man of high estate who because of a flaw in his character falls from the heights, but rather the man of ordinary birth or rank who because of his will or ambition rises to extraordinary power, to fall in the end only because fate or the forces of nature are too strong for him. Such a hero illustrates the Renaissance ideal of the individual, whose aim is to realize himself, unhampered by petty conventions, who, fired by curiosity and the will to learn or to achieve, chafes at monotony and dullness, the mob and mediocrity. It is fullness of living which such a man represents, with its joys, but also its dangers and problems to overcome.

While the spirit of *Dr. Faustus* is of the Renaissance, its dramatic form is still essentially medieval. The points of resemblance between it and the morality play are as numerous as they are striking. *Dr. Faustus*, accordingly, is a noteworthy illustration of some of the powerful forces that were making Elizabethan drama. More important, however, is the fact that in and by itself, it is a splendid piece of literature.

Marlowe's plays may be had conveniently in the Mermaid Series. For his life and a discussion of his works, see J. H. Ingram, *Marlowe and his Associates*, 1904. J. L. Hotson, *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*, 1925 (Harvard University Press), establishes many new facts concerning Marlowe's death. For the Elizabethan drama, consult C. F. Tucker Brooke, *The Tudor Drama* (Houghton Mifflin Company), F. E. Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, two volumes (Houghton Mifflin Company), and Sir E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, four volumes, Oxford, 1923.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Pope.
Cardinal of Lorrain.
Emperor of Germany.
Duke of Vanholt.
Faustus.
Valdes and Cornelius, Friends to Faustus.
Wagner, Servant to Faustus.
Clown.
Robin.
Ralph.
Vintner.
Horse-Courser.
Knight.
Old Man.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.
Duchess of Vanholt.
Lucifer.
Belzebub.
Mephistophilis.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shape of Alexander the Great, of his Paramour, and of Helen of Troy.
Chorus.]

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen, — we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes;
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swollen with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, Heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted [now] with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits!

Exit.

[SCENE I.]

Enter FAUSTUS *in his Study.*

FAUST. Settle my studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show.
Yet level and at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd the end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid ὂν καὶ μὴ ὂν farewell; Galen come,
Seeing *Ubi desinit Philosophus, ibi incipit Medicus;*
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
"The end of physic is our body's health."
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found Aphorisms?

---

1 *Thrasimene*, Lake Trasimenus in central Italy, where Hannibal defeated the Romans in 217 B.C.
2 *mate*, defeat; Marlowe's statement is obviously erroneous. 9 *plaud*, applause.
12 *Rhodes*, a town in Germany near Jena. 13 *Wittenberg*, the university. 14 *whereas*, where.
15 *profits*, is proficient. 16 *scholarism*, scholarship. 20 *cunning*, knowledge.
20 *self-conceit*, self-confidence.
21 *waxen wings*. The reference is to Icarus, son of Dædalus, who, while flying on waxen wings with his father, approached too near the sun.
25 *necromancy*, magic, but especially the communicating with the dead; note the derivation: *nekros* = dead.
2 *profess*, come forth as an authority in, teach. 3 *in show*, publicly. 4 *level*, aim.
5 *Aristotle*. The great Greek philosopher, "master of them that know." (384–322 B.C.)
6 *Analytics*, logic. 7 *Bene, etc.* "To argue well is the end of logic."
12 ὂν καὶ μὴ ὂν. A phrase from Aristotle; "being and no being."
12 *Galen*. The famous Greek physician of the second century A.D.
13 *Ubi, etc.* "Where the philosopher stops, the physician begins."
16 *Summum, etc.* Marlowe paraphrases this Latin in his next line.
19 *Aphorisms*, principles; here, principles in medicine.

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again?
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell. — Where is Justinian?
[*Reads.*]
Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*]
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the Institute
And universal Body of the Law.
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.
[*Reads.*]
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
"*The reward of sin is death.*" That's hard. [*Reads.*]
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.
"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us."
Why then, belike we must sin and so consequently die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera sera*,
"What will be shall be?" Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters,
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence
Is promis'd to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.
Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
WAG. I will, sir. *Exit.*
FAUST. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. ANG. O Faustus! lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not upon it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.
E. ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
Exeunt [ANGELS].
FAUST. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,

20 *bills*, declarations in writing; here, prescriptions.
27 *Justinian*. The Emperor of the East, A.D. 483–565, under whom Roman law was codified. The code is called the Institutes.
28 *Si una, etc.* "If one and the same thing is willed to two people, the one receives the thing, the other the value of the thing."
30 *Exhæreditare, etc.* "A father cannot disinherit his son, unless," etc. 33 *his*, its.
37 *Jerome's Bible*. The Latin version of the Scriptures made by Saint Jerome, a church father, about A.D. 390. It is called the Vulgate, or edition for common use.
39 . . . *is death*, Romans, VI, XXIII. 42 . . . *truth in us*, 1 John, I, VIII.
59 *exceeds*, surpasses, excels. 67 *conference*, discussion.
77 *conceit*, conception, idea.

Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with [silk].
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.
Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object, for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church.
And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus, when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honor him.

VALD. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canónise us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUST. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live; therefore object it not.

CORN. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowm'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

82 *orient*, lustrous. 92 *Parma*. Parma ruled the Netherlands for Spain.
95 *fiery keel*, a ship equipped with gunpowder and fuses and floated down upon Parma's bridge.
97 *Cornelius*, Henry Cornelius Agrippa, German theologian and physician, 1486?–1535. Who Valdes was, is not sure.
112 *gravell'd*, run into the ground; bewildered. 115 *Musæus*. The poet; see *Æneid*, VI, 667.
117 *shadows*, sciomancy, or study of shadows. 120 *Indian Moors*, American Indians.
124 *Almain*, German. 124 *rutters*, riders, horsemen.
131 *Philip's*, Philip II of Spain, 1527–98. 138 *seen*, learned. 141 *frequented*, visited, called upon.

FAUST. Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.
VALD. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus's works,
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.
CORN. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.
VALD. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
FAUST. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 SCHOL. I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo?*

2 SCHOL. That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

1 SCHOL. How now, sirrah! Where's thy master?

WAG. God in heaven knows!

2 SCHOL. Why, dost not thou know?

WAG. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1 SCHOL. Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

WAG. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon't: therefore, acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2 SCHOL. Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

WAG. Have you any witness on't?

1 SCHOL. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

WAG. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 SCHOL. Well, you will not tell us?

WAG. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* Then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next sessions. Thus having triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus: — Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. *Exit.*

1 SCHOL. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 SCHOL. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 SCHOL. O, I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 SCHOL. Yet let us try what we can do. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]

Enter FAUSTUS *to conjure.*

FAUST. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,

150 *lusty*, pleasant. 153 *Bacon's*. Roger Bacon, 1214?–94, the English scholastic philosopher.
153 *Albanus's*. The reference is obscure. Either d'Abano, an alchemist, or Albertus Magnus, the scholastic philosopher, may be meant.
163 *Quiddity*, fine shade of meaning. *Scene II.* The scene is outside Faustus's house.
3 *sic probo*. "Thus I prove." 5 *boy*, servant.
16 *licentiate*, having a degree or license to practice a profession.
26, 27 *corpus naturale*, physical body. 27 *mobile*, movable. 36 *precisian*, Puritan.
49 *Rector*, the head of a university or school. *Scene III.* The scene is "some lusty grove."

Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thy incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.

Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis. Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] *a* Devil.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

Exit Devil.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
[Now,] Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate,
Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS [*like a Franciscan* Friar].

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

FAUST. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPH. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUST. Did he not charge thee to appear to me?

MEPH. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

FAUST. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak:

MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Savior Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

FAUST. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium;
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

6 *hest*, behest.
9 *anagrammatis'd*, made into an anagram — the result of rearranging the letters in a word or phrase.
10 *breviated*, abbreviated. 11 *every adjunct*, every celestial body.
12 *erring stars*, moving stars; i.e., the planets, as opposed to the apparently fixed stars.
16 *Sint mihi, etc.* "May the Gods of Acheron be propitious unto me. May the three-form deity of Jehovah prevail! Hail, spirits of fire, air, water! Belzebub, Prince of the East, king of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we appease you, that Mephistophilis may appear and arise. Why do you delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which now I sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which now I make, and by our prayer, let Mephistophilis, summoned by us, arise this very minute."
35 *laureate*, crowned with the laurel wreath; illustrious.
37 *Quin regis, etc.* "Why do you not rule, O Mephistophilis, in the image of a friar?" A better reading would be *redis* for *regis:* "Why do you not return . . ."
50 *rack*, make into an anagram.
63 *confounds hell in Elysium.* Hell and Elysium are all the same to him.

MEPH. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.
FAUST. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?
MEPH. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.
FAUST. And what are you that you live with Lucifer?
MEPH. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.
FAUST. Where are you damn'd?
MEPH. In hell.
FAUST. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
MEPH. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.
FAUST. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being depriv'd of the joys of Heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.
MEPH. I will, Faustus. *Exit.*
FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that [country] continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again. *Exit.*

[SCENE IV.]

Enter WAGNER *and the* CLOWN.

WAG. Sirrah, boy, come hither.
CLOWN. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have. Boy, quotha!
WAG. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?
CLOWN. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else.
WAG. Alas, poor slave! See how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.
CLOWN. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.
WAG. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*
CLOWN. How, in verse?
WAG. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and stavesacre.

87 *passionate*, sad. 104 *resolve*, acquaint. 112 *continent*, joined. 117 *speculation*, study.
Scene IV. The scene is a street. 4 *pickadevaunts.* French *pic-à-devant*, sharply pointed beard.
21 *Qui mihi discipulus.* The first words of a Latin song (Dyce). 23 *beaten*, worn smooth.
24 *stavesacre*, A lice-destroying plant.

CLOWN. How, how, Knave's acre! Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

WAG. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

CLOWN. Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why, then, belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

WAG. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.

CLOWN. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labor; they are too familiar with me already. Swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for [their] meat and drink.

WAG. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. *[Gives money.]*

CLOWN. Gridirons! what be they?

WAG. Why, French crowns.

CLOWN. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

WAG. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

CLOWN. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.

WAG. Truly I'll none of them.

CLOWN. Truly but you shall.

WAG. Bear witness I gave them him.

CLOWN. Bear witness I give them you again.

WAG. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away — Baliol and Belcher.

CLOWN. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knockt since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop? — he has kill'd the devil." So I should be call'd Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS: *the* CLOWN *runs up and down crying.*

WAG. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away! *Exeunt* Devils.

CLOWN. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

WAG. Well, sirrah, follow me.

CLOWN. But, do you hear — if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

WAG. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

CLOWN. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisky flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

WAG. Well, sirrah, come.

CLOWN. But, do you hear, Wagner?

WAG. How! — Baliol and Belcher!

CLOWN. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

WAG. Villain — call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixt upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere.* *Exit.*

CLOWN. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat. *Exit.*

[SCENE V.]

Enter FAUSTUS *in his study.*

FAUST. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair:
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.

25 *Knave's acre.* A poor street in London.
37 *familiars*, attendant spirits. 71 *tall*, brave.
71 *slop*, wide trousers. 102 *diametarily*, i.e., diametrically.
103, 104 *quasi vestigias, etc.*, "as if to follow in my footsteps."

Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? — He loves thee not —
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub;
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL [ANGEL].

G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
FAUST. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?
G. ANG. O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.
E. ANG. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.
G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.
E. ANG. No, Faustus, think of honor and of wealth. *Exeunt* [ANGELS].
FAUST. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; —
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?
MEPH. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
FAUST. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
MEPH. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.
FAUST. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good
Will my soul do thy lord.
MEPH. Enlarge his kingdom.
FAUST. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?
MEPH. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*
FAUST. Why, have you any pain that torture others?
MEPH. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.
FAUST. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
MEPH. Then Faustus, stab thine arm courageously.
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
FAUST. [*stabbing his arm*]. Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm.
And let it be propitious for my wish.
MEPH. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.
FAUST. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.
MEPH. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. *Exit.*
FAUST. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul. Ah, there it stay'd.

23 *Emden.* A German city important in commerce at the time.
29 *Veni, veni, Mephistophile.* "Come, come, Mephistophilis." 32 *So*, provided that.
41 *Solamen, etc.* "It is a comfort to the wretched to have companions in their grief."
42 *that.* This clause modifies *you.* 53 *proper*, own. 64 *bill.* Cf. Sc. I. l. 20.

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals.*

MEPH. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.
FAUST. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*]
MEPH. O what will not I do to obtain his soul. [*Aside.*]
FAUST. *Consummatum est:* this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer —
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge! Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ: —
I see it plain; here in this place is writ
Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.
MEPH. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. *Exit.*

Re-enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] *with* Devils, *giving crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *and dance, and then depart.*

FAUST. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?
MEPH. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show thee what magic can perform.
FAUST. But may I raise up spirits when I please?
MEPH. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.
FAUST. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib'd between us both.
MEPH. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

FAUST. Then hear me read them: *On these conditions following. First, that* [95 *Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever* [*he desires*]. [100 *Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor,* [105 *by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate,* [110 *full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*
MEPH. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed? 115
FAUST. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't.
MEPH. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.
FAUST. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?
MEPH. Under the heavens. 120
FAUST. Ay, but whereabout?
MEPH. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell, 125
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven.
FAUST. Come, I think hell's a fable. 130
MEPH. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.
FAUST. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damn'd?

chafer, heater. 73 *consummatum est.* "It is completed." 76 *Homo, fuge!* "Man, fly!"

MEPH. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.
FAUST. Ay, and body too; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.
MEPH. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damned, and am now in hell.
FAUST. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here;
What? walking, disputing, &c.?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.
MEPH. How — a wife?
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.
FAUST. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.
MEPH. Well — thou wilt have one. Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name.
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* Devil *dressed like a woman, with fireworks.*

MEPH. Tell [me,] Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?
FAUST. A plague on her for a hot whore!
MEPH. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed;
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:
[*Gives a book.*]
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armor shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.
FAUST. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.
MEPH. Here they are, in this book.
Turns to them.
FAUST. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.
MEPH. Here they are too.
Turns to them.
FAUST. Nay, let me have one book more, — and then I have done, — wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.
MEPH. Here they be.
FAUST. O, thou art deceived.
MEPH. Tut, I warrant thee.
Turns to them. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

FAUST. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.
MEPH. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.
FAUST. How provest thou that?
MEPH. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.
FAUST. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

G. ANG. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.
E. ANG. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

136 *fond*, foolish. 162 *Saba*, Sheba. 165 *iterating*, repeating. *Scene VI.* The scene is the same.

FAUST. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me if I repent.
E. ANG. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent. *Exeunt* [ANGELS].
FAUST. My heart's so hard'ned I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears
"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" Then swords and knives,
Poison, gun, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd: Faustus shall ne'er repent.
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?
MEPH. As are the elements, such are the spheres
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.
FAUST. But tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore?*
MEPH. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.
FAUST. Tush!
These slender trifles Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath [60 every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*
MEPH. Ay.
FAUST. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?
MEPH. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.
FAUST. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less? [70
MEPH. *Per inæqualem motum respecta totius.*
FAUST. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.
MEPH. I will not.
FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.
MEPH. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.
FAUST. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?
MEPH. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is.
Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damn'd.
FAUST. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.
MEPH. Remember this.
FAUST. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

E. ANG. Too late.
G. ANG. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

27 *Œnon's.* Œnone, Paris's wife, whom he deserted for Helen.
28 . . . *walls of Thebes.* Amphion.
46 *situ et tempore.* "In place and time."
71 . . . *respecta totius.* "Because of their unequal motion in relationship to the whole."

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. *Exeunt* [Angels].

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Savior,
Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, *and* Mephistophilis.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus! they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil,
And of his dam, too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell [106 to show thee some pastime. Sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else. — Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou — the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea: [120 I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do — what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not [125 speak another word, except the ground were perfum'd, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou — the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag; [131 and might I have my wish I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turn'd to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold! [135

Faust. What art thou — the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and [140 down the world with this case of rapiers wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou — the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a [146 chimney sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a fam- [150 ine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou should'st see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art thou — the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare [160 pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers — a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret- [165 wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef.

141 *case*, brace, pair.
162 *bevers*. Refreshments served between meals.
167 *Martlemas-beef*. Martlemas (Martinmas or Saint Martin's day, November 11) was "the customary time for hanging up provisions to dry which had been salted for the winter." (Nares.)

O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was [170 Mistress Margery Marchbeer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUST. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals. 175

GLUT. Then the Devil choke thee!

FAUST. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou — the sixth?

SLOTH. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever [180 since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom. 185

FAUST. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECH. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery. 190

LUC. Away to hell, to hell!

(*Exeunt the* SINS.)

— Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUST. O, this feeds my soul!

LUC. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUST. O might I see hell, and return again. 195

How happy were I then!

LUC. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.

In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,

And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUST. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!

This will I keep as chary as my life. 201

LUC. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil.

FAUST. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter WAGNER.

WAGNER. Learned Faustus,

To know the secrets of astronomy, 205

Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,

Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,

Being seated in a chariot burning bright,

Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.

He now is gone to prove cosmography, 210

And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,

To see the Pope and manner of his court,

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,

That to this day is highly solemnis'd.

Exit.

[SCENE VII.]

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUST. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,

Past with delight the stately town of Trier,

Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,

With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,

Not to be won by any conquering prince; 5

From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,

We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,

Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;

Then up to Naples, rich Campania,

Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye, 10

The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,

Quarter the town in four equivalents.

There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,

The way he cut, an English mile in length,

Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space; 15

From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,

In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,

That threats the stars with her aspiring top,

Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time:

But tell me, now, what resting-place is this? 20

Hast thou, as erst I did command,

Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPH. Faustus, I have; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up

Scene VII. The scene is the Pope's Privy Chamber.
2 *Trier.* The German name for Treves.
13 *Maro's.* Virgil, who in the Middle Ages was regarded as a magician.
24 *taken up,* rented.

his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.
FAUST. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.
MEPH. Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same.
[Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts:]
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons, fram'd of carved brass,
As match the days within one cómplete year;
Besides the gates and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.
FAUST. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come therefore, let's away.
MEPH. Nay, Faustus, stay; I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer.
FAUST. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, [Mephistophilis,] that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *charms him.*]
MEPH. So, Faustus, now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a sennet. Enter the POPE *and the* CARDINAL *of* LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* FRIARS *attending.*

POPE. My Lord of Lorrain, wilt please you draw near?
FAUST. Fall to, and the devil choke you an you spare!
POPE. How now! Who's that which spake? — Friars, look about.
1 FRIAR. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.
POPE. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.
FAUST. I thank you, sir. *Snatches it.*
POPE. How now! Who's that which snatch'd the meat from me? Will no man look? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.
FAUST. You say true; I'll ha't.
[*Snatches it.*]
POPE. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.
FAUST. I'll pledge your Grace.
[*Snatches the cup.*]
C. OF LOR. My lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.
POPE. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.
The POPE *crosseth himself.*
FAUST. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more I would advise you.
[*The* POPE] *crosses* [*himself*] *again.*
Well, there's the second time. Aware the third,
I give you fair warning.
[*The* POPE] *crosses* [*himself*] *again, and* FAUSTUS *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away.*
Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?
MEPH. Nay, I know not. We shall be curs'd with bell, book, and candle.

42 *pyramides.* Probably, obelisks.
45 *Styx, Acheron,* 46 *Phlegethon.* Three of the five rivers of Hades.
sennet. A series of notes sounded as the signal of an entrance or an exit.
62 *an,* if.

FAUST. How! bell, book, and candle, — candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS *to sing the Dirge.*

1 FRIAR. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing:

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! *Maledicat Dominus!*
Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! *Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!*

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS] *beat the* FRIARS, *and fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returned home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends, and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of Astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill,
As they admir'd and wond'red at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold — your eyes shall see perform'd. *Exit.*

[SCENE VIII.]

Enter ROBIN *the Ostler with a book in his hand.*

ROBIN. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RALPH *calling* ROBIN.

RALPH. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubb'd and made clean. He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out. Prithee come away.

ROBIN. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismemb'red, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

RALPH. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

ROBIN. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

RALPH. Why, Robin, what book is that?

ROBIN. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

RALPH. Canst thou conjure with it?

ROBIN. I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

RALPH. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

ROBIN. True, Ralph; and more, Ralph,

94 *Maledicat Dominus.* "May the Lord curse him!" 98 *Et omnes sancti.* "And all the saints."
Scene VIII. The scene is an inn-yard. 33 *ippocras.* A spiced wine.

if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

RALPH. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost.

ROBIN. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the Devil's name. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IX.]

Enter ROBIN *and* RALPH *with a silver goblet.*

ROBIN. Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *Ecce signum*, here's a simple purchase for horsekeepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this [5 lasts.

Enter the VINTNER.

RALPH. But, Robin, here comes the vintner.

ROBIN. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally. Drawer, I hope all is paid: [10 God be with you. Come, Ralph.

VINT. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go. 14

ROBIN. I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a &c. I, a goblet! search me.

VINT. I mean so, sir, with your favor. [*Searches him.*]

ROBIN. How say you now?

VINT. I must say somewhat to your [20 fellow. You, sir!

RALPH. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER *searches him.*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth. 25

VINT. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you.

ROBIN. [*Aside.*] You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me. — Sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach honest men; stand by; — I'll [30 scour you for a goblet! — stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub. Look to the goblet, Ralph.

[*Aside to* RALPH.]

VINT. What mean you, sirrah? 34

ROBIN. I'll tell you what I mean. *Reads* [*from a book*]. *Sanctobulorum, Periphrasticon* — Nay, I'll tickle you, vintner. Look to the goblet, Ralph. [*Aside to* RALPH.] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis,* [40 *&c.* [*Reads.*]

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *sets squibs at their backs,* [*and then exit*]. *They run about.*

VINT. *O nomine Domini!* what meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet.

RALPH. *Peccatum peccatorum!* Here's thy goblet, good vintner. 45

[*Gives the goblet to* VINTNER, *who exit.*]

ROBIN. *Misericordia pro nobis!* What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter to them MEPHISTOPHILIS.

MEPH. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear, 50
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexed with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

ROBIN. How from Constantinople? [55 You have had a great journey. Will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

MEPH. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and [60 thee into a dog; and so begone. *Exit.*

ROBIN. How, into an ape? That's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

RALPH. And I must be a dog. 65

ROBIN. I' faith thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. *Exeunt.*

Scene IX. The scene is the inn. 3 *Ecce signum.* "Behold the mark."
4 *purchase*, booty, gain. 16 *are but a, etc.* The actor supplied the invectives at will.
36 *Sanctobulorum.* What follows is Latinized nonsense.
squibs, firecrackers. 42 *nomine Domini.* "In the name of the Lord."
44 *Pecc. peccatorum.* "Sin of sins." 46 *Mis. pro nobis.* "Mercy on us."

[Scene X.]

Enter Emperor, Faustus, *and a* Knight *with attendants.*

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic; they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I swear to thee by the honor of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I' faith he looks much like a conjuror. *Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honor of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honor of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority;
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As, when I heard but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If, therefore, thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to perform.

Knight. I' faith that's just nothing at all. *Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. *Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace in that manner that they best liv'd in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I' faith that's as true as Diana turn'd me to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns for you. Mephistophilis, begone. *Exit* Mephistophilis.

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll begone. *Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

Scene X. The scene is the Court of the Emperor. 21 *answerable*, comparable. 39 *his*, its.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* [SPIRITS *in the shape of*] ALEXANDER *and his* PARAMOUR.

EMP. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she liv'd had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

FAUST. Your Highness may boldly go and see. *Exeunt* [Spirits].

EMP. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

FAUST. Will't please your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

EMP. One of you call him forth. [*Exit* Attendant.]

Re-enter the KNIGHT *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

KNIGHT. Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

FAUST. O, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; but, good, are you rememb'red how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

EMP. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him; he hath done penance sufficient.

FAUST. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he off'red me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS *removes the horns.*] Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

EMP. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XI.]

[*Enter* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

FAUST. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That Time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years;
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

MEPH. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

FAUST. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

HORSE-C. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

FAUST. What, horse-courser! You are well met.

HORSE-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

FAUST. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

HORSE-C. Alas, sir, I have no more. — I pray you speak for me.

MEPH. I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

FAUST. Well, come, give me your money. [HORSE-COURSER *gives* FAUSTUS *the money.*] My boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.

HORSE-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

FAUST. O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him

Scene XI. The scene is a "fair and pleasant green" (line 8). Later, the house of Faustus.
14 *horse-courser*, horse-dealer.

over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

HORSE-C. Well, sir. — Now I am made man for ever. I'll not leave my horse for forty. If he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel. [*Aside.*] Well, God b' wi' ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is? *Exit* HORSE-COURSER.

FAUST. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor?

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

Sleeps in his chair.

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, *all wet, crying.*

HORSE-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fus-tian, quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor. Has given me a purgation has purg'd me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanish'd away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse! — O, yonder is his snipper-snapper. — Do you hear? You hey-pass, where's your master?

MEPH. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

HORSE-C. But I will speak with him.

MEPH. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time.

HORSE-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

MEPH. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

HORSE-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

MEPH. See where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-C. Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor! Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! — Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

MEPH. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-C. So ho, ho! — so ho, ho! (*Hollas in his ear.*) No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. (*Pulls* FAUSTUS *by the leg, and pulls it away.*) Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

FAUST. O my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

MEPH. Come, villain, to the constable.

HORSE-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

MEPH. Where be they?

HORSE-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry and I'll give them you.

MEPH. Begone quickly.

HORSE-COURSER *runs away.*

FAUST. What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labor. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what's the news with thee?

WAG. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

54 *conceit*, thought.
56 *Doctor Lopus.* Dr. Lopez, Queen Elizabeth's physician, who was hanged in 1594 on the charge of accepting money from Spain to poison the Queen.
68 *bottle*, bundle.
73 *hey-pass.* A juggler's term, like "presto, fly!" Hence applied to the juggler himself. (Bullen.)
108 *ostry*, hostelry.

FAUST. The Duke of Vanholt! an honorable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XII.]

Enter the DUKE [*of* VANHOLT], *the* DUCHESS, [FAUSTUS, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS].

DUKE. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

FAUST. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well. — But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other. What is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

DUCHESS. Thanks, good Master Doctor; and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUST. Alas, madam, that's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. (*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.) Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with the grapes.*

Here they be, madam; wilt please you taste on them?

DUKE. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

FAUST. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as ye see. — How do you like them, madam; be they good?

DUCHESS. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that I e'er tasted in my life before.

FAUST. I am glad they content you so, madam.

DUKE. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath show'd to you.

DUCHESS. And so I will, my lord; and whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

FAUST. I humbly thank your Grace.

DUKE. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIII.]

Enter WAGNER, *solus.*

WAG. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods;
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet and carouse and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come! Belike the feast is ended.

Enter FAUSTUS, *with two or three* SCHOLARS [*and* MEPHISTOPHILIS].

1 SCHOL. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,

Scene XII. The scene is the Court of the Duke of Vanholt (Anhalt).
41 *beholding*, beholden, indebted. *Scene XIII.* The scene is a room in Faustus's house.

And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.
Music sounds, and HELEN *passeth over the stage.*
2 SCHOL. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.
3 SCHOL. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.
1 SCHOL. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,

Enter an OLD MAN.

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.
FAUSTUS. Gentlemen, farewell — the same I wish to you.
Exeunt SCHOLARS [*and* WAGNER].
OLD MAN. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.
FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost] come!"
And Faustus [now] will come to do thee right.
MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*
OLD MAN. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.
FAUST. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words do comfort my distressed soul.
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.
OLD MAN. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.
[*Exit.*]
FAUST. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.
FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
MEPH. Do it now then quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest danger do attend thy drift.
[FAUSTUS *stabs his arm and writes on a paper with his blood.*]
FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from my Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
MEPH. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
FAUST. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire, —
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,

63 *cheer*, countenance, mood. 78 *age*, old man.

And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.
MEPH. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

FAUST. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [*Kisses her.*]
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies! —
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

Enter OLD MAN.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumed crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele:
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.
Exeunt.

OLD MAN. Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smiles
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.
Exeunt.

[SCENE XIV.]

Enter FAUSTUS *with the* SCHOLARS.

FAUST. Ah, gentlemen!
1 SCHOL. What ails Faustus?
FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he not?
2 SCHOL. What means Faustus?
3 SCHOL. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.
1 SCHOL. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.
FAUST. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damn'd both body and soul.
2 SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.
FAUST. But Faustus' offences can never be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be sav'd, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?
3 SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, call on God.
FAUST. On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!
ALL. Who, Faustus?
FAUST. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

Scene XIV. The scene is a room in Faustus's house.

ALL. God forbid!

FAUST. God forbade it indeed; but [50 Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me. 55

1 SCHOL. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the Devil threat'ned to tear [60 me in pieces if I nam'd God; to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2 SCHOL. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus? 66

FAUST. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3 SCHOL. God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus. 70

1 SCHOL. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

FAUST. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me. 76

2 SCHOL. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell! If I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not — [80 Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL. Faustus, farewell!

Exeunt SCHOLARS. *The clock strikes eleven.*

FAUST. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually! 85
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day, 90
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down? 95
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul — half a drop: ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer! —
Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God 100
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No! no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape! O no, it will not harbor me! 106
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds,
That when they vomit forth into the air, 111
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven.
The watch strikes [the half hour].
Ah, half the hour is past! 'Twill all be past anon!
O God! 115
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years —
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd! 120
O, no end is limited to damned souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

92 . . . *noctis equi.* "Run softly, O softly, horses of the night." — Ovid, *Amores*, I, 13. 93 *still*, ever.

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curst be the parents that engend'red me!
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of Heaven. *The clock striketh twelve.*
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
Thunder and lightning.
O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.
My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter DEVILS.

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! — Ah Mephistophilis!
Exeunt [DEVILS *with* FAUSTUS].

Enter CHORUS.

[CHO.] Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometimes grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*]
Terminat hora diem, terminat author opus.

124 *metempsychosis*, transmigration of souls.
149 . . . *author opus.* "The hour ends the day, and the author, his work."

THE ALCHEMIST

BEN JONSON (1573–1637)

Ben Jonson was born in poverty at Westminster in 1573, a few weeks after his father's death. For a while, it is said, he followed his stepfather in his trade as a bricklayer, until he was admitted to Westminster School through the liberality of its master, William Camden, the antiquary. He may have attended St. John's College, Cambridge, but there is no record of his having taken a degree. About 1592, he married, not too happily; later he served with the army in Flanders; and in 1597, he was established in London as a playwright and an actor with the Admiral's Men. In 1598, he was imprisoned for killing another actor in a duel; and during the same year he won instantaneous success with his *Every Man in his Humour*, a play in which Shakespeare acted. *Every Man Out of his Humour* (1599), *Cynthia's Revels* (about 1600), and *Poetaster* (1601) followed, comedies in which he satirized Dekker and Marston in the so-called "war of the theaters." In 1603, his classical tragedy, *Sejanus*, was acted at the Globe by Shakespeare's company, and shortly afterwards, because of this play and his part in *Eastward Ho!*, he, with Chapman and Marston, was again committed to prison. After his release he produced *Volpone* (1606), *Epicœne, or, The Silent Woman* (1609), *The Alchemist* (1610), *Catiline* (1611), and *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), among other plays; and in 1616, he published a collected edition of his plays in folio. Two years later, he visited Scotland, where he held his well-known conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden. Oxford conferred its M.A. upon him. He had been successful in the theater and at court, and he was recognized as the literary dictator of London, rich in both money and friends. In 1621, he was made master of the revels, and wrote many masks for the court, in collaboration with Inigo Jones. His fortunes, however, declined rapidly and steadily. In 1623, his library, one of the largest in England, was burned; and in 1628, he was pleased to accept the office of city chronologer. The rest of his life was unsuccessful. He died on August 6, 1637, and was buried, in a vertical position, in Westminster Abbey.

Ben Jonson is the scholar among the Elizabethan dramatists and poets. Even more than his older contemporaries, the university wits, he studied and drew from the classics. More than they, he worshiped form and accuracy. He abhorred loose dramatic construction and unrestrained romanticism. Superficial readers, accordingly, find him cold or reserved. Likewise, readers who look for the tragic or comic in the phrase or in the line, who expect the brilliant passages of a Marlowe or a Congreve, find him difficult, for in Jonson almost regularly the emotion or the humor proceeds from character or from the situation. No one, however, who is willing to read slowly and visualize the action, can help feeling his greatness as a dramatist.

While Jonson achieved success in tragedy, and later in the writing of masks, his genius as a playwright found its completest expression in comedy. *Every Man in his*

Humour is his most typical, perhaps his most influential, play. *Volpone*, *Epicœne*, *The Alchemist*, and *Bartholomew Fair* are his best comedies; and of these the last two are considered his finest.

Jonson's method, adapted partly from Plautus and Terence, consists in the use of types, characters quickly identified by a "humour" or dominating trait. Thus we have the braggart soldier (a heritage from the *miles gloriosus* of Latin comedy), ancestor of Pistol and the immortal Falstaff; the would-be poet, gentleman, scholar, or other sham; the trickster and the tricked; and usually a "dynamic character," who by his deviltry keeps the story moving. The advantages of this method are clear: it offers a simple formula for achieving unity in characterization as well as in plot. Used by less able writers, this formula produces mechanical characters and story. Jonson, however, brings out the individual traits in his types. They are, thus, both universal and particular. His plots, too, while severely unified, contain all the diversity and variety of romantic and realistic plays.

Nowhere are these characteristics of Jonson the playwright more brilliantly exhibited than in *The Alchemist*. The framework is Latin, but the scene is London and the characters Englishmen — servants, knights, tradesmen, Puritans, a vivid gallery of contemporary portraits. Jonson satirizes alchemists and their dupes, but his shots hit all quacks and those who desire quick results without effort, whether their longing is for wealth, or education, or culture. The jargon of the alchemists, like that of Molière's doctors, is the lingo of all false or pretentious learning. With all its learning and local satire, *The Alchemist* remains a universally humorous play, one of the masterpieces in English comedy.

Jonson's plays may be found in the Mermaid Series and the Everyman's Library G. Gregory Smith has written his life for the English Men of Letters Series. Consult, too, Swinburne's *A Study of Ben Jonson*. The fullest study of Jonson is by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. They are also preparing the definitive edition of the texts.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

SUBTLE, the ALCHEMIST.
FACE, the House-keeper.
DOL COMMON, their colleague.
DAPPER, a [Lawyer's] clerk.
DRUGGER, a Tobacco-man.
LOVEWIT, Master of the House.
[Sir] EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight.
[PERTINAX] SURLY, a Gamester.
TRIBULATION [WHOLESOME], a Pastor of Amsterdam.
ANANIAS, a Deacon there.
KASTRILL, the angry boy.
DAME PLIANT, his sister, a Widow.
Neighbors.
Officers, Mutes.

SCENE. — *London.*

[TO THE READER

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st up, and but a pretender, beware at what hands thou receiv'st thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be coz'ned than in this age in poetry, especially in plays: wherein now the concupiscence of jigs and dances so reigneth, as to run away from nature and be afraid of her is the only point of art that tickles the specta- [5 tors. But how out of purpose and place do I name art, when the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance! Nay, they are esteem'd the more learned and sufficient for this by the multitude, through their excellent vice of [10 judgment. For they commend writers as they do fencers or wrastlers; who, if they come in robustiously and put for it with a great deal of violence, are receiv'd for the braver fellows; when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not but that these men who always seek to do more than enough may some time happen on [15 some thing that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good on any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more [20 suffrages, because the most favor common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that (to gain the opinion of copie) utter all they can, however unfitly, and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskillful to think rude things greater than polish'd, or scatter'd more numerous than compos'd.] 25

ARGUMENT

THE sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
H is house in town, and left one servant there.
E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know
A Cheater and his punk; who now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practice, were become 5
C oz'ners at large; and only wanting some
H ouse to set up, and with him they here contract,
E ach for a share, and all begin to act.
M uch company they draw, and much abuse,
I n casting figures, telling fortunes, news, 10
S elling of flies, flat bawdry, with the stone,
T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

3 *coz'ned*, cheated. 7 *naturals*, native ability. 10 *excellent vice*, excelling, or surpassing, error.
13 *foil*, rebuff, defeat. 22 *copie*, copiousness. 22 *utter*, put forth; i.e., publish.
1 *sickness hot*, the plague being prevalent. 4 *punk*, mistress. 9 *much abuse*, cheat many.
10 *figures*, horoscopes. 11 *flies*, attendant spirits.
11 *stone*, the philosopher's stone, which would transmute metals. 12 *fume*, smoke.

PROLOGUE

Fortune, that favors fools, these two short hours
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire in place,
To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own.
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And, in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,
But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd.
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] FACE, [*in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and*] SUBTLE [*with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by*] DOL COMMON.

FACE. Believe't, I will.
SUB. Thy worst. I fart at thee.
DOL. Ha' you your wits? Why, gentlemen! for love ——
FACE. Sirrah, I'll strip you ——
SUB. What to do? Lick figs
Out at my ——
FACE. Rogue, rogue! — out of all your sleights.
DOL. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?
SUB. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks
With good strong water, an you come.
DOL. Will you have
The neighbors hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark! I hear somebody.
FACE. Sirrah ——
SUB. I shall mar
All that the tailor has made, if you approach.
FACE. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this?
SUB. Yes, faith; yes, faith.
FACE. Why, who
Am I, my mongrel, who am I?
SUB. I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourself.
FACE. Speak lower, rogue.
SUB. Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good,
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,
For the vacations ——
FACE. Will you be so loud?
SUB. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.
FACE. By your means, doctor dog!
SUB. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.
FACE. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.
SUB. I do not hear well.
FACE. Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir; — at Pie-corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder-corns shot at the artillery-yard.
SUB. I wish you could advance your voice a little.
FACE. When you went pinn'd up in the several rags
You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak,
That scarce would cover your no-but-tocks ——
SUB. So, sir!

Act I, Scene I. A room in Lovewit's house. The scene remains the same throughout the act.
4 *sleights*, stop your tricks. 16 *-thrum*, poorly dressed, and paid, servant.
17 *Friars*, the district of Blackfriars. 23 *collect*, recollect. 28 *costive*, constipated.
29 *Roman wash*, pale. 31 *powder-corns*, kernels or grains of powder.
32 *advance your voice*, speak louder. 35 *kibes*, chilblains. 36 *felt*, hat.
36 *rug*, coarse material.

FACE. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, coz'ning; and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corpse with so much linen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I ga' you count'nance, credit for your coals,
Your stills, your glasses, your materials;
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in ——
SUB. Your master's house!
FACE. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdry, since.
SUB. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep
The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitae men,
The which, together with your Christmas vails
At post-and-pair, your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.
FACE. You might talk softlier, rascal.
SUB. No, you scarab,
I'll thunder you in pieces. I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.
FACE. The place has made you valiant.
SUB. No, your clothes.
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider or worse?
Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'ring-pots,
Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
In the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?
Put thee in words and fashion? made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions?
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the projection?
Would you be gone now?
DOL. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all?
SUB. Slave, thou hadst had no name ——
DOL. Will you undo yourselves with civil war?
SUB. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars;
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
Had not I been.
DOL. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?
FACE. Sirrah ——
DOL. Nay, general, I thought you were civil.
FACE. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud,
SUB. And hang thyself, I care not.
FACE. Hang thee, collier,

43 *countenance*, credit. 51 *make it not strange*, don't dissemble. 52 *still*, always.
52 *chippings*, broken pieces of bread. 53 *dole beer*, beer given in rations to the poor.
53 *aqua-vitae men*, dealers in liquor. 54 *vails*, tips, "card-money."
55 *post-and-pair*, a card-game.
55 *letting out of counters*. Servants were tipped for supplying counters or chips for card-players.
69 *third region*. This and the next few terms are taken from alchemy.
76 *tincture*, addition. 79 *fly out i' the projection*. Projection is the last process in alchemy.

And all thy pots and pans, in picture I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me ——
DOL. [*Aside.*] O, this'll o'erthrow all.
FACE. Write thee up bawd in Paul's; have all thy tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings.
Searching for things lost, with a sieve and shears,
Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
And taking in of shadows with a glass,
Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.
DOL. Are you sound?
Ha' you your senses, masters?
FACE. I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.
SUB. Away, you trencher-rascal!
FACE. Out, you dog-leech!
The vomit of all prisons ——
DOL. Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?
FACE. Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the basket.
SUB. Cheater!
FACE. Bawd!
SUB. Cow-herd!
FACE. Conjurer!
SUB. Cutpurse!
FACE. Witch!
DOL. O me!
We are ruin'd, lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet some care of me, o' your republic ——

FACE. Away, this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio
Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps thy neck
Within a noose, for laund'ring gold and barbing it.
DOL. You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you?
She catcheth out FACE *his sword, and breaks* SUBTLE'S *glass.*
And you, sir, with your menstrue! — Gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?
[*To* FACE.] You will accuse him! You will "bring him in
Within the statute!" Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust
So much as for a feather: and you, too,
[*to* SUBTLE]
Will give the cause, forsooth! You will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions!
You must be chief! As if you, only, had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality!

93 *Paul's*, St. Paul's Cathedral, where notices were often posted.
94 *coz'ning with a hollow coal.* Cf. the story in Chaucer's *Canon's Yeoman's Tale*, where the canon "transmutes" metal by hiding the precious metal in a hollowed coal.
94 *dust, scrapings*, i.e., of a precious metal. 96 *erecting figures*, plotting the planets in astrology.
96 *houses.* In astrology a house is a twelfth part of the heavens. 97 *glass*, a crystal globe.
99 *Ratsey's*, a famous highwayman.
106 *for lying too heavy o' the basket*, for eating too much of the food sent in to the prison.
110 *republic*, agreement. 111 *brach*, bitch.
113 *of Harry the Eighth.* The first English law against witchcraft was passed in the thirty-third (*tricesimo-tertio*) year of Henry VIII's reign.
114 *laund'ring*, "sweating," or removing gold illegally from coins. 114 *barbing*, paring.
115 *cockscomb*, noose.
116 *menstrue*, menstruum, or solvent, which Subtle had in his vial.
118 *grow one*, i.e., be united. 121 *dog-bolt*, lit., a blunt arrow.
128 *Blackfriars.* A district well known for its Puritan shopkeepers.
133 *project*, transmute base metals.

The venture tripartite! All things in common!
Without priority! 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you.

FACE. 'Tis his fault;
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

SUB. Why, so it does,

DOL. How does it? Do not we
Sustain our parts?

SUB. Yes, but they are not equal.

DOL. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may to-morrow match it.

SUB. Ay, they *may*.

DOL. May, murmuring mastiff! Ay, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him.
[*Seizes* SUB. *by the throat.*]

SUB. Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy!
'Ods precious, I'll do anything. What do you mean?

DOL. Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

SUB. Not I, by heaven ——

DOL. Your Sol and Luna —— help me.
[*To* FACE.]

SUB. Would I were hang'd then! I'll conform myself.

DOL. Will you, sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.

SUB. What should I swear?

DOL. To leave your faction, sir,
And labor kindly in the common work.

SUB. Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside.
I only us'd those speeches as a spur
To him.

DOL. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

FACE. 'Slid, prove to-day who shall shark best.

SUB. Agreed.

DOL. Yes, and work close and friendly.

SUB. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me. [*They shake hands.*]

DOL. Why, so, my good baboons!
Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbors,
That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in,
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,
For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.
And may Don Provost ride a feasting long,
In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,
My noble sovereign, and worthy general,
Ere we contribute a new crewel garter
To his most worsted worship.

SUB. Royal Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.

FACE. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be styl'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.
[*Bell rings without.*]

SUB. Who's that? One rings. To the window,
Dol: [*Exit* DOL.] — Pray heav'n,
The master do not trouble us this quarter.

FACE. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week
O' the plague, he's safe from thinking toward London.
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now;
I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing o' the house,

151 *cibation*, terms in alchemy.
155 *faction*, quarreling.
160 *shark*, swindle.
164 *sort*, company.
165 *sin' the king came in.* James I came to the throne in 1603; *The Alchemist* was first played in 1610.
167 *to see me ride*, carted off to prison.
168 *a hole to thrust your heads in*, in the pillory.
169 *pay ear-rent*, have your ears clipped.
170 *Don Provost*, the magistrate.
173 *crewel*, fine worsted.
175 *Claridiana.* The heroine of the *Mirror of Knighthood*, a lengthy romance.
178 *the longest cut*, i.e., in drawing lots.

As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Re-enter DOL.

SUB. Who is it, Dol?
DOL. A fine young quodling.
FACE. O,
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night,
In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle with at horses, and win cups.
DOL. O, let him in.
SUB. Stay. Who shall do't?
FACE. Get you
Your robes on; I will meet him, as going out.
DOL. And what shall I do?
FACE. Not be seen; away! [*Exit* DOL.]
Seem you very reserv'd.
SUB. Enough. [*Exit.*]
FACE [*aloud and retiring*]. God be wi' you, sir,
I pray you let him know that I was here:
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but ——

SCENE II. FACE.

DAP. [*within*]. Captain, I am here.
FACE. Who's that? — He's come, I think, doctor.

[*Enter* DAPPER.]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.
DAP. In truth,
I am very sorry, captain.
FACE. But I thought
Sure I should meet you.
DAP. Ay, I am very glad.
I had a scurvy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch last night to one
That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time.

[*Re-enter* SUBTLE *in his velvet cap and gown.*]

Is this the cunning-man?
FACE. This is his worship.
DAP. Is he a doctor?
FACE. Yes.
DAP. And ha' you broke with him, captain?
FACE. Ay.
DAP. And how?
FACE. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say.
DAP. Not so, good captain.
FACE. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
DAP. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
FACE. I cannot think you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing — and then he says, Read's matter
Falling so lately ——
DAP. Read! he was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.
FACE. It was a clerk, sir.
DAP. A clerk!
FACE. Nay, hear me, sir. You know the law
Better, I think ——
DAP. I should, sir, and the danger:
You know, I show'd the statute to you.
FACE. You did so.
DAP. And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a chiaus?
FACE. What's that?
DAP. The Turk was here.
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
FACE. I'll tell the doctor so.
DAP. Do, good sweet captain.

189 *quodling*, a lawyer's clerk.
8 *cunning-man*, knowing man.
11 *dainty*, is so scrupulous.
17 *Read's*. Read two years before had been convicted of practicing black magic.
25 *discover*, tell.
26 *chiaus*. A Turkish messenger; here the reference is to one who had recently cheated some business men; hence, swindler.
192 *familiar*, an attendant spirit.
10 *broke*, broached the subject.
193 *rifle*, raffle, gamble.

FACE. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.
SUB. Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.
I would do much, sir, for your love — But this
I neither may, nor can.
FACE. Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly; and he's no chiaus:
Let that, sir, move you.
SUB. Pray you, forbear ——
FACE. He has
Four angels here.
SUB. You do me wrong, good sir.
FACE. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these spirits?
SUB. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.
'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.
FACE. I draw you! A horse draw you, and a halter,
You, and your flies together ——
DAP. Nay, good captain.
FACE. That know no difference of men.
SUB. Good words, sir.
FACE. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs'-meat. 'Slight, I bring you
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs or Claribels.
That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;
And spit out secrets like hot custard ——
DAP. Captain!
FACE. Nor any melancholic underscribe,
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,
That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his ciph'ring perfect.
Will take his oath o' the Greek Xenophon,
If need be, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.
DAP. Nay, dear captain ——
FACE. Did you not tell me so?
DAP. Yes; but I'd ha' you
Use master doctor with some more respect.
FACE. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head! —
But for your sake, I'd choke ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puck-fist!
Come, let's be gone. [*Going.*]
SUB. Pray you le' me speak with you.
DAP. His worship calls you, captain.
FACE. I am sorry
I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.
DAP. Nay, good sir; he did call you.
FACE. Will he take then?
SUB. First, hear me ——
FACE. Not a syllable, 'less you take.
SUB. Pray ye, sir ——
FACE. Upon no terms but an *assumpsit.*
SUB. Your humour must be law.
He takes the money.
FACE. Why now, sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine honor. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.
SUB. Why, sir ——
[*Offering to whisper* FACE.]
FACE. No whisp'ring.
SUB. 'Fore heav'n, you do not apprehend the loss
You do yourself in this.
FACE. Wherein? for what?
SUB. Marry, to be so importunate for one
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the money i' the town.
FACE. How?
SUB. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,

37 *angels*, gold coins formerly used in England.
43 *flies.* See note to line 11 of the Argument.
46 . . . *Claribels*, bragging heroes.
47 *five-and-fifty and flush.* The highest hand in the old game of Primero.
56 *Xenophon.* Face means, of course, Testament.
63 *puck-fist*, grasping, greedy person.
69 *assumpsit*, Latin, "he has undertaken it."

As they do crackers in a puppet-play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it.
FACE. You're mistaken, doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly; none o' your great familiars.
DAP. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.
SUB. I told you so.
FACE [*taking* DAP. *aside*]. 'Slight, that is a new business!
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office; for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.
DAP. Ay, 'tis true, sir;
But I do think, now, I shall leave the law,
And therefore ——
FACE. Why, this changes quite the case.
Do you think that I dare move him?
DAP. If you please, sir;
All's one to him, I see.
FACE. What! for that money?
I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
Make the request, methinks.
DAP. No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.
FACE. Why, then, sir,
I'll try. [*Goes to* SUBTLE.] Say that it were for all games, doctor?
SUB. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but o' the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
FACE. Indeed!
SUB. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.
FACE. Speak you this from art?
SUB. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is o' the only best complexion,
The queen of Fairy loves.
FACE. What! Is he?
SUB. Peace.
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him ——
FACE. What?
SUB. Do not you tell him.
FACE. Will he win at cards too?
SUB. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your gallants to a cloak, indeed.
FACE. A strange success, that some man shall be born to!
SUB. He hears you, man ——
DAP. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
FACE. Faith, I have a confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
SUB. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.
FACE. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.
DAP. Believe it, and I will, sir.
FACE. And you shall, sir.
You have heard all? FACE *takes him aside.*
DAP. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.
FACE. Nothing?
DAP. A little, sir.
FACE. Well, a rare star
Reign'd at your birth.
DAP. At mine, sir! No.
FACE. The doctor
Swears that you are ——
SUB. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.
FACE. Allied to the queen of Fairy.
DAP. Who! That I am?
Believe it, no such matter ——
FACE. Yes, and that
You were born with a caul o' your head.
DAP. Who says so?
FACE. Come
You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.
DAP. I' fac, I do not; you are mistaken.
FACE. How!

81 *set*, bet against. 84 *rifling*, for raffling, gambling. 99 *for him*, i.e., on him, at his expense.
100 *ordinary*, a restaurant, serving only regular meals. 100 *o' the score*, on credit.
101 *conceive*, understand. 109 *Holland*. He and Isaac were alchemists.
111 *put*, reduce, strip. 119 *happy*, successful, rich. 130 *fac*, faith.

Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known
Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
I' the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
DAP. By Jove, sir,
I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
I' fac's no oath.
SUB. No, no, he did but jest.
FACE. Go to. Go thank the doctor. He's your friend,
To take it so.
DAP. I thank his worship.
FACE. So!
Another angel.
DAP. Must I?
FACE. Must you! 'Slight,
What else is thanks? Will you be trivial? — Doctor,
[DAPPER *gives him the money.*]
When must he come for his familiar?
DAP. Shall I not ha' it with me?
SUB. O, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies pass;
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.
FACE. Not if she danc'd to-night.
SUB. And she must bless it.
FACE. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?
DAP. Whom?
FACE. Your aunt of Fairy?
SUB. Not since she kist him in the cradle, captain;
I can resolve you that.
FACE. Well, see her grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she take a fancy,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the doctor's fear.
DAP. How will't be done, then?
FACE. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, "Captain, I'll see her grace."
DAP. "Captain, I'll see her grace."
FACE. Enough.
One knocks without.
SUB. Who's there?
Anon. — [*Aside to* FACE.] Conduct him forth by the back way.
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers' ends and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*
Thrice, and then *buz* as often; and then come. [*Exit.*]
FACE. Can you remember this?
DAP. I warrant you.
FACE. Well then, away. It is but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt. You do not know
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen. [*Exeunt* FACE *and* DAPPER.]

SCENE III.

SUB. [*within*]. Come in! Good wives, I pray you forbear me now;
Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon. —

[*Enter* SUBTLE, *followed by* DRUGGER.]

SUB. What is your name, say you? Abel Drugger?
DRUG. Yes, sir.
SUB. A seller of tobacco?
DRUG. Yes, sir.
SUB. Umph!
Free of the grocers?
DRUG. Ay, an't please you.

151 *resolve*, answer. 5 *free of the grocers*, a member of the Grocers' Guild.

SUB. Well —— 5
Your business, Abel?
DRUG. This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street: — Here is the plot on't —— 9
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:
And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,
One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets, 15
And their good angels, and their bad.
SUB. I do,
If I do see 'em ——

[*Enter* FACE.]

FACE. What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.
DRUG. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship.
I pray you speak for me to master doctor. 20
FACE. He shall do anything. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains, 25
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts:
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs, 30
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper:
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.
SUB. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.
FACE. Already, sir, ha' you found it? Lo thee, Abel!
SUB. And in right way toward riches —
FACE. Sir!
SUB. This summer 35
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.
FACE. What, and so little beard?
SUB. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't; 40
His fortune looks for him another way.
FACE. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amus'd at that.
SUB. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not. 45
Your chestnut or your olive-color'd face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.
FACE. Which finger's that?
SUB. His little finger. Look. 50
You were born upon a Wednesday?
DRUG. Yes, indeed, sir.
SUB. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The forefinger to Jove; the midst to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope, 55
His house of life being Libra; which forshow'd
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.
FACE. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?
SUB. There is a ship now coming from Ormus,

9 *plot*, plan. 14 *wish'd*, recommended. 17 *see 'em*, a pun on "angels," the coins.
30 *block*. Upon which the tobacco was shredded or ground.
30 *tongs*. Used for holding the juniper coals when lighting a pipe.
32 *goldsmith*, money-lender, usurer. 36 *of the clothing of his company*, be granted the livery.
37 *scarlet*, i.e., of a sheriff. 43 *amus'd*, amazed. 44 *metoposcopy*, study of the face.
52 *chiromancy*, palmistry.

That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs —— This is the west, and this the south? [*Pointing to the plan.*]
DRUG. Yes, sir.
SUB. And those are your two sides?
DRUG. Ay, sir.
SUB. Make me your door then, south; your broad side, west:
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits
That do fright flies from boxes.
DRUG. Yes, sir.
SUB. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow.
FACE. That's a secret, Nab!
SUB. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice
And a court-fucus, to call city-dames:
You shall deal much with minerals.
DRUG. Sir, I have.
At home, already ——
SUB. Ay, I know, you've arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,
Cinoper: I know all. — This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say — I will not say directly,
But very fair — at the philosopher's stone.
FACE. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?
DRUG. [*Aside to* FACE.] Good, captain,
What must I give?
FACE. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst),
Thou'rt like to come to.
DRUG. I would gi' him a crown.
FACE. A crown! and toward such a fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
DRUG. Yes, I have a portague, I ha' kept this half-year.
FACE. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer —
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee. Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.
DRUG. I would entreat
Another favor of his worship.
FACE. What is't, Nab?
DRUG. But to look over, sir, my almanac,
And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.
FACE. That he shall, Nab:
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.
SUB. And a direction for his shelves.
FACE. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?
DRUG. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.
FACE. Away. [*Exit* DRUGGER.]
Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive waters,
Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff brought home to you, to work on:
And yet you think, I am at no expense
In searching out these veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works.
SUB. You're pleasant, sir. — How now!

SCENE IV.

FACE, SUBTLE. [*Enter*] DOL.

SUB. What says my dainty Dolkin?
DOL. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.

71 *seem*, be seen; cf. Lat. *videri*.
72 *vice*, mechanical device.
73 *court-fucus*, face-paint.
79 *say*, attempt, assay.
87 *portague*, a valuable gold coin.
103 *cor'sive*, corrosive.
104 *crosslets*, crucibles.
104 *cucurbites*, alembics.

SUB. Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.
DOL. Not afore night, I have told 'em in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon——
SUB. Where?
DOL. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with him.
SUB. Face, go you and shift.
Dol, you must presently make ready too.
[*Exit* FACE.]
DOL. Why, what's the matter?
SUB. O, I did look for him
With the sun's rising: marvel he could sleep!
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands; of which
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away.
Methinks I see him ent'ring ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,
And off'ring citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Searching the 'spital, to make old bawds young;
And the highways, for beggars to make rich.
I see no end of his labors. He will make
Nature asham'd of her long sleep; when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,
In her best love to mankind, ever could.
If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] SIR EPICURE MAMMON *and* SURLY.

MAM. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe*; here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to't
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI.
You shall no more deal with the hollow die,
Or the frail card; no more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity; no more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak,
To be display'd at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks and punkettees, my Surly.
And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH.
Where is my Subtle there? Within, ho!
[FACE *within.*] Sir,
He'll come to you by and by.
MAM. That is his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change

5 *the trunk*, a speaking tube.
Act II, Scene I. The scene may be the same as in Act I or a different room in Lovewit's house. It continues throughout the act.
2 *Novo Orbe*, the New World. 4 *Ophir*. See 1 Kings x, 11.
8 *spectatissimi*, most looked at.
9 *hollow*, i.e., "loaded." 12 *seal*, i.e., sign and seal an agreement.
16 *entrails*, inside or lining. 28 *firk*, force. 29 *faithful*, i.e., full of faith.

All that is metal in my house to gold:
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.
SUR. What, and turn that, too?
MAM. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?
SUR. No, faith.
MAM. But when you see th' effects of the Great Med'cine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me.
SUR. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving 'em no occasion, sure I'll have
A whore, shall piss 'em out next day.
MAM. Ha! why?
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue,
Can confer honor, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valor, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.
SUR. No doubt; he's that already.
MAM. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
SUR. The decay'd vestals of Pickt-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
MAM. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.
SUR. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises then,
Without their poets.
MAM. Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate ——
SUR. As he that built the Water-work does with water?
MAM. You are incredulous.
SUR. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
MAM. Pertinax Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam ——
SUR. How!
MAM. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.
SUR. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
MAM. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
SUR. What paper?
MAM. On cedar board.
SUR. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
MAM. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,

40 *Mercury*, quicksilver. 40 *Venus*, copper. 40 *Moon*, silver.
41 *Sun*, gold. 60 *but*, merely. 63 *Pickt-hatch*, a low locality.
73 *poets*, playwrights; i.e., the theaters were closed during a plague.
79 *gull'd*, fooled.

Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ramvellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
Th' alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublim'd so often, till they're fix'd.
Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone. — How now!

Scene II.

Mammon, Surly. [*Enter*] Face, [*as a Servant.*]

Mam. Do we succeed? Is our day come? And holds it?
Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have color for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly.
Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.
This day thou shalt have ingots; and tomorrow
Give lords th' affront. — Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?
Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master.
Mam. Excellent witty Lungs! — My only care is
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.
Face. No, sir? Buy
The covering off o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Face. Yes.
Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap 'em new with shingles.
Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.
Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard, for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just
To keep your heat still even. These blear'd eyes
Have wak'd to read your several colors, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.
Mam. And lastly,
Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni*?
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master?
Face. At's prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.
Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labors; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.
Face. Good, sir.
Mam. But do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night. —

96 *argent-vive*, quicksilver.
9 *bolt's-head*, retort.
18 *manumit*, emancipate.
28 *sanguis agni*, blood of the lamb; i.e., red.
101 *sublim'd*, refined by vaporization.
15 *auditory*, audience, congregation.
22 *by*, aside.

Thou'rt sure thou saw'st it blood?
FACE. Both blood and spirit, sir.
MAM. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft;
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my succubae. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapor'd 'bout the room,
To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses. —
Is it arrived at ruby? —— Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.
FACE. And I shall carry it?
MAM. No. I'll ha' no bawds
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely
Ladies who are known most innocent, for them, —
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puff, now we ha' the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl
(Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy):
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbel serv'd, instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold;*
Go forth, and be a knight.
FACE. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*]
MAM. Do. — My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes and birds' skins, perfum'd
With gums of paradise, and Eastern air ——
SUR. And do you think to have the stone with this?
MAM. No, I do think t' have all this with the stone.
SUR. Why, I have heard he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.
MAN. That makes it, sir; he is so. But I buy it;
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,

80 *calver'd*, intricately prepared. 97 *homo frugi*, a good man.

With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a profane word afore him; 'tis poison.—

SCENE III.

MAMMON, SURLY. [*Enter*] SUBTLE.

MAM. Good morrow, father.
SUB. Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he is with you?
MAM. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.
SUB. Son, I doubt
You're covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point, prevent your day at morning.
This argues something worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labors, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.
MAM. I know, sir;
You shall not need to fear me; I but come
To ha' you confute this gentleman.
SUR. Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.
SUB. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done, bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it! — Ulen Spiegel!
FACE [*within*]. Anon, sir.
SUB. Look well to the register.
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.
FACE [*within*]. Yes, sir.
SUB. Did you look
O' the bolt's-head yet?
FACE [*within*]. Which? On D, sir?
SUB. Ay;
What's the complexion?
FACE [*within*]. Whitish.
SUB. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filt'red,
And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd *in balneo*.
FACE [*within*]. I will, sir.
SUR. What a brave language here is! next to canting.
SUB. I have another work you never saw, son,
That three days since past the philosopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become
Sulphur o' Nature.
MAM. But 'tis for me?
SUB. What need you?
You have enough, in that is, perfect.
MAM. O, but ——
SUB. Why, this is covetise!
MAM. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And, now and then, a church.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

SUB. How now!
FACE. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?
SUB. Marry, yes;

4 *doubt*, fear. 6 *just*, exact. 6 *prevent*, anticipate.
32 *Ulen Spiegel*, Till Eulenspiegel (Owl Glass), the witty hero of an old German tale.
35 *aludels*. This and the next few terms are from the jargon of alchemy.
45 *canting*, thieves' dialect.

And bring me the complexion of glass B.
[*Exit* FACE.]
MAM. Ha' you another?
SUB. Yes, son; were I assur'd
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.
MAM. Of white oil?
SUB. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,
I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath.
And shows *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven!
I sent you of his faeces there calcin'd:
Out of that calx, I ha' won the salt of mercury.
MAM. By pouring on your rectified water?
SUB. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

How now! what color says it?
FACE. The ground black, sir.
MAM. That's your crow's head?
SUR. Your cock's comb's, is it not?
SUB. No, 'tis not perfect. Would it were the crow!
That work wants something.
SUR. [*Aside.*] O, I look'd for this,
The hay's a pitching.
SUB. Are you sure you loos'd 'em
In their own menstrue?
FACE. Yes, sir, and then married 'em,
And put 'em in a bolt's-head nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bade me, when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation
In the same heat.
SUB. The process then was right.
FACE. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was sav'd was put into the pelli-can,
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.
SUB. I think 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
SUR. [*Aside.*] O, this ferret
Is rank as any polecat.
SUB. But I care not;
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?
FACE. Yes, sir,
He's ripe for inceration, he stands warm,
In his ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.
MAM. He says right.
SUR. [*Aside.*] Ay, are you bolted?
FACE. Nay, I know't, sir,
I've seen th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?
MAM. Is't no more?
FACE. No more, sir,
Of gold, t' amalgam with some six of mercury.
MAM. Away, here's money. What will serve?
FACE. Ask him, sir.
MAM. How much?
SUB. Give him nine pound: you may gi' him ten.
SUR. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.
MAM. There 'tis.
[*Gives* FACE *the money.*]
SUB. This needs not; but that you will have it so,
To see conclusions of all: for two
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
Ha' you set the oil of Luna in kemia?
FACE. Yes, sir.
SUB. And the philosopher's vinegar?
FACE. Ay. [*Exit.*]
SUR. We shall have a salad!
MAM. When do you make projection?
SUB. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso*,
And giving him solution; then congeal him;
And then dissolve him; then again congeal him;
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred;

74 *hay's*, a net to catch rabbits. 91 *bolted*, driven out of your hole (like a rabbit).

After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your and-irons.
MAM. Not those of iron?
SUB. Yes, you may bring them too;
We'll change all metals.
SUR. I believe you in that.
MAM. Then I may send my spits?
SUB. Yes, and your racks.
SUR. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks?
Shall he not?
SUB. If he please.
SUR. — To be an ass.
SUB. How, sir!
MAM. This gent'man you must bear withal.
I told you he had no faith.
SUR. And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.
SUB. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art,
Seems so impossible?
SUR. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!
SUB. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?
SUR. If I should?
SUB. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.
SUR. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.
SUB. The same we say of lead and other metals,
Which would be gold if they had time.
MAM. And that
Our art doth further.
SUB. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect i' the instant: something went before.
There must be remote matter.
SUR. Ay, what is that?
SUB. Marry, we say ——
MAM. Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust.
SUB. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On th' other part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals and all stones;
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone:
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engend'red;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,
Out of the carcases and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly plac'd?
And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals.
MAM. Well said, father!

129 *but*, only.

Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.
SUR. Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man
With charming.
SUB. Sir?
SUR. What else are all your terms,
Whereon no one o' your writers 'grees with other?
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chrysosperm,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther;
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's blood,
Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?
SUB. And all these, nam'd,
Intending but one thing; which art our writers
Us'd to obscure their art.
MAM. Sir, so I told him —
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.
SUB. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Aegyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapt in perplexed allegories?
MAM. I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have made ours common. (DOL *is seen*) [*at the door.*] — Who is this?
SUB. God's precious! — What do you mean? Go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you. [DOL *retires.*] — Where's this varlet?

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

FACE. Sir.
SUB. You very knave! do you use me thus?
FACE. Wherein, sir?
SUB. Go in and see, you traitor. Go!
[*Exit* FACE.]
MAM. Who is it, sir?
SUB. Nothing, sir; nothing.
MAM. What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distemp'red: who is't?
SUB. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries;
But ours the most ignorant. —

FACE *returns.*

What now?
FACE. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with you.
SUB. Would she, sir! Follow me.
[*Exit.*]
MAM. [*stopping him*]. Stay, Lungs.
FACE. I dare not, sir.
MAM. How! pray thee, stay.
FACE. She's mad, sir, and sent hither —
MAM. Stay, man; what is she?
FACE. A lord's sister, sir.
He'll be mad too. —
MAM. I warrant thee. — Why sent hither?
FACE. Sir, to be cur'd.
SUB. [*within*]. Why, rascal!
FACE. Lo you! — Here, sir! *Exit.*
MAM. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.
SUR. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.
MAM. O, by this light, no: do not wrong him. He's

181 *bray*, pound.

Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.
No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done
Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
With spirits, he; he will not hear a word
Of Galen; or his tedious recipes. —

FACE *again.*

How now, Lungs!

FACE. Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
To ha' told your worship all. This must not hear.

MAM. No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.

FACE. You're very right, sir; she is a most rare scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

MAM. How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?

FACE. O, divers have run mad upon the conference.
I do not know, sir: I am sent in haste
To fetch a vial.

SUR. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.

MAM. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

SUR. Yes, as you are,
And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores.

MAM. You are too foul, believe it. — Come here, Ulen,
One word.

FACE. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*]

MAM. Stay, knave.

FACE. He's extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

MAM. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is she when she's out of her fit?

FACE. O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!
So pleasant! She'll mount you up, like quicksilver,
Over the helm; and circulate like oil,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematics, bawdry, anything —

MAM. Is she no way accessible? no means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her — wit —
Or so?

[SUB. *within.*] Ulen!

FACE. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit.*]

MAM. Surly, I did not think one o' your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.

SUR. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use; yet still loth to be gull'd:
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is lechery enough to pay for,
Without this bait.

MAM. Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.

SUR. And yet you ne'er saw her
Till now!

MAM. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,
One o' the treacherous'st memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

SUR. What call you her brother?

MAM. My lord —
He wi' not have his name known, now I think on't.

SUR. A very treacherous memory!

MAM. O' my faith — 280

SUR. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it
Till we meet next.

MAM. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honor, and my noble friend;
And I respect his house.

SUR. Heart! can it be
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? An this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineraus*, and your lunary,

239 *this*, referring to Surly. 242 *Broughton.* An erratic Hebrew scholar of the day.

Give me your honest trick yet at primero,
Or gleek, and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex!* I'll have gold before you,
And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

FACE. Here's one from Captain Face, sir. (*To* SURLY.)
Desires you meet him i' the Temple-church,
Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business.
Sir, (*whispers* MAMMON) if you please to quit us now, and come
Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works;
And I will steal you in unto the party,
That you may see her converse. — Sir, shall I say
You'll meet the captain's worship?
SUR. Sir, I will. — [*Walks aside.*]
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, he's the most authentic dealer
I' these commodities, the superintendent
To all the quainter traffickers in town!
He is the visitor, and does appoint
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
Which gown, and in what smock; what fall; what tire.
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:
Which if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,
To laugh; for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.
FACE. Sir, he does pray you'll not forget.
SUR. I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you. [*Exit.*]
MAM. I follow you straight.

FACE. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gent'man has a parlous head.
MAM. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?
FACE. As my life, sir.
MAM. And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and praise me,
And say I am a noble fellow?
FACE. O, what else, sir?
And that you'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress; and yourself King of Bantam.
MAM. Wilt thou do this?
FACE. Will I, sir!
MAM. Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
FACE. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection.
MAM. Thou'st witch'd me, rogue: take, go. [*Gives him money.*]
FACE. Your jack, and all, sir.
MAM. Thou art a villain — I will send my jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me.
FACE. Not I, sir!
MAM. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel,
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.
FACE. Away, sir.
MAM. A count, nay, a count palatine ——
FACE. Good sir, go.
MAM. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

FACE. [*Re-enter*] SUBTLE *and* DOL.

SUB. Has he bit? has he bit?
FACE. And swallow'd, too, my Subtle.
I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.
SUB. And shall we twitch him?
FACE. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man

291 *gleek*, a card game. 304 *attorney*, proxy. 313 *fall*, collar. 313 *tire*, dress.

No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.
SUB. Dol, my Lord What's-hum's sister, you must now
Bear yourself *statelich*.
DOL. O, let me alone,
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude's her woman.
FACE. Well said, sanguine!
SUB. But will he send his andirons?
FACE. His jack too,
And's iron shoeing-horn; I ha' spoke to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.
SUB. O, Monsieur Caution, that will not be gull'd?
FACE. Ay,
If I can strike a fine hook into him, now! —
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.
(*One knocks.*)
SUB. What, more gudgeons!
Dol, scout, scout! [DOL *goes to the window.*]
Stay, Face, you must go to the door;
'Pray God it be my anabaptist — Who is't, Dol?
DOL. I know him not: he looks like a gold-end-man.
SUB. Gods so! 'tis he, he said he would send — what call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown.
[*Exit* FACE *with the gown.*] Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,
[*Exit* DOL.]
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language. —
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me
About the stone too, for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.

SCENE V.

SUBTLE. [*Enter*] ANANIAS.

Where is my drudge? [*Aloud.*]

[*Enter*] FACE.

FACE. Sir!
SUB. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma.
Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let 'em macerate together.
FACE. Yes, sir.
And save the ground?
SUB. No: *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work. — Who are you?
ANA. A faithful brother, if it please you.
SUB. What's that?
A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis?*
Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcine?
Know you the sapor pontic? Sapor stiptic?
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?
ANA. I understand no heathen language, truly.
SUB. Heathen! You Knipperdoling? Is Ars sacra,
Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica,
Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,
A heathen language?
ANA. Heathen Greek, I take it.
SUB. How! Heathen Greek?
ANA. All's heathen but the Hebrew.
SUB. Sirrah my varlet, stand you forth and speak to him
Like a philosopher: answer i' the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.
FACE. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.

11 *sanguine*, red one.
23 *gold-end-man*, dealer in old gold.
7 *faithful brother*, a Puritan.
8 *Filius artis*, son of the art.
20 *gudgeons*, easily caught fish.
33 *discipline*, here, church.
8 *Lullianist*. Lully and Ripley were early alchemists.
13 *Knipperdoling*, a German Anabaptist.

SUB. This is heathen Greek, to you, now! —
And when comes vivification?
FACE. After mortification.
SUB. What's cohobation?
FACE. 'Tis the pouring on
Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.
SUB. What's the proper passion of metals?
FACE. Malleation.
SUB. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri?*
FACE. Antimonium.
SUB. This's heathen Greek to you! — And what's your mercury?
FACE. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.
SUB. How know you him?
FACE. By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscitability.
SUB. How do you sublime him?
FACE. With the calce of egg-shells,
White marble, talc.
SUB. Your magisterium now,
What's that?
FACE. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry.
SUB. This is heathen Greek to you still!
Your *lapis philosophicus?*
FACE. 'Tis a stone,
And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.
SUB. Enough. [*Exit* FACE.]
This's heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?
ANA. Please you, a servant of the exil'd brethren,
That deal with widows' and with orphans' goods,
And make a just account unto the saints:
A deacon.
SUB. O, you are sent from Master Wholesome,
Your teacher?
ANA. From Tribulation Wholesome,
Our very zealous pastor.
SUB. Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.
ANA. Of what kind, sir?
SUB. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchenware.
Metals, that we must use our med'cine on:
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth
For ready money.
ANA. Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?
SUB. Why do you ask?
ANA. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.
SUB. 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
An if their parents were not of the faithful! —
I will not trust you, now I think on it,
Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you brought money
To buy more coals?
ANA. No, surely.
SUB. No? How so?
ANA. The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more
Till they may see projection.
SUB. How!
ANA. You've had
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin-dust.
SUB. What's your name?
ANA. My name is Ananias.
SUB. Out, the varlet
That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound
Than wicked Ananias? Send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th' alembics, and the furnace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!

Both *sericon* and *bufo* shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or th' anti-Christian hierarchy shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias! [*Exit* ANANIAS.] This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward, to an appetite.

SCENE VI.

SUBTLE. [*Enter*] FACE [*in his uniform, followed by*] DRUGGER.

FACE. He's busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.
SUB. How now! What mates, what Bayards ha' we here?
FACE. I told you he would be furious. — Sir, here's Nab
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on;
— We must appease him. Give it me, — and prays you,
You would devise — what is it, Nab?
DRUG. A sign, sir.
FACE. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.
SUB. I was devising now.
FACE. [*Aside to* SUBTLE.] 'Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more. —
What say you to his constellation, doctor,
The Balance?
SUB. No, that way is stale and common.
A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,
Or the bull's head: in Aries, the ram, —
A poor-device! No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystic character; whose *radii*,
Striking the senses of the passers-by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus ——
FACE. Nab!
SUB. He first shall have *a bell*, that's *Abel;*
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a *rug* gown, there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *drug*
And right anenst him a dog snarling *er;*
There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. That's his sign.
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!
FACE. Abel, thou art made.
DRUG. Sir, I do thank his worship.
FACE. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.
DRUG. Yes, sir:
I have another thing I would impart ——
FACE. Out with it, Nab.
DRUG. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young widow ——
FACE. Good! a bona roba?
DRUG. But nineteen at the most.
FACE. Very good, Abel.
DRUG. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she wears
A hood, but 't stands a cop.
FACE. No matter, Abel.
DRUG. And I do now and then give her a fucus ——
FACE. What! dost thou deal, Nab?
SUB. I did tell you, captain.
DRUG. And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.
FACE. Good (his match too!) — On, Nab.
DRUG. And she does strangely long to know her fortune.
FACE. God's lid, Nab, send her to the doctor, hither.
DRUG. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already;
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her a marriage.

2 *Bayards.* Bayard was the perfect French knight. 22 *rug*, rough cloth. 27 *legs*, bows.
31 *bona roba*, a fine wench. 34 *stands a cop*, is pointed. 35 *fucus*, face-paint.

FACE. Hurt it! 'tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honor is their multitude of suitors.
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!
Thou dost not know?
DRUG. No, sir, she'll never marry
Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.
FACE. What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many o' the city dubb'd?
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother? a knight?
DRUG. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in's land, sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern
His sister here; and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the country.
FACE. How! to quarrel?
DRUG. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage 'em by line.
FACE. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to:
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.
SUB. O, good captain!
FACE. He shall;
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not,
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.
DRUG. I'll try my power, sir.
FACE. And thy will too, Nab.
SUB. 'Tis good tobacco, this! What is't an ounce?
FACE. He'll send you a pound, doctor.
SUB. O no.
FACE. He will do't.
It is the goodest soul! — Abel, about it.
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone. [*Exit* ABEL.]
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now: he dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for 'em.
SUB. And shall, sir. This works.
FACE. A wife, a wife for one on's, my dear Subtle!
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.
SUB. Rather the less; for she may be so light
She may want grains.
FACE. Ay; or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.
SUB. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.
FACE. Content: but Dol must ha' no breath on't.
SUB. Mum.
Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.
FACE. Pray God I ha' not staid too long.
SUB. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] TRIBULATION [WHOLESOME] *and* ANANIAS.

TRI. These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes we of the separation

Act III, Scene I. A lane before Lovewit's house.

Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
ANA. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man; he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.
TRI. I think him a profane person indeed.
ANA. He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.
TRI. Good brother, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.
ANA. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.
TRI. Not always necessary:
The children of perdition are oft times
Made instruments even of the greatest works.
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glassmen?
More anti-Christian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenc'd saints,
Which ne'er will be but by the philosopher's stone.
And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assur'd me; *aurum potabile* being
The only med'cine for the civil magistrate,
T'incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily us'd in the disease.
ANA. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.
TRI. Let us call on him then.
ANA. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. [*Knocks.*] Peace be within! [*The door is opened, and they enter.*]

SCENE II.

[*Enter*] SUBTLE, [*followed by*] TRIBULATION *and* ANANIAS.

SUB. O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone
Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius:
Limbec, bolt's-head, retort, and pelican
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? Nay, then it goes down yet.
TRI. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.
SUB. Why, this doth qualify!
TRI. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance; but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.
SUB. This qualifies more!

38 *for . . . saints*, gaining the right for Puritans to preach. *Scene II.* A room in Lovewit's house.

TRI. And for the orphans' goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numb'red; here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.
SUB. This qualifies most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Show'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From th' Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction
And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A lady that is past the feat of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore
With the oil of talc: there you have made a friend;
And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make 'em smooth and sound
With a bare fricace of your med'cine; still
You increase your friends.
TRI. Ay, 'tis very pregnant.
SUB. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
To plate at Christmas ——
ANA. Christ-tide, I pray you.
SUB. Yet, Ananias!
ANA. I have done.
SUB. Or changing
His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The King of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppone you?
TRI. Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
SUB. You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune to call the flock together:
For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women
And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell.
ANA. Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.
SUB. No warning with you? Then farewell my patience.
Slight, it shall down; I will not be thus tortur'd.
TRI. I pray you, sir.
SUB. All shall perish. I have spoke it.
TRI. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man,
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,
But as your self, allow a tune somewhere,
Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall not need.
SUB. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,

40 *fricace*, rubbing. 43 *Christ-tide*. The Puritan avoided the word "mass." 45 *parcel*, partly.
51 *oppone*, oppose. 68 *tow'rd*, near securing. 69 *vizard*, mask; here, face.

And say they were forfeited by providence.
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better;
The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
Or have that idol, starch, about their linen.
ANA. It is indeed an idol.
TRI. Mind him not, sir.
I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but trouble),
To peace within him! Pray you, sir, go on.
SUB. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman
Whose daily custard you devour; nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family or wood of you,
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.
TRI. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.
SUB. O, but the stone, all's idle to't! Nothing!
The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
From east to west: and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.
ANA. I hate traditions;
I do not trust them ——
TRI. Peace!
ANA. They are popish all.
I will not peace: I will not ——
TRI. Ananias!
ANA. Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.
SUB. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.
TRI. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir:
But truly else a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man by revelation
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
SUB. Has he a competent sum there i' the bag
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity and conscience' sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
Though I desire the brethren, too, good gainers:
There they are within. When you have view'd and bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll gi' it you in by weight.
TRI. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?
SUB. Let me see,
How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be silver potate; then three days
Before he citronise. Some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected.
ANA. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month?
SUB. Yes, my good Ananias.
TRI. What will the orphans' goods arise to, think you?

78 *scrupulous bones*, petty topics of discussion.
87 *shorten so your ears*, have them clipped in the pillory.
88 *wire-drawn*, drawn out. 95 *wood*, collection.
113 *botcher*, clothes mender.

SUB. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of 'em ——
But I must ha' more coals laid in.
TRI. How?
SUB. Another load,
And then we ha' finish'd. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens;* we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now instantly,
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars
As any are in Holland.
TRI. Can you so?
SUB. Ay, and shall bide the third examination.
ANA. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.
SUB. But you must carry it secret.
TRI. Ay; but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful?
ANA. Lawful!
We know no magistrate: or, if we did,
This 's foreign coin.
SUB. It is no coining, sir.
It is but casting.
TRI. Ha! you distinguish well:
Casting of money may be lawful.
ANA. 'Tis, sir.
TRI. Truly, I take it so.
SUB. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias;
This case of conscience he is studied in.
TRI. I'll make a question of it to the brethren.
ANA. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall't be done?
SUB. For that we'll talk anon.
[*Knock without.*]
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt* TRIB. *and* ANA.] Who is it? — Face! appear.

SCENE III.

SUBTLE. [*Enter*] FACE [*in his uniform*].

SUB. How now! good prize?
FACE. Good pox! Yond' costive cheater
Never came on.
SUB. How then?
FACE. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no such thing.
SUB. And ha' you quit him?
FACE. Quit him! An hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight! would you have me stalk like a milljade,
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.
SUB. O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.
FACE. Let him go, black boy!
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.
A noble count, a don of Spain (my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd),
Who is come hither private for his conscience
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,
Furnish'd with pistolets, and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the color), and to make his batt'ry
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinqueport,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit.
Where is the doxy?

140 *lenter*, gentler. 8 *black boy*, knave. 13 *slops*, white trousers.
14 *hoys*, boats. 14 *round trunks*, hose extending to the waist.
15 *pistolets, pieces of eight*, old coins. 17 *color*, excuse.
18 *cinqueport*. One of the five English seaports on the Channel. 22 *doxy*, wench.

SUB. I'll send her to thee:
And but despatch my brace of little John Leydens
And come again myself.
FACE. Are they within then?
SUB. Numb'ring the sum.
FACE. How much?
SUB. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*]
FACE. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon! 26
Three o' my clerk! A portague o' my grocer!
This o' the brethren! Beside reversions
And states to come, i' the widow, and my count!
My share to-day will not be bought for forty ——

[*Enter* DOL.]

DOL. What? 30
FACE. Pounds, dainty Dorothy! Art thou so near?
DOL. Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?
FACE. As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat 35
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel; he shall be brought here, fetter'd 40
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame
As the poor blackbirds were i' the great frost, 45
Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him
I' the swan-skin coverlid and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.
DOL. What is he, general?
FACE. An adalantado,
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet? 50
DOL. No.
FACE. Nor my Drugger?
DOL. Neither.
FACE. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days. —

[*Re-enter* SUBTLE.]

How now! ha' you done?
SUB. Done. They are gone: the sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew 55
Another chapman who would buy 'em outright.
FACE. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he ha' the widow,
To furnish household.
SUB. Excellent, well thought on:
Pray God he come.
FACE. I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'erpast.
SUB. But, Face, 60
How camst thou by this secret don?
FACE. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly; I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol, 65
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And — do you hear? — good action!
Firk like a flounder; kiss like a scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
Verdugoship has not a jot of language; 70
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly.

23 *John Leydens*, Puritans.
48 *God's-gift.* The literal meaning of Dorothea in Greek.
49 *adalantado*, viceroy.
70 *Verdugoship*, probably, lordship.
40 *Dousabel, douce et belle;* sweet and pretty.
56 *chapman*, merchant.

He will come here in a hir'd coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide,
No creature else. (*One knocks.*) Who's that? [*Exit* Dol.]
Sub. It is not he?
Face. O no, not yet this hour.

[*Re-enter* Dol.]

Sub. Who is't?
Dol. Dapper,
Your clerk.
Face. God's will then, Queen of Fairy,
On with your tire; [*Exit* Dol.] and, doctor, with your robes.
Let's despatch him for God's sake.
Sub. 'Twill be long.
Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. [*Goes to the window.*] 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the widow?
Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit* Sub.]

Scene IV.

Face. [*Enter* Dapper.]

Face. O, sir, you are welcome.
The doctor is within a moving for you;
I have had the most ado to win him to it! —
He swears you'll be the darling o' the dice:
He never heard her highness dote till now.
Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.
Dap. Shall I see her grace?
Face. See her, and kiss her too. —

[*Enter* Abel, *followed by* Kastril.]

What, honest Nab!
Hast brought the damask?
Nab. No, sir; here's tobacco.
Face. 'Tis well done, Nab; thou'lt bring the damask too?
Drug. Yes. Here's the gentleman, captain, Master Kastril,
I have brought to see the doctor.
Face. Where's the widow?
Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.
Face. O, is it so? Good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
Kas. Ay, and the best o' the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else.
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is this doctor?
My mad tobacco-boy here tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any skill?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.
Face. It seems, sir, you're but young
About the town, that can make that a question.
Kas. Sir, not so young but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco;
And in his shop; and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise i' the country.
Face. Sir, for the duello,
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair; and show you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
And this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.
Kas. How! to take it?
Face. Yes, in oblique he'll show you, or in circle;
But ne'er in diameter. The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.

23 *angry boys*, young men-about-town.
40 *in diameter*, directly.

KAS. But does he teach
Living by the wits too?
FACE. Anything whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him;
It's not two months since. I'll tell you his method:
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.
KAS. No, I'll not come there: you shall pardon me.
FACE. For why, sir?
KAS. There's gaming there, and tricks.
FACE. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
KAS. Ay, 'twill spend a man.
FACE. Spend you! It will repair you when you are spent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes?
KAS. What, three thousand a year!
FACE. Ay, forty thousand.
KAS. Are there such?
FACE. Ay, sir,
And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing, — [*Points to* DAPPER.] forty marks a year
Which I count nothing: — he's to be initiated,
And have a fly o' the doctor. He will win you
By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the groom porter's, all the Christmas:
And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is play, present him with the chair,
The best attendance, the best drink, sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;
The purest linen and the sharpest knife,
The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As playhouses for a poet; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.
KAS. Do you not gull one?
FACE. 'Ods my life! Do you think it?
You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admir'd for't.
KAS. Will the doctor teach this?
FACE. He will do more, sir: when your land is gone,
(As men of spirit hate to keep earth long),
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll show a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity;
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others,
That without help of any second broker,
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels:
In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.

62 *groom porter's*. The household servant who was allowed to be the bank, at cards, during Christmas.
98 *woad*, dye-plant.

All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd.
KAS. I' faith! is he such a fellow?
FACE. Why, Nab here knows him.
And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.
KAS. God's will, my suster shall see him.
FACE. I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing —
(By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,
And that same melancholy breeds worms) but pass it: —
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life.
DRUG. Truth, and no more I was not.
FACE. And then he was so sick ——
DRUG. Could he tell you that too?
FACE. How should I know it?
DRUG. In troth, we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach ——
FACE. And he has no head
To bear any wine; for what with the noise o' the fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants ——
DRUG. My head did so ache ——
FACE. As he was fain to be brought home.
The doctor told me: and then a good old woman ——
DRUG. Yes, faith, she dwells in Seacoal-lane, — did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitory o' the wall;
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.
FACE. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence,
For the waterwork.
DRUG. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.
FACE. Thy hair went off?
DRUG. Yes, sir; 'twas done for spite.
FACE. Nay, so says the doctor.
KAS. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;
I'll see this learned boy before I go;
And so shall she.
FACE. Sir, he is busy now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free.
KAS. I go. [*Exit.*]
FACE. Drugger, she's thine: the damask! — [*Exit* ABEL.] Subtle and I
Must wrastle for her. [*Aside.*] Come on, Master Dapper,
You see how I turn clients here away,
To give your cause dispatch; ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?
DAP. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.
FACE. 'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's afire,
But that she will not show it, t' have a sight of you.
Ha' you provided for her grace's servants?
DAP. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.
FACE. Good!
DAP. And an old Harry's sovereign.
FACE. Very good!
DAP. And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twenty nobles.
FACE. O, you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
DAP. I have some Philip and Maries.
FACE. Ay, those same
Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

121 *pellitory*, an herb that grows on walls.

124 *cess'd*, assessed.

SCENE V.

FACE, DAPPER. [*Enter*] SUBTLE, *disguised like a priest of Fairy* [*with a strip of cloth*].

SUB. [*in a feigned voice*]. Is yet her grace's cousin come?
FACE. He is come.
SUB. And is he fasting?
FACE. Yes.
SUB. And hath cried "hum"?
FACE. Thrice, you must answer.
DAP. Thrice.
SUB. And as oft "buz"?
FACE. If you have, say.
DAP. I have.
SUB. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to Fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
About his eyes, (*They blind him with the rag.*) to show he is fortunate.
And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
FACE. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her grace's word — throw away your purse —
As she would ask it: — handkerchiefs and all —
She cannot bid that thing but he'll obey. —
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
(*He throws away, as they bid him.*)
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her highness: if they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.
DAP. Truly, there's all.
FACE. All what?
DAP. My money; truly.
FACE. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
[*Aside to* SUBTLE.] Bid Dol play music. — Look, the elves are come
DOL. *enters with a cittern.*
To pinch you, if you tell not the truth. Advise you. *They pinch him.*
DAP. O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.
FACE. *Ti, ti.*
They knew't, they say.
SUB. *Ti, ti, ti, ti.* He has more yet.
FACE. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* I' the other pocket?
SUB. *Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say.
[*They pinch him again.*]
DAP. O, O!
FACE. Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace's nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care. —
Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show
You are innocent.
DAP. By this good light, I ha' nothing.
SUB. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta.* He does equivocate she says:
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the light when he is blinded.
DAP. By this good dark, I ha' nothing but a half-crown
Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.
FACE. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,

27 *directly*, honestly. 33 *spur-ryal*, a gold coin.

I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. [*Takes it off.*]
You may wear your leaden heart still. — How now!
SUB. What news, Dol?
DOL. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.
FACE. God's lid, we never thought of him till now!
Where is he?
DOL. Here hard by. He's at the door.
SUB. And you are not ready now! Dol, get his suit. [*Exit* DOL.]
He must not be sent back.
FACE. O, by no means.
What shall we do with this same puffin here,
Now he's o' the spit?
SUB. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device.

[*Re-enter* DOL *with* FACE'S *clothes.*]

— *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti.* Would her grace speak with me?
I come. — Help, Dol! *Knocking without.*
FACE. (*Speaks through the keyhole.*) — Who's there? Sir Epicure,
My master's i' the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. — Quickly, Dol!
SUB. Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.
DAP. I long to see her grace.
SUB. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says,
It would be better for you.
FACE. Sir, he shall
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we ha' done. ——
SUB. He must not see, nor speak
To anybody, till then.
FACE. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.
SUB. Of what?
FACE. Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace
Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little. ——
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.
[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread into his mouth.*]
SUB. —— Where shall we now
Bestow him?
DOL. I' the privy. ——
SUB. Come along, sir,
I must now show you Fortune's privy lodgings.
FACE. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?
SUB. All:
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.
FACE [*speaking through the keyhole*]. Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.
[*Exeunt with* DAPPER.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] FACE *and* MAMMON.

FACE. O, sir, you're come i' the only finest time. ——
MAM. Where's master?
FACE. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.
MAM. Into gold?
FACE. To gold and silver, sir.
MAM. Silver I care not for.
FACE. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.
MAM. Where's the lady?
FACE. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things o' you,
Touching your bounty and your noble spirit ——
MAM. Hast thou?
FACE. As she is almost in her fit to see you.

56 *puffin*, water-fowl; here, fool. 77 *crinkle*, hesitate. *Act IV.* A room in Lovewit's house.

But, good sir, no divinity i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage. ——
MAM. I warrant thee.
FACE. Six men [sir] will not hold her down. And then,
If the old man should hear or see you ——
MAM. Fear not.
FACE. The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it,
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic or mathematics,
Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,
She will endure, and never startle; but
No word of controversy.
MAM. I am school'd, good Ulen.
FACE. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.
MAM. Let me alone:
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
FACE. [*Aside.*] Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [*Exit.*]
MAM. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danaë; show the god a miser,
Compar'd with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold: I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her. —

[*Re-enter* FACE *with* DOL *richly dressed.*]

Here she comes.
FACE. To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble knight
I told your ladyship ——
MAM. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.
DOL. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.
MAM. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.
DOL. My lord my brother is, though I no lady, sir.
FACE. [*Aside.*] Well said, my Guinea bird.
MAM. Right noble madam ——
FACE. [*Aside.*] O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.
MAM. 'Tis your prerogative.
DOL. Rather your courtesy.
MAM. Were there nought else t' enlarge your virtues to me,
These answers speak your breeding and your blood.
DOL. Blood we boast none, sir; a poor baron's daughter.
MAM. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
He'd done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.
DOL. Sir, although
We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honor, yet we strive to keep
The seeds and the materials.
MAM. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money us'd to make your compound.
There is a strange nobility i' your eye,
This lip, that chin! Methinks you do resemble
One o' the Austriac princes.
FACE. [*Aside.*] Very like!
Her father was an Irish costermonger.
MAM. The house of Valois just had such a nose,
And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.
DOL. Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all these princes.
FACE. [*Aside.*] I'll be sworn, I heard it.
MAM. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.
FACE. [*Aside.*] I'll in, and laugh. [*Exit.*]
MAM. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity beyond
An earthly beauty!
DOL. O, you play the courtier.
MAM. Good lady, gi' me leave ——
DOL. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.

MAM. To burn i' this sweet flame;
The phœnix never knew a nobler death.
DOL. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy
What you would build. This art, sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
MAM. By my soul ——
DOL. Nay, oaths are made o' the same air, sir.
MAM. Nature
Never bestow'd upon mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious feature;
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else:
Sweet madam, le' me be particular ——
DOL. Particular, sir! I pray you, know your distance.
MAM. In no ill sense, sweet lady: but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
You're lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist: but what's that to you?
DOL. Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.
MAM. O, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! can extract
The souls of all things by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emp'ror
Has courted above Kelly; sent his medals
And chains, t' invite him.
DOL. Ay, and for his physic, sir ——
MAM. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this, and more.
DOL. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies that contemplate nature.
MAM. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould,
A cloister had done well; but such a feature,
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,
To live recluse is a mere solecism,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:
You should spend half my land first, were I he.
Does not this diamond better on my finger
Than i' the quarry?
DOL. Yes.
MAM. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.
DOL. In chains of adamant?
MAM. Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret too. — Here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour the happiest man in Europe.
DOL. You are contented, sir?
MAM. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.
DOL. Say you so, Sir Epicure?
MAM. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honor. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.
DOL. You mean no treason, sir?
MAM. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
And thou the lady.
DOL. How, sir! ha' you that?
MAM. I am the master of the mastery.
This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us: now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear it;
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.
DOL. You are pleas'd, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.
MAM. I am pleas'd the glory of her sex should know,
This nook here of the Friars is no climate

90 *Kelly*, an alchemist. 131 *Friars*, Blackfriars, where Lovewit's house was situated.

For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle she is; set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,
And work 'em into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars that, when thy name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and, we but showing our love,
Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story!
Thus will we have it.

DOL. I could well consent, sir.
But in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.

MAM. If he knew it.

DOL. Yourself do boast it, sir.

MAM. To thee, my life.

DOL. O, but beware, sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loath'd prison,
By speaking of it.

MAM. 'Tis no idle fear.
We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Sous'd in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,
And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells;
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk,
Whose cream does look like opals; and with these
Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust! And thou shalt ha' thy wardrobe
Richer than Nature's, still to change thyself,
And vary oft'ner, for thy pride, than she,
Or Art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

FACE. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?

MAM. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee. [*Gives him money.*]

FACE. But do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

MAM. We think not on 'em.

[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* DOL.]

FACE. O, it is well, sir. — Subtle!

SCENE II.

FACE. [*Enter*] SUBTLE.

Dost thou not laugh?

SUB. Yes; are they gone?

FACE. All's clear.

SUB. The widow is come.

FACE. And your quarreling disciple?

SUB. Ay.

FACE. I must to my captainship again then.

SUB. Stay, bring 'em in first.

FACE. So I meant. What is she?
A bonnibel?

SUB. I know not.

FACE. We'll draw lots:
You'll stand to that?

SUB. What else?

FACE. O, for a suit,
To fall now like a curtain, flap!

SUB. To th' door, man.

FACE. You'll ha' the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready. [*Exit.*]

SUB. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

136 *empirics*, experimenters.

FACE [*within*]. Who would you speak with?
KAS. [*within*]. Where's the captain?
FACE [*within*]. Gone, sir, About some business.
KAS. [*within*]. Gone!
FACE [*within*]. He'll return straight. But, master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[*Enter* KASTRIL, *followed by* Dame PLIANT.]

SUB. Come near, my worshipful boy, *my terrae fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:
Welcome; I know thy lusts and thy desires,
And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.
KAS. You lie.
SUB. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sudden boy?
KAS. Nay, that look you to,
I am aforehand.
SUB. O, this is no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your canons
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,
Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series extern and intern, with their causes,
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And ha' your elements perfect?
KAS. What is this?
The angry tongue he talks in?
SUB. That false precept,
Of being aforehand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter quarrels oftentimes
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills.
KAS. How must I do then, sir?
SUB. I cry this lady mercy; she should first
Have been saluted. (*Kisses her.*) I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.
KAS. Is she, i' faith?
SUB. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
KAS. How know you?
SUB. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often to make a judgment. (*Kisses her again.*) 'Slight, she melts
Like a myrobolane. Here is yet a line,
In *rivo frontis*, tells me he is no knight.
DAME P. What is he then, sir?
SUB. Let me see your hand.
O, your *linea fortunae* makes it plain;
And *stella* here *in monte Veneris*.
But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,
But shall have some great honor shortly.
DAME P. Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!

[*Re-enter* FACE, *in his uniform.*]

KAS. Hold your peace.
Here comes t'other rare man. — 'Save you, captain.
FACE. Good Master Kastril! Is this your sister?
KAS. Ay, sir.
Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.
FACE. I shall be proud to know you, lady. [*Kisses her.*]
DAME P. Brother,
He calls me lady, too.
KAS. Ay, peace: I heard it.
[*Takes her aside.*]
FACE. The count is come.
SUB. Where is he?
FACE. At the door.
SUB. Why, you must entertain him.
FACE. What will you do With these the while?
SUB. Why, have 'em up, and show 'em Some fustian book, or the dark glass.
FACE. 'Fore God, She is a delicate dabchick! I must have her. [*Exit.*]
SUB. [*Aside.*] Must you! Ay, if your fortune will, you must. —

42 *myrobolane*, a sweetmeat. 43 *rivo frontis*. This and the next few terms are from palmistry.

Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:
I'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I'll show you both the grammar and logic,
And rhetoric of quarreling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't shall make you
Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moonlight.
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight,
Against you see your fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

[*Enter*] Face.

Face. Where are you, doctor?
Sub. [*within*]. I'll come to you presently.
Face. I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her,
On any composition.

[*Enter* Subtle.]

Sub. What do you say?
Face. Ha' you dispos'd of them?
Sub. I ha' sent 'em up.
Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Face. Nay, but hear me.
Sub. Go to.
If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.
Face. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canst not serve ——
Sub. Who cannot? I?
'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a ——
Face. Nay,
But understand: I'll gi' you composition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee. What! sell my fortune?
'Tis better than my birthright. Do not murmur:
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly.
Face. Well, sir, I am silent.
Will you go help to fetch in Don in state? [*Exit.*]
Sub. I follow you, sir. We must keep Face in awe,
Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

[*Re-enter* Face, *introducing*] Surly *like a Spaniard.*

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!
Sur. *Senores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.*
Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our *anos.*
Face. Peace, Subtle!
Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.
He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,
Serv'd in by a short cloak upon two trestles.
Face. Or what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.
Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him
In d'Alva's time; Count Egmont's bastard.
Sub. Don,
Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.
Sur. *Gratia.*
Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.
Pray God he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.
Sur. *Por dios, senores, muy linda casa!*
Sub. What says he?
Face. Praises the house, I think;
I know no more but's action.
Sub. Yes, the *casa,*
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

71 *against you see*, to prepare you to see.
26 *brawn*, boar's neck. 27 *souse*, ear.
12 *compositaon*, compensation.
27 *wriggled*, slashed. 33 *squibs*, rockets, bombs.

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall
Be cozened, Diego.
FACE. Cozened, do you see,
My worthy Donzel, cozened.
SUR. *Entiendo.*
SUB. Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistolets or portagues,
My solemn Don? [*To* FACE.] Dost thou feel any?
FACE. (*Feels his pockets.*) Full.
SUB. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say.
FACE. Milked, in troth, sweet Don.
SUB. See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.
SUR. *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?*
SUB. What talks he now?
FACE. Of the senora.
SUB. O, Don.
This is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
FACE. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?
SUB. For what?
FACE. Why, Dol's employ'd, you know.
SUB. That's true.
'Fore heav'n I know not: he must stay, that's all.
FACE. Stay! that he must not by no means.
SUB. No! why?
FACE. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll suspect it;
And then he will not pay, not half so well.
This is a travell'd punk-master, and does know
All the delays; a notable hot rascal,
And looks already rampant.
SUB. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.
FACE. Mammon! in no case.
SUB. What shall we do then?
FACE. Think: you must be sudden.
SUR. *Entiendo que la senora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan a verla como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*
FACE. *Mi vida!* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to't, ha!
And tell her 'tis her fortune? All our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beside,
There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?
SUB. Who, I? why ——
FACE. The credit of our house too is engag'd.
SUB. You made me an offer for my share erewhile.
What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith?
FACE. O, by that light
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,
And wear her — out for me.
SUB. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
FACE. It is the common cause; therefore bethink you.
Dol else must know it, as you said.
SUB. I care not.
SUR. *Senores, porque se tarda tanto?*
SUB. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
FACE. That's now no reason, sir.
SUR. *Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?*
FACE. You hear the Don too? By this air I call,
And loose the hinges. Dol!
SUB. A plague of hell ——
FACE. Will you then do?
SUB. You're a terrible rogue!
I'll think of this. Will you, sir, call the widow?
FACE. Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults,
Now I do think on't better.
SUB. With all my heart, sir;
Am I discharg'd o' the lot?
FACE. As you please.
SUB. Hands. [*They shake hands.*]
FACE. Remember now, that upon any change
You never claim her.
SUB. Much good joy and health to you, sir,
Marry a whore! Fate, let me wed a witch first.

60 *sudden*, quick. 71 *engaged*, at stake. 74 *doom*, contract.

SUR. *Por estas honradas barbas* ——
SUB. He swears by his beard.
Dispatch, and call the brother too.
[*Exit* FACE.]
SUR. *Tengo duda, senores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.*
SUB. How, issue on? Yes, *praesto, senor.* Please you
Enthratha the *chambratha,* worthy don:
Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada,*
You shall be soak'd, and strok'd, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before you go.
You shall in faith my scurvy baboon don,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.
[*Exeunt* SUB. *and* SURLY.]

SCENE IV.

[*Enter*] FACE, KASTRIL, *and* Dame PLIANT.

[FACE.] Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
KAS. To be a countess, say you?
[FACE.] A Spanish countess, sir.
DAME P. Why, is that better than an English countess?
FACE. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?
KAS. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.
FACE. Ask from your courtier to your inns-of-court-man,
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse; your Spanish
Stoop is the best garb; your Spanish beard
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak. —
Here comes the doctor.

[*Enter* SUBTLE *with a paper.*]

SUB. My most honor'd lady,
For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honorable fortune very shortly,
What will you say now, if some ——
FACE. I ha' told her all, sir,
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
A countess; do not delay 'em, sir; a Spanish countess.
SUB. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep
No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
KAS. She shall do that, sir;
I'll look to it; 'tis my charge.
SUB. Well then: nought rests
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.
DAME P. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.
SUB. No?
DAME P. Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide 'em,
And that was some three years afore I was born, in truth.
SUB. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;
Choose which you will.
FACE. By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else within this twelve month.
SUB. Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.
FACE. Indeed, sir!
KAS. God's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.
DAME P. Why,
I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.
KAS. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.

10 *garb,* mode. 18 *scheme,* reading of the heavens.
29 *eighty-eight,* the year of the Armada (1588). 33 *cry,* sell; i.e., be reduced to peddling.

FACE. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.
SUB. No, my enraged child;
She will be rul'd. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted ——
FACE. And kiss'd and ruffled!
SUB. Ay, behind the hangings.
FACE. And then come forth in pomp!
SUB. And know her state!
FACE. Of keeping all th' idolators o' the chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!
SUB. Is serv'd
Upon the knee!
FACE. And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches ——
SUB. Her six mares ——
FACE. Nay, eight!
SUB. To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange,
Bet'lem, the China-houses ——
FACE. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that rides with her!
KAS. Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster
If you refuse.
DAME P. I will not refuse, brother.

[*Enter* SURLY.]

SUR. *Que es esto, senores, que non se venga?*
Esta tardanza me mata!
FACE. It is the count come:
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.
SUB. *En gallanta, madama, Don! gallantissima!*
SUR. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada Hermosura, que he visto en ma vida!*
FACE. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?
KAS. An admirable language! Is't not French?
FACE. No, Spanish, sir.
KAS. It goes like law French,
And that, they say, is the court-liest language.
FACE. List, sir.
SUR. *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el Resplandor que trae esta dana! Valga me dios!*
FACE. H' admires your sister.
KAS. Must not she make curt'sy.
SUB. 'Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.
FACE. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.
SUR. *Porque no se acude?*
KAS. He speaks to her, I think.
FACE. That he does, sir.
SUR. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda?*
KAS. Nay, see: she will not understand him! Gull, Noddy.
DAME P. What say you, brother?
KAS. Ass, my suster,
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would ha' you;
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.
FACE. O no, sir.
SUR. *Senora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta Allegar a tanta hermusura.*
FACE. Does he not use her bravely?
KAS. Bravely, i' faith!
FACE. Nay, he will use her better.
KAS. Do you think so?
SUR. *Senora, si sera servida, entremos.*
[*Exit with* Dame PLIANT.]
KAS. Where does he carry her?
FACE. Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.
SUB. Give Dol the word.
[*Aside to* FACE, *who goes out.*]
— Come, my fierce child, advance,
We'll to our quarreling lesson again.
KAS. Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.
SUB. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.

47 *Exchange.* The cheap shops in the arcade of the Royal Exchange.
48 *Bet'lem,* Bethlehem (Bedlam), the madhouse, often visited by Elizabethans for amusement.
48 *China-houses,* where Oriental goods were sold and assignations often made.
49 *tires,* attire.
50 *bands,* collars; here, liveries.
74 *cunning,* learned.
83 *word,* i.e., to begin acting mad.

KAS. Ay, I knew that at first. This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.
SUB. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!
KAS. Why, Her name is so, by her other husband.
SUB. How!
KAS. The Widow Pliant. Knew you not that?
SUB. No, faith, sir; Yet, by the erection of her figure, I guess'd it. Come, let's go practise.
KAS. Yes, but do you think, doctor, I e'er shall quarrel well?
SUB. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

[*Enter*] DOL [*followed by*] MAMMON.

DOL (*in her fit of talking*). *For after Alexander's death* ——
MAM. Good lady ——
DOL. *That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,*
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolomy ——
MAM. Madam —
DOL. *Make up the two legs, and the fourth beast,*
That was Gog-north and Egypt-south: which after
Was called Gog-iron-leg and South-iron-leg ——
MAM. Lady ——
DOL. *And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too:*
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg ——
MAM. Sweet madam ——
DOL. *And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall*
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see, or look at ——
MAM. What shall I do?
DOL. *For,* as he says, *except*
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks —
MAM. Dear lady ——
DOL. *To come from Salem, and from Athens,*
And teach the people of Great Britain ——

[*Enter* FACE *hastily, in his servant's dress.*]

FACE. What's the matter, sir?
DOL. *To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan* ——
MAM. O, She's in her fit.
DOL. *We shall know nothing* ——
FACE. Death, sir, We are undone!
DOL. *Where then a learned linguist*
Shall see the ancient us'd communion
Of vowels and consonants ——
FACE. My master will hear!
DOL. *A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high* ——
MAM. Sweet honorable lady!
DOL. *To comprise*
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters.
FACE. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now. (*They all speak together.*)
DOL. *And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,*
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions,
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.
FACE. How did you put her into't?
MAM. Alas, I talkt Of a fifth monarchy I would erect With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she Falls on the other four straight.
FACE. Out of Broughton! I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.
MAM. Is't best?
FACE. She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her, We are but faeces, ashes.
SUB. [*within*]. What's to do there?
FACE. O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

92 *figure*, horoscope.
36 *Broughton*. Dol's nonsense, as Gifford points out, is actually taken from Broughton's writings. See note to Act II, Sc. 3, line 242.

[*Enter* SUBTLE;] *upon* SUBTLE'S *entry they disperse.*

MAM. Where shall I hide me!
SUB. How! What sight is here?
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
O, I have liv'd too long.
MAM. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.
SUB. Not? and flee me
When I come in?
MAM. That was my error.
SUB. Error?
Guilt, guilt, my son; give it the right name. No marvel
If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing!
MAM. Why, have you so?
SUB. It has stood still this half hour: and all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?
MAM. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:
I saw her by chance.
SUB. Will you commit more sin,
T'excuse a varlet?
MAM. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
SUB. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven,
And lose your fortunes.
MAM. Why, sir?
SUB. This will retard
The work a month at least.
MAM. Why, if it do,
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
SUB. As they were,
So the reward will prove. (*A great crack and noise within.*) — How now! ay me!
God and all saints be good to us. ——

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

What's that?
FACE. O, sir, we are defeated! All the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst;
Furnace and all rent down, as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt heads,
All struck in shivers!
(SUBTLE *falls down as in a swoon.*)
Help, good sir! alas,
Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,
Do the fair offices of a man! You stand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
(*One knocks.*)
Who's there? My lord her brother is come.
MAM. Ha, Lungs!
FACE. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
For he's as furious as his sister's mad.
MAM. Alas!
FACE. My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.
MAM. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd
Of all our cost?
FACE. Faith, very little, sir;
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
MAM. O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.
FACE. And so am I, sir.
MAM. Cast from all my hopes ——
FACE. Nay, certainties, sir.
MAM. By mine own base affections.
SUB. (*seeming to come to himself*). O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!
MAM. Good father,
It was my sin. Forgive it.
SUB. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!
FACE. Nay, look, sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight.

42 *close*, secret. 66 *fumo*, smoke.

Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.
MAM. I'll go.
FACE. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may ha' it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bet'lem——
MAM. Yes.
FACE. For the restoring such as — ha' their wits.
MAM. I'll do't.
FACE. I'll send one to you to receive it.
MAM. Do.
Is no projection left?
FACE. All flown, or stinks, sir.
MAM. Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?
FACE. I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps
Something about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch, — though not your itch of mind, sir. [*Aside.*]
It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good sir,
This way, for fear the lord shall meet you.
[*Exit* MAMMON.]
SUB. [*raising his head*]. Face!
FACE. Ay.
SUB. Is he gone?
FACE. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hop'd for were in's blood.
Let us be light though.
SUB. [*leaping up*]. Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.
FACE. Now to our don.
SUB. Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, Face; she's been in travail
Of a young heir for you.
FACE. Good, sir.
SUB. Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.
FACE. Very well, sir.
Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while?
SUB. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, sir.
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now!
FACE. Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your virtue.
SUB. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

[*Enter*] SURLY *and* Dame PLIANT.

SUR. Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honor was t' have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstance would ha' made a man;
For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too!
I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;
And where I might have wrong'd your honor, and have not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I'm a bachelor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you or no.
DAME P. I will, sir.
SUR. And for these household-rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.

[*Enter* SUBTLE.]

SUB. How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear madam countess? Hath the count
Been courteous, lady? liberal and open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,
I do not like the dulness of your eye;

111 *case*, costume or disguise. 118 *virtue*, ability.

It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.
(*He falls to picking of them.*)
SUR. [*throws open his cloak*]. Will you, don bawd and pick-purse? [*Strikes him down.*] How now! Reel you?
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight.
SUB. Help! murder!
SUR. No, sir,
There's no such thing intended. A good cart
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish don that should be cozened,
Do you see? Cozened? Where's your Captain Face,
That parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal?

[*Enter* FACE *in his uniform.*]

FACE. How, Surly!
SUR. O, make your approach, good captain.
I've found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch,
And say, 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the color,
That you might ha't for nothing. And this doctor,
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey i' the stead another
With sublim'd mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo!* Then weeps Mammon;
Then swoons his worship. Or, [FACE *slips out,*] he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides.
And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires: while you send in ——
Captain! — what! is he gone? — damsels with child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green sickness. [*Seizes* SUBTLE *as he is retiring.*] — Nay, sir, you must tarry,
Though he be scap'd; and answer by the ears, sir.

SCENE VII.

[*Re-enter*] FACE [*with*] KASTRIL [*to*] SURLY [*and*] SUBTLE.

FACE. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well, as they say, and be a true-born child:
The doctor and your sister both are abus'd.
KAS. Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave.
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. — Are you
The man, sir, I would know?
SUR. I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much.
KAN. Then you lie i' your throat.
SUR. How!
FACE. [*To* KASTRIL.] A very arrant rogue, sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another conjurer
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him
If he knew how.
SUR. Sir, you are abus'd.
KAS. You lie:
And 'tis no matter.
FACE. Well said, sir! He is
The impudent'st rascal ——
SUR. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?
FACE. By no means: bid him be gone.
KAS. Begone, sir, quickly.
SUR. This is strange! — Lady, do you inform your brother.
FACE. There is not such a foist in all the town.

22 *upsee Dutch*, like the Dutch; i.e., from drinking strong beer.
28 *cart*, prisoners' wagon, at the tail of which petty offenders were whipped.
32 *parcel-broker*, partner.
47 *ephemerides*, almanacs.
3 *abus'd*, tricked, cheated.
16 *foist*, scoundrel.

The doctor had him presently; and finds yet
The Spanish count will come here. — Bear up, Subtle. [*Aside.*]
SUB. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.
FACE. And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!
KAS. Ay,
I know — Away, [*to his sister,*] you talk like a foolish mauther.
SUR. Sir, all is truth she says.
FACE. Do not believe him, sir.
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.
SUR. You are valiant out of company!
KAS. Yes, how then, sir?

[*Enter* DRUGGER *with a piece of damask.*]

FACE. Nay, here's an honest fellow too that knows him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel.)
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow. — [*Aside to* DRUG.]
He owes this honest Drugger here seven pound,
He has had on him in twopenny'orths of tobacco.
DRUG. Yes, sir. And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.
FACE. And what does he owe for lotium?
DRUG. Thirty shillings, sir;
And for six syringes.
SUR. Hydra of villainy!
FACE. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.
KAS. I will:
— Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.
SUR. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valor in you; I must laugh at this.
KAS. It is my humour; you are a pimp and a trig.
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.
DRUG. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

[*Enter* ANANIAS.]

ANA. Peace to the household!
KAS. I'll keep peace for no man.
ANA. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.
KAS. Is he the constable?
SUB. Peace, Ananias.
FACE. No, sir.
KAS. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.
SUR. You'll hear me, sir?
KAS. I will not.
ANA. What is the motive?
SUB. Zeal in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops.
ANA. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
SUR. New rascals!
KAS. Will you be gone, sir?
ANA. Avoid, Sathan!
Thou art not of the light! That ruff of pride
About thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:
Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.
SUR. I must give way.
KAS. Be gone, sir.
SUR. But I'll take
A course with you. ——
ANA. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!
SUR. Captain and doctor.
ANA. Child of perdition!
KAS. Hence, sir! — [*Exit* SURLY.]
Did I not quarrel bravely?
FACE. Yes, indeed, sir.
KAS. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.
FACE. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame:
He'll turn again else.
KAS. I'll re-turn him then. [*Exit.*]
FACE. Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee:

17 *had*, found him out.
23 *mauther*, country girl.
33 *lotium*, ointment.
63 *prevented*, anticipated.
17 *presently*, at once.
25 *swabber*, rascal.
39 *trig*, fop.
57 *take a course*, fight.

We had determin'd that thou should'st ha' come
In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and he,
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?
DRUG. Yes, sir.
FACE. Thou must borrow
A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?
DRUG. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?
FACE. I know not, Nab; — thou shalt, if I can help it. — [*Aside.*]
Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve;
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em. [*Exit* DRUGGER.] SUBTLE *hath whisper'd with* ANAN. *this while.*
ANA. Sir, I know.
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple. — But the holy synod
Have been in prayer and meditation for it;
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.
SUB. True.
But here I cannot do it: if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there for th' state, never come out;
And then are you defeated.
ANA. I will tell
This to the elders and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.
SUB. And fasting.
ANA. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls! [*Exit.*]
SUB. Thanks, courteous Ananias.
FACE. What did he come for?
SUB. About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful ——
FACE. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?
SUB. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.
FACE. Who would ha' lookt it should ha' been that rascal
Surly? He had dy'd his beard and all
Well, sir.
Here's damask come to make you a suit.
SUB. Where's Drugger?
FACE. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;
I'll be the count now.
SUB. But where's the widow?
FACE. Within, with my lord's sister; Madam Dol
Is entertaining her.
SUB. By your favor, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.
FACE. You will not offer it?
SUB. Why?
FACE. Stand to your word,
Or — here comes Dol. She knows ——
SUB. You're tyrannous still.

[*Enter* DOL *hastily.*]

FACE. — Strict for my right. — How now, Dol! Hast told her,
The Spanish count will come?
DOL. Yes; but another is come,
You little lookt for!
FACE. Who's that?
DOL. Your master;
The master of the house.
SUB. How, Dol!
FACE. She lies,
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, Dorothy.
DOL. Look out and see.
[FACE *goes to the window.*]
SUB. Art thou in earnest?
DOL. 'Slight,
Forty o' the neighbors are about him, talking.
FACE. 'Tis he, by this good day.

71 *Hieronimo's*, the hero in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. 92 *conceive*, understand.
96 *lookt*, expected. 110 *quiblins*, little deceptions, jokes.

DOL. 'Twill prove ill day
For some on us.
FACE. We are undone, and taken.
DOL. Lost, I'm afraid.
SUB. You said he would not come,
While there died one a week within the liberties.
FACE. No: 'twas within the walls.
SUB. Was't so? Cry you mercy.
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?
FACE. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
Of Jeremy, the butler. I' the meantime,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase
That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
Prithee go heat a little water quickly;
Subtle must shave me. All my captain's beard
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
You'll do it?
SUB. Yes, I'll shave you as well as I can.
FACE. And not cut my throat, but trim me?
SUB. You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

[*Enter*] LOVEWIT, [*with several of the*] Neighbors.

LOVE. Has there been such resort, say you?
1 NEI. Daily, Sir.
2 NEI. And nightly, too.
3 NEI. Ay, some as brave as lords.
4 NEI. Ladies and gentlewomen.
5 NEI. Citizens' wives.
1 NEI. And knights.
6 NEI. In coaches.
2 NEI. Yes, and oyster-women.
1 NEI. Beside other gallants.
3 NEI. Sailors' wives.
4 NEI. Tobacco men.
5 NEI. Another Pimlico.
LOVE. What should my knave advance,
To draw this company? He hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws?
6 NEI. No, sir.
3 NEI. We had gone in then, sir.
LOVE. He has no gift
Of teaching i' the nose that e'er I knew of.
You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure
Of agues or the tooth-ache?
2 NEI. No such thing, sir!
LOVE. Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?
5 NEI. Neither, sir.
LOVE. What device should he bring forth now?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:
'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!
I left him nothing else. If he have eat 'em,
A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging;
The Friar and the Nun; or the new motion
Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;
The boy of six year old, with the great thing:
Or't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.
When saw you him?
1 NEI. Who, sir, Jeremy?
2 NEI. Jeremy butler?
We saw him not this month.

116 *liberties*, the districts outside the city walls. 122 *purchase*, swag.
Act V, Scene I. The scene is before Lovewit's house. In Scene IV it shifts to a room within.
6 *Pimlico*, a pleasure resort. 11 *teaching i' the nose*, drawling sermons (?).
21 *ging*, gang. 22 *motion*, dumb-show.

LOVE. How!
4 NEI. Not these five weeks, sir.
[6] NEI. These six weeks, at the least.
LOVE. You amaze me, neighbors!
5 NEI. Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
He's slipt away.
6 NEI. Pray God he be not made away.
He knocks.
LOVE. Ha! it's no time to question, then.
6 NEI. About
Some three weeks since I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up a-mending my wife's stockings.
LOVE. This's strange that none will answer! Did'st thou hear
A cry, sayst thou?
6 NEI. Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.
2 NEI. I heard it, too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock
Next morning.
LOVE. These be miracles, or you make 'em so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry?
3 NEI. Yes, downward, sir.
LOVE. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee.
What trade art thou on?
3 NEI. A smith, an't please your worship.
LOVE. A smith! Then lend me thy help to get this door open.
3 NEI. That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools — [*Exit.*]
1 NEI. Sir, best to knock again afore you break it.

SCENE II.

LOVEWIT, Neighbors.

[LOVE. *Knocks again.*] I will.

[*Enter* FACE *in his butler's livery.*]

FACE. What mean you, sir?
1, 2, 4 NEI. O, here's Jeremy!
FACE. Good sir, come from the door.
LOVE. Why, what's the matter?
FACE. Yet farther, you are too near yet.
LOVE. I' the name of wonder,
What means the fellow!
FACE. The house, sir, has been visited.
LOVE. What, with the plague? Stand thou then farther.
FACE. No, sir,
I had it not.
LOVE. Who had it then? I left
None else but thee i' the house.
FACE. Yes, sir, my fellow,
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it; but I got her
Convey'd away i' the night: and so I shut
The house for a month —
LOVE. How!
FACE. Purposing then, sir,
To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it;
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.
LOVE. Breathe less, and farther off! Why this is stranger:
The neighbors tell me all here that the doors
Have still been open ——
FACE. How, sir!
LOVE. Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.
FACE. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so.
LOVE. To-day they speak
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window: divers more
Pass in and out.
FACE. They did pass through the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;

19 *threaves*, droves. 20 *Eye-bright*, a resort in Hogsden.

For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days!
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbors had seen double
Through the black pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks
And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

LOVE. Strange!

1 NEI. Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 NEI. And I too,
I'd ha' been sworn.

LOVE. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?

4 NEI. We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.

FACE. Did you see me at all?

1 NEI. No; that we are sure on.

2 NEI. I'll be sworn o' that.

LOVE. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

[*Re-enter third* Neighbor, *with his tools.*]

3 NEI. Is Jeremy come!

1 NEI. O yes; you may leave your tools;
We were deceiv'd, he says.

2 NEI. He's had the keys;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3 NEI. Like enough.

LOVE. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[*Enter* SURLY *and* MAMMON.]

FACE. [*Aside.*] Surly come.
And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell all.
How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

SCENE III.

SURLY, MAMMON, LOVEWIT, FACE, Neighbors.

SUR. No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel!
You knew the lord and his sister.

MAM. Nay, good Surly. ——

SUR. The happy word, BE RICH ——

MAM. Play not the tyrant. —

SUR. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now? And your brass pots,
That should ha' been golden flagons, and great wedges?

MAM. Let me but breathe. What, they ha' shut their doors,
Methinks! *He and* SURLY *knock.*

SUR. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

MAM. Rogues,
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

FACE. What mean you, sir?

MAM. To enter if we can.

FACE. Another man's house!
Here is the owner, sir; turn you to him,
And speak your business.

MAM. Are you, sir, the owner?

LOVE. Yes, sir.

MAM. And are those knaves within, your cheaters!

LOVE. What knaves, what cheaters?

MAM. Subtle and his Lungs.

FACE. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs
Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, sir,
Within these doors upon my word.

SUR. Your word,
Groom arrogant!

FACE. Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.

SUR. This's a new Face.

FACE. You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was't at?

SUR. You rascal! This is one
Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.

32 *black pot*, ale-pot.

LOVE. Pray you stay, gentlemen.
SUR. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.
MAM. Ay, and then
We shall ha' your doors open.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* SUR.]
LOVE. What means this?
FACE. I cannot tell, sir.
1 NEI. These are two o' the gallants
That we do think we saw.
FACE. Two o' the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has craz'd 'em all. —
[*Aside.*] O me,

[*Enter* KASTRIL.]

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.
KAS. (*knocking*). What, rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door anon!
Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore
To keep your castle ——
FACE. Who would you speak with, sir?
KAS. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain,
And puss my suster.
LOVE. This is something, sure.
FACE. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.
KAS. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.
LOVE. Here comes another.

[*Enter* ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.]

FACE. Ananias too!
And his pastor!
TRI. The doors are shut against us.
They beat too, at the door.
ANA. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire!
Your stench it is broke forth; abomination
Is in the house.
KAS. Ay, my suster's there.
ANA. The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.
KAS. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.
TRI. You shall do well.
ANA. We'll join to weed them out.
KAS. You will not come then, punk devise, my suster!
ANA. Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.
KAS. I'll raise the street.
LOVE. Good gentleman, a word.
ANA. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!
[*Exeunt* ANA., TRIB., *and* KAST.]
LOVE. The world's turn'd Bet'lem.
FACE. These are all broke loose,
Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks.
1 NEI. All these persons
We saw go in and out here.
2 NEI. Yes, indeed, sir.
3 NEI. These were the parties.
FACE. Peace, you drunkards! Sir,
I wonder at it. Please you to give me leave
To touch the door; I'll try an the lock be chang'd.
LOVE. It mazes me!
FACE [*goes to the door*]. Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing: 'tis all *deceptio visus.* —
[*Aside.*] Would I could get him away.
DAP. [*within*]. Master captain! Master doctor!
LOVE. Who's that?
FACE. [*Aside.*] Our clerk within, that I forgot! — I know not, sir.
DAP. [*within*]. For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?
FACE. Ha!
Illusions, some spirit o' the air! — [*Aside.*] His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat.
DAP. [*within*]. I am almost stifled ——
FACE. [*Aside*]. Would you were together.
LOVE. 'Tis i' the house.
Ha! list.
FACE. Believe it, sir, i' the air.
LOVE. Peace, you.

50 *punk devise*, thorough strumpet. 62 *deceptio visus*, optical illusion.

DAP. [*within*]. Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.
SUB. [*within*]. You fool,
Peace, you'll mar all.
FACE [*speaks through the keyhole, while* LOVEWIT *advances to the door unobserved*]. Or you will else, you rogue.
LOVE. O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits! —
Come, sir. No more o' your tricks, good Jeremy.
The truth, the shortest way.
FACE. Dismiss this rabble, sir. — [*Aside.*] What shall I do? I am catch'd,
LOVE. Good neighbors,
I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt* Neighbors.] — Come, sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master;
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?
FACE. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit —
But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me th' abuse of your house:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompense, that you shall gi' me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak:
I have her within. You need not fear the house;
It was not visited.
LOVE. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.
FACE. It is true, sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
LOVE. Well: let's see your widow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

[*Enter*] SUBTLE [*leading in*] DAPPER, [*with his eyes bound as before*].

SUB. How! ha' you eaten your gag?
DAP. Yes, faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth.
SUB. You ha' spoil'd all then.
DAP. No!
I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.
SUB. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth
You were to blame.
DAP. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfy her grace.

[*Enter* FACE *in his uniform.*]

Here comes the captain.
FACE. How now! Is his mouth down?
SUB. Ay, he has spoken!
FACE. A pox, I heard him, and you too. He's undone then. —
[*Aside to* SUBTLE.] I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep churl back.
SUB. And hast thou done it?
FACE. Sure, for this night.
SUB. Why, then triumph and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.
FACE. Did you not hear the coil
About the door?
SUB. Yes, and I dwindled with it.
FACE. Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you. [*Exit* FACE.]
SUB. Well, sir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag
In any contempt of her highness.
[*Unbinds his eyes.*]
DAP. Not I, in troth, sir.

[*Enter*] DOL *like the Queen of Fairy.*

SUB. Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle:
She has a stately presence. [DAPPER *kneels and shuffles towards her.*] Good! Yet nearer,
And bid, God save you!
DAP. Madam!
SUB. And your aunt.
DAP. And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.

14 *coil*, tumult. 15 *dwindled*, grew small with fear.

DOL. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you;
But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.
SUB. The skirts,
And kiss 'em. So!
DOL. Let me now stroke that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend;
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend.
SUB. [*Aside.*] Ay, much! indeed. — Why do you not thank her grace?
DAP. I cannot speak for joy.
SUB. See, the kind wretch!
Your grace's kinsman right.
DOL. Give me the bird. ——
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin;
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,
On your right wrist ——
SUB. Open a vein with a pin
And let it suck but once a week; till then,
You must not look on't.
DOL. No: and, kinsman,
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you came on.
SUB. Her grace would ha' you eat no more Woolsack pies,
Nor Dagger frumety.
DOL. Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell.
SUB. She's with you everywhere!
Nor play with costermongers, at mum-chance, traytrip,
God-make-you-rich (when as your aunt has done it); but keep
The gallant'st company, and the best games ——
DAP. Yes, sir.
SUB. Gleek and primero; and what you get, be true to us.
DAP. By this hand, I will.
SUB. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand
Be stirring, an you will.
DAP. I swear I will then.
SUB. Your fly will learn you all games.
FACE [*within*]. Ha' you done there?
SUB. Your grace will command him no more duties?
DOL. No:
But come and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well and comely with good gamesters.
SUB. There's a kind aunt: kiss her departing part. —
But you must sell your forty mark a year now.
DAP. Ay, sir, I mean.
SUB. Or, give't away; pox on't!
DAP. I'll gi' 't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings. [*Exit.*]
SUB. 'Tis well; away.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

FACE. Where's Subtle?
SUB. Here: what news?
FACE. Drugger is at the door; go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson presently.
Say he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service!
[*Exit* SUBTLE.]
Now, Queen Dol,
Have you pack'd up all?
DOL. Yes.
FACE. And how do you like
The Lady Pliant?
DOL. A good dull innocent.

[*Re-enter* SUBTLE.]

SUB. Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.
FACE. Give me 'em.
SUB. And the ruff too?

41–43 *Woolsack, Dagger, Heaven, Hell*, low eating and drinking places.
42 *frumenty*, wheat boiled in milk.
44–45 *mumchance, traytrip, God-make-you-rich*, games of chance.
47 *Gleek, primero*, more aristocratic gambling games.

FACE. Yes; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*]
SUB. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.
DOL. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
SUB. Well, we will fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her bracelets?
DOL. No; but I will do't.
SUB. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipt, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,
And take our leaves of this o'erweening rascal.
This peremptory Face.
DOL. Content; I'm weary of him.
SUB. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run at wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn between us.
DOL. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.
SUB. Yes, tell her
She must by any means address some present
To th' cunning man, make him amends for wronging
His art with her suspicion; send a ring,
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortur'd else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and ha' strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?
DOL. Yes.
SUB. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o' the night! We'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine. *They kiss.*

Re-enter FACE.

FACE. What now! a billing?
SUB. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.
FACE. Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle,
And send Nab back again to wash his face.
SUB. I will: and shave himself? [*Exit.*]
FACE. If you can get him.
DOL. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!
FACE. A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

[*Re-enter* SUBTLE.]

Is he gone?
SUB. The chaplain waits you i' the hall, sir.
FACE. I'll go bestow him. [*Exit.*]
DOL. He'll now marry her instantly.
SUB. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.
DOL. Let me alone to fit him.

[*Re-enter* FACE.]

FACE. Come, my venturers,
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the trunks? Bring forth.
SUB. Here.
FACE. Let us see 'em. Where's the money?
SUB. Here,
In this.
FACE. Mammon's ten pound; eight score before:
The brethren's money this. Drugger's and Dapper's.
What paper's that?
DOL. The jewel of the waiting maid's,
That stole it from her lady, to know certain ——
FACE. If she should have precedence of her mistress?
DOL. Yes.
FACE. What box is that?
SUB. The fish-wives' rings, I think,
And th' ale-wives' single money. Is't not, Dol?

88 *flitter-mouse*, bat. 89 *Pigeons*, an inn at Brentford (Brainford).
114 *single money*, small change.

DOL. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife
Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.
FACE. We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver beakers
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats
And girdles and hangers?
SUB. Here, i' the trunk,
And the bolts of lawn.
FACE. Is Drugger's damask there,
And the tobacco?
SUB. Yes.
FACE. Give me the keys.
DOL. Why you the keys?
SUB. No matter, Dol; because
We shall not open 'em before he comes.
FACE. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed;
Nor have 'em forth, do you see? Not forth, Dol.
DOL. No!
FACE. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em.
Doctor, 'tis true — you look — for all your figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he and she, be satisfied: for here
Determines the indenture tripartite
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the backside,
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently, bethink you
Of some course suddenly to scape the dock;
For thither you'll come else. (*Some knock.*) Hark you, thunder.
SUB. You are a precious fiend!
OFFI. [*without*]. Open the door.
FACE. Dol, I am sorry for thee i' faith; but hear'st thou?
It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistress Amo ——
DOL. Hang you.
FACE. Or Madam Caesarean.
DOL. Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee!
FACE. Subtle,
Let's know where you'll set up next; I will send you
A customer now and then, for old acquaintance.
What new course have you?
SUB. Rogue, I'll hang myself;
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed and the buttery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

[*Enter*] LOVEWIT [*in the Spanish dress, with the* Parson. *Loud knocking at the door*].

LOVE. What do you mean, my masters?
MAM. [*without*]. Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.
OFFI. [*without*]. Or we'll break it open.
LOVE. What warrant have you?
OFFI. [*without*]. Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it.
LOVE. Is there an officer there?
OFFI. [*without*]. Yes, two or three for failing.
LOVE. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

[*Enter* FACE, *as butler.*]

FACE. Sir, ha' you done?
Is it a marriage? Perfect?
LOVE. Yes, my brain.
FACE. Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.
SUR. [*without*]. Down with the door.
KAS. [*without*]. 'Slight, ding it open.
LOVE [*opening the door*]. Hold,
Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

[MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION *and* Officers *rush in.*]

MAM. Where is this collier?
SUR. And my Captain Face?

116 *Ward*, a famous pirate.
148 *flock-bed*, wool-mattress.
128 *look*, are surprised.
5 *for*, for fear of.
131 *determines*, ends.
9 *ding*, beat.

MAM. These day-owls.
SUR. That are birding in men's purses.
MAM. Madam Suppository.
KAS. Doxy, my suster.
ANA. Locusts.
Of the foul pit.
TRI. Profane as Bel and the Dragon.
ANA. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.
LOVE. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?
1 OFFI. Keep the peace.
LOVE. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you seek?
MAM. The chemical cozener.
SUR. And the captain pander.
KAS. The nun my suster.
MAM. Madam Rabbi.
ANA. Scorpions,
And caterpillars.
LOVE. Fewer at once, I pray you.
1 OFFI. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff.
ANA. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.
LOVE. Good zeal, lie still
A little while.
TRI. Peace, Deacon Ananias.
LOVE. The house is mine here, and the doors are open;
If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name,
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,
It somewhat maz'd me; till my man here, fearing
My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sickness),
To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are
Or where they be, he knows not.
MAM. Are they gone?
LOVE. You may go in and search, sir. (MAMMON, ANA., *and* TRIB. *go in.*) Here, I find
The empty walls worse than I left 'em, smok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace;
The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle,
And "Madam with a dildo" writ o' the walls.
Only one gentlewoman I met here
That is within, that said she was a widow ——
KAS. Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump her. Where is she? [*Goes in.*]
LOVE. And should ha' married a Spanish count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
SUR. How! have I lost her then?
LOVE. Were you the don, sir?
Good faith, now she does blame you extremely, and says
You swore, and told her you had ta'en the pains
To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face,
Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love:
And then did nothing. What an oversight
And want of putting forward, sir, was this!
Well fare an old harquebusier yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling! MAMMON *comes forth.*
MAM. The whole nest are fled!
LOVE. What sort of birds were they?
MAM. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pickt my purse,
Of eight score and ten pounds within these five weeks,
Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie i' the cellar, which I am glad they ha' left,
I may have home yet.
LOVE. Think you so, sir?
MAM. Ay.
LOVE. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

12 *birding*, pilfering. 59 *choughs*, jackdaws.

MAM. Not mine own stuff!
LOVE. Sir, I can take no knowledge
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd of 'em,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.
MAM. I'll rather lose 'em.
LOVE. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth; upon these terms, they're yours.
What, should they ha' been, sir, turn'd into gold, all?
MAM. No.
I cannot tell. — It may be they should. — What then?
LOVE. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!
MAM. Not I; the commonwealth has.
FACE. Ay, he would ha' built
The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden;
That every Sunday in Moorsfields the younkers,
And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.
MAM. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world within these two months. Surly,
What! in a dream?
SUR. Must I needs cheat myself
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues:
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
FACE. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word
Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strangers
To me; I thought 'em honest as myself, sir.
They come forth.

[*Re-enter* ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.]

TRI. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go
And get some carts ——
LOVE. For what, my zealous friends?
ANA. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.
LOVE. What is that portion?
ANA. The goods sometimes the orphans', that the brethren
Brought with their silver pence.
LOVE. What, those i' the cellar,
The knight Sir Mammon claims?
ANA. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,
Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? Were not the shillings numb'red
That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?
LOVE. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you;
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.
ANA. Sir!
TRI. Be patient, Ananias.
ANA. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host
That threaten Gad in exile.
LOVE. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.
ANA. I will pray there,
Against thy house. May dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of coz'nage! [*Exeunt* ANA. *and* TRIB.]

Enter DRUGGER.

LOVE. Another too?
DRUG. Not I, sir, I am no brother.
LOVE. (*beats him*). Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you talk?
[*Exit* DRUG.]

117 *Nicholas*, a certain religious fanatic.

FACE. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go, (*To the* Parson.)
And satisfy him; tell him all is done:
He staid too long a washing of his face.
The doctor, he shall hear of him at Westchester;
And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.
[*Exit* Parson.]
If you can get off the angry child now, sir ——

[*Enter* KASTRIL, *dragging in*] *his sister.*

KAS. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly, ha' you not?
Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you now.
Death, mun you marry with a pox!
LOVE. You lie, boy;
As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.
KAS. Anon!
LOVE. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah;
Why do you not buckle to your tools?
KAS. God's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!
LOVE. What, do you change your copy now? Proceed;
Here stands my dove: stoop at her if you dare.
KAS. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i' faith,
An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest,
I honor thee for this match.
LOVE. O, do you so, sir?
KAS. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,
Than her own state.
LOVE. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.
FACE. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.
LOVE. We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in anything, Jeremy.
KAS. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy!
Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.
LOVE. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy. [*Exeunt* KAS. *and* Dame P.]
That master
That had receiv'd such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though were some small strain
Of his own candor. [*Advancing.*] Therefore, gentlemen,
And kind spectators, if I have outstript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife and a good brain may do;
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thyself, knave.
FACE. So I will, sir. [*Advancing to the front of the stage.*] Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my country: and this pelf
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests,
To feast you often, and invite new guests.
[*Exeunt.*]

123 *lying for a wind*, waiting for a favorable wind. 127 *dubb'd boy*, knight.
128 *mammet*, puppet. 128 *touse*, harass. 129 *mun*, may.
131 *feize*, frighten; or, chastise. 135 *stoop*, pounce (a term in falconry). 144 *jovy*, jovial.
152 *candor*, honor, reputation. 159 *decorum*, dramatic propriety.
163 *country*, jury (which is drawn from the vicinity or country). 164 *quit*, acquit.

PHILASTER

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

By FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (*c.* 1584–1616) AND JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)

Francis Beaumont, the younger of the two famous collaborators in the drama, was born about 1584, the son of a knight. He attended Pembroke College, Oxford, for a year, leaving in 1598, when his father died. In 1600, he was admitted to the Inner Temple, and within a few years was writing verses and plays. His collaboration with Fletcher began about 1604 and lasted until 1612 or 1613, when Beaumont married and apparently retired from the theater. He died in 1616, at thirty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher, the son of Richard Fletcher, a clergyman in Rye, Sussex (who later became Bishop of London), and cousin to the poets Giles and Phineas Fletcher, was born in 1579. He attended for a time Corpus Christi (then Bene't) College, Cambridge. In London he became associated with Beaumont, living with him, according to tradition, "on the Bankside, not far from the Play-house," until Beaumont's marriage or retirement. Later, he collaborated with Shakespeare, probably in *Henry VIII* and surely in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and, among others, with Jonson, Rowley, and, especially, Massinger. Of Fletcher's own plays the most prominent are *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *Wit Without Money*, *Valentinian*, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, and *The Wild-Goose Chase*. He died during the plague of 1625.

The collaboration of Beaumont and Fletcher is unique in the history of English dramatic literature. Both came of prominent families, with natural tastes that suited well the new theater-going public of James I, the court, in contrast to the more heterogeneous audience that Shakespeare wrote for. Each seemed to supplement the other in writing, and with their combined skill and knowledge of the audience, they soon supplanted Shakespeare himself. The partnership is summed up thus by G. C. Macaulay: "The general result of criticism seems to be as follows. It is probable that, of the fifty-two plays which have commonly passed under the joint names, at least one [*The Woman Hater*] belongs to Beaumont alone, and that in some eight or nine others he coöperated with Fletcher [most prominently, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *A King and No King*, *Cupid's Revenge*, *Philaster*, and *The Maid's Tragedy*], taking, usually, the leading part in the combination; that Fletcher was the sole author of about fifteen plays, and that there are some two-and-twenty, formerly attributed to the pair conjointly, in which we find Fletcher's work combined with that of other authors than Beaumont, besides five or six in which, apparently, neither Fletcher nor Beaumont had any appreciable share."

Philaster, first acted about 1610, is one of the best, and perhaps the most interest-

ing, of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. It is a tragi-comedy; that is, a play that has a serious note, but no deaths. Like many masterpieces of Elizabethan drama, it has technical defects which might lead a modern reader to regard it as an inferior kind of play. Some of these defects, we must remember, however, were simply dramatic conventions which the Elizabethan audience readily accepted; others, without doubt, were not apparent in the acted play. Whatever its incidental blemishes, *Philaster* still merits attention and affords pleasure because of its romantic appeal, its unobtrusive philosophy, and, especially, the truly lyric passages that occur naturally in the course of the action.

Students of the history of the drama will note the general similarity in temper between this tragi-comedy and Shakespeare's last plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. The resemblance between *Philaster* and *Cymbeline* is particularly close. According to Professor Ashley H. Thorndike's arguments, Shakespeare, and not Beaumont and Fletcher, was the imitator.

Largely because Fletcher used more run-on lines, and because Beaumont was better at plotting and in tragic scenes, critics have assigned Act IV, Scene 1, and the greater part of Act V, to Fletcher. This division, while problematical, agrees in general with the tradition that Beaumont blocked out and began the plays, leaving the rest to Fletcher.

The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher have been edited by A. H. Bullen, 1904; and by A. L. Waller and A. Glover, 1905. A convenient edition of the best plays may be found in the Mermaid Series, two volumes, with an introduction by J. St. L. Strachey. Swinburne has an essay on Beaumont and Fletcher in *Studies in Prose and Poetry*, and Coleridge, in *Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher*. For more recent opinions, see G. C. Macaulay in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume 6, O. L. Hatcher, *John Fletcher*, Chicago, 1905, and C. M. Gayley, *Beaumont the Dramatist* (Century), 1914. For the influence of the plays, consult A. H. Thorndike, *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare*, Worcester, 1901, and J. H. Wilson, *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Restoration Drama* (Ohio State University), 1928. A. C. Sprague, *Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage* (Harvard University Press), 1926, traces the great vogue of the plays. E. H. C. Oliphant, *The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher* (Yale University Press), 1927, is a critical analysis of the part played by each dramatist in their collaboration.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The King of Sicily.
Philaster, Heir to the Crown.
Pharamond, Prince of Spain.
Dion, a Lord.
Cleremont, } Noble Gentlemen,
Thrasiline, } his associates.
An Old Captain.
Five Citizens.
A Country Fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The King's Guard and Train.

Arethusa, Daughter of the King.
Euphrasia, Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page and called Bellario.
Megra, a lascivious Lady.
Galatea, a wise, modest Lady attending the Princess.
Two other Ladies.

Scene — Sicily.]

PHILASTER

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

ACT I.

Scene I.

(*Enter* Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline.)

Cler. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here; besides, it was boldly published that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many that will seem to know much say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know any thing but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labor for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously: especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late King of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd and without a guard: at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labors to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

(*Enter* Galatea, *a Lady, and* Megra.)

Thra. See, the ladies! What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough and ill-favor'dly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonor advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try

Act I, Scene I. The presence-room of the palace.
70 *cog*, cheat.
74 *Hercules' Pillars*, the rocks on either side of the Strait of Gibraltar.

the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

CLE. She's a profitable member.

MEG. Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

GAL. What if they should?

LA. What if they should!

MEG. Nay, let her alone. — What if they should! Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravell'd.

GAL. Why, what if they be?

LA. What if they be!

MEG. Good madam, let her go on. — What if they be! Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg nor say "Excuse me."

GAL. Ha, ha, ha!

MEG. Do you laugh, madam?

DION. Your desires upon you, ladies!

MEG. Then you must sit beside us.

DION. I shall sit near you then, lady.

MEG. Near me, perhaps; but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

LA. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

THRA. Peace, the King!

(*Enter* KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and Train.*)

KING. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now lov'd and wondered at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe,) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To show her so, as borrowed ornaments
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature, —
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

THRA. This will be hardly done.

CLE. It must be ill done, if it be done.

DION. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

THRA. I fear.

CLE. Who does not?

DION. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

PHA. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,

95 *leg*, bow. 133 *servants*, suitors. 141 *hardly*, with difficulty.

Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself,)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms;
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all the gods, I hold it happy;
Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
But through the travails of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. By all the gods,
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law — yet I his prince and law.
And dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

THRA. Miraculous!

CLE. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

DION. I wonder what's his price; for certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.

(*Enter* PHILASTER.)

But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallowed quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun,
He'll ne'er make king unless it be of trifles,
In my poor judgment.

PHI. [*kneeling*]. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favor.

KING. Rise; you have it, sir.

[PHILASTER *rises*.]

DION. Mark but the King, how pale he looks! He fears!
Oh, this same whoreson conscience, how it jades us!

KING. Speak your intents, sir.

PHI. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.

KING. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

DION. Now it heats.

PHI. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living —
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name and memories,
These arms and some few friends beside the gods —
To part so calmly with it, and sit still
And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: for, hear me, Pharamond!

189 *quick*, alive. 201 *still*, always.

This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall:
By the just gods, it shall!

PHA. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

DION. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

PHI. Sir Prince of popinjays, I'll make it well
Appear to you I am not mad.

KING. You displease us:
You are too bold.

PHI. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
Sails over, and makes nothing.

KING. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians; sure, he's somewhat tainted.

THRA. I do not think 'twill prove so.

DION. H'as given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By heaven, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom!

CLE. Peace, we are all one soul.

PHA. What you have seen in me to stir offence
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms with the succession;
Which I must keep, (though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you,) without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

PHI. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd amongst the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

KING. Sir, you wrong the prince; I gave you not this freedom
To brave our best friends. You deserve our frown.
Go to; be better temper'd.

PHI. It must be, sir, when I am nobler us'd.

GAL. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

MEG. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in mine eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

GAL. A dog it is.

KING. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

PHI. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

KING. Give me your wrongs in private.

PHI. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas. (*They whisper.*)

224 *outlandish*, foreign.
231 *tainted*, mentally unbalanced.
235 *constant*, resolute.
248 *his*, i.e., Alexander the Great.
253 *bellied*, swollen, inflated.
254 *bugs*, specters, bugbears.
261 *succession*, i.e., an ideal successor to a king.
267 *wax*, i.e., a model of a prince.
269 *aim at*, allude to.

CLE. He dares not stand the shock.

DION. I cannot blame him; there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their [280 actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true [285 tenant. If he give not back his crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

KING. Go to;
Be more yourself, as you respect our favor;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That y'are and shall be, at our pleasure, what
Fashion we will put upon you. Smooth your brow,
Or by the gods ——

PHI. I am dead, sir; y'are my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me too, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honor his full virtues!

KING. Sure, he's possess'd.

PHI. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! Now he tells me, King,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king.
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. — [*To* PHAR.] Noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.

KING. Away! I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

(*Exeunt* KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA [*and Train*].)

DION. I thank you, sir; you dare not for the people.

GAL. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

MEG. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But eye yon stranger: is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these [320 strangers, I do affect them strangely! They do the rarest home-things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

GAL. Gods comfort your poor [325 head-piece, lady! 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a nightcap. (*Exeunt Ladies.*)

DION. See, how his fancy labors! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter dew.

PHI. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion.
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If I could well be flatter'd at a price
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire and live recluse.

CLE. How do you, worthy sir?

PHI. Well, very well;
And so well that, if the King please you, I find
I may live many years.

DION. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,

284 *bravery*, bluff, swagger.
286 *tenant*. The first quarto has *truant*. The correct reading may be *tyrant*.
287 *elder-gun*, pop-gun. 288 *I have no augury*, am no prophet.
318 *at hand*, for the moment. 321 *affect*, like. 334 *minion*, darling, favorite.

Your wrongs and virtues. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

PHI. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted; 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

THRA. Do we love Heaven and Honor?

PHI. My Lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?

DION. Most honor'd sir, she is;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

(*Enter a Lady.*)

PHI. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen, you come?

LADY. To you, brave lord; the princess would entreat
Your present company.

PHI. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.

LADY. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.

PHI. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her. [*Exit Lady.*]

DION. Do you know what you do?

PHI. Yes; go to see a woman.

CLE. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

PHI. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!

THRA. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.

PHI. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble.
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't. But, be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me. (*Exit.*)

DION. Go on
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless!—
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false. (*Exeunt.*)

[SCENE II.]

(*Enter* ARETHUSA *and a Lady.*)

ARE. Comes he not?

LADY. Madam?

ARE. Will Philaster come?

LADY. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.

ARE. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How lookt he when he told thee he would come?

LADY. Why, well.

ARE. And not a little fearful?

LADY. Fear, madam! Sure, he knows not what it is.

ARE. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.

LADY. Fear, madam! Methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.

ARE. Of love! To whom? To you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him?

LADY. Madam, I mean to you.

ARE. Of love to me! Alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world

373 *train*, artifice, trick. 378 *single*, mere. *Scene II.* Arethusa's apartment in the palace.

Two things so opposite, so contrary
As he and I am: if a bowl of blood
Drawn from this arm of mine would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
LADY. Madam, I think I hear him.
ARE. Bring him in. [*Exit Lady.*]
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

([*Re*]-*enter* [*Lady with*] PHILASTER.)

LADY. Here is my Lord Philaster.
ARE. Oh, 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit Lady.*]
PHI. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
ARE. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you, or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
PHI. Never, madam, you.
ARE. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
PHI. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
ARE. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
PHI. Madame, both?
ARE. Both, or I die: by heaven, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
PHI. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown
To save a lady's longing.
ARE. Nay, then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more ——
PHI. What more?
ARE. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
PHI. Madam, what more?
ARE. Turn, then, away thy face.
PHI. No.
ARE. Do.
PHI. I can endure it. Turn away my face!
I never yet saw enemy that lookt
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from. Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? A lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
ARE. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
PHI. I do.
ARE. Then know, I must have them and thee.
PHI. And me?
ARE. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.
PHI. Is't possible?
ARE. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may,) I have unript my breast.

46 *instruments*, retainers, servants.
73 *basilisk*, a serpent which was supposed to kill with its look or its breath.

PHI. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking. To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
ARE. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
PHI. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
ARE. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
PHI. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Express his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wisht: so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd
Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.
ARE. 'Tis well; no more.

(*Re-enter Lady.*)

LADY. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
ARE. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
PHI. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out for me.
ARE. Dear, hide thyself. —
Bring in the prince. [*Exit Lady.*]
PHI. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of God,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
ARE. He cannot know it.
PHI. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

93 *jealous*, suspicious. 138 *entertained*, hired.

ARE. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear. For my sake, do.
PHI. I will.

([*Re*]-*enter* [*Lady with*] PHARAMOND.)

PHA. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought, [*Exit Lady.*]
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.
PHI. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
PHA. To what would he have answer?
ARE. To his claim unto the kingdom.
PHA. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King —
PHI. Good sir, do so still; I would not talk with you.
PHA. But now the time is fitter. Do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable ——
PHI. Good sir, let me go.
PHA. And by the gods ——
PHI. Peace, Pharamond! if thou ——
ARE. Leave us, Philaster.
PHI. I have done. [*Going.*]
PHA. You are gone! by Heaven I'll fetch you back.
PHI. You shall not need. [*Returning.*]
Pha. What now?
PHI. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who are nought but a valiant voice; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.
PHA. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
PHI. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence; but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee.
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell. (*Exit.*)
PHA. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.
ARE. You were best make him your controller.
PHA. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.
ARE. If you dare speak such thoughts, I must withdraw in honor. (*Exit.*)
PHA. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere. (*Exit.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(*Enter* PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.)

PHI. And thou shalt find her honorable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
BEL. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hard'ned in lies and theft: yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me: for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady

169 *forbare*, spared. 200 *prevent*, anticipate. *Act II, Scene I.* An apartment in the palace.
8 *conster*, construe.

That bears more honor in her breast than you.
PHI. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
BEL. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty. I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
PHI. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behavior.
BEL. Sir, if I have made
A fault in ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.
PHI. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! Thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me,
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
BEL. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! (*Exit.*)
PHI. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. (*Exit.*)

[SCENE II.]

(*Enter* PHARAMOND.)

PHA. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way. I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all [5 prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

(*Enter* GALATEA.)

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. — Madam!
GAL. Your grace!
PHA. Shall I not be a trouble?
GAL. Not to me, sir.
PHA. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand ——
GAL. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove.
If you will talk at distance, I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;
These two I bar;
And then, I think, I shall have sense enough

15 *prefer*, advance.
Scene II. A gallery in the palace.
4 *mother*, the guardian of the maids of honor.
9 *country*, i.e., his own country.
6 *honest*, chaste.
6 *taking*, condition.

To answer all the weighty apophthegms
Your royal blood shall manage.

PHA. Dear lady, can you love?

GAL. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

PHA. You mistake me, lady.

GAL. Lord, I do so; would you or I could help it!

[PHA. You're very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

GAL. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though
I mean to purge a little time on you.]

PHA. Do ladies of this country use to give
No more respect to men of my full being?

GAL. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus, then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all duller of the vital spirits.

PHA. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

GAL. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

PHA. [*Aside.*] This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danaë, and must be courted in a shower of gold. — Madam, look here; all these, and more than ——

GAL. What have you there, my lord? Gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages. You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver and keep your gold for you.

PHA. Lady, lady!

GAL. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money. —

[*Aside.*] Yet for all this I'll match ye.

(*Exit behind the hangings.*)

PHA. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider!

(*Enter* MEGRA.)

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. — Many fair mornings, lady!

MEG. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace!

PHA. [*Aside.*] She gives good words yet; sure this wench is free. —
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we will talk
An hour out quickly.

MEG. What would your grace talk of?

PHA. Of some such pretty subject as yourself:
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

MEG. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

PHA. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes
Which those fair suns above with their bright beams

30 *hand*, bill, indebtedness.
44 *carduus*, the Latin name for *thistle*.
47 *tiller*, a shoot or sapling; also, a cross-bow.
48 *phlebotomy*, blood-letting.
49 *conger*, conger-eel.
55 *Danaë*. Zeus visited Danaë in a shower of gold when Danaë (mother of Perseus by Zeus) was imprisoned in a tower by her father.
72 *camphire*, camphor; i.e., cold.
82 *free*, i.e., free and easy.
84 *hold quarter*, converse.

Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live. (*They kiss.*)

MEG. [*Aside.*] Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. — Sir,
You have in such neat poetry gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

PHA. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

MEG. I shall, I shall.

PHA. By my life, but you shall not;
I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you do it now?

MEG. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me;
But yet I should stick at it. [*Kisses him.*]

PHA. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time:
Can you love me?

MEG. Love you, my lord! How would you have me love you?

PHA. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory; this is all: love me, and lie with me.

MEG. Was it "lie with you" that you said? 'Tis impossible.

PHA. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavor. If I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

MEG. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.

PHA. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures than teach her anything be- longing to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

MEG. By mine honor, that's a foul fault, indeed;
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.

PHA. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid, madam.

MEG. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

PHA. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favor as an apoplex; she sail'd by but now.

MEG. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

PHA. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome.

MEG. Whither?

PHA. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

MEG. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

PHA. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal. Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come I know you are bashful;
Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,
And with it, me: soon I will visit you.

MEG. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night,
I'll find some means to slip into your lodging;
Till when ——

PHA. Till when, this and my heart go with thee!

(*Exeunt several ways.*)

(*Re-enter* GALATEA *from behind the hangings.*)

GAL. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport

103 *blanks*, lines of blank verse.
125 *measures*, steps, dances.
139 *apoplex*, sudden loss of sensation.
141 *hold*, regard.
146 *squib-cracker*, firecracker.

up, I am no woman: and, Lady Towsabel,
I'll fit you for't. (*Exit.*)

[Scene III.]

(*Enter* Arethusa *and a Lady.*)

Are. Where's the boy?
Lady. Within, madam.
Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?
Lady. I did.
Are. And has he done't?
Lady. Yes, madam.
Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name?
Lady. No, madam.

(*Enter* Galatea.)

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discovered?
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.
Are. I prithee, how?
Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected. I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh, when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging.
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
[*Exit* Galatea.]
If destiny (to whom we dare not say,
"Why didst thou this?") have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never alter'd yet), this match shall break. —
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

(*Enter* Bellario.)

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou canst sing and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them. Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, doth your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
With thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Scene III. Arethusa's apartment in the palace
27 *presence*, presence- or audience-chamber.
37 *disclaim'st*, deniest interest.

ARE. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! But thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. — [*To Lady.*] Do you attend me too. —
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away! (*Exeunt.*)

[SCENE IV.]

(*Enter* DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.)

DION. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 'tis their exercise.
GAL. 'Tis late.
MEG. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
GAL. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

(*Enter* PHARAMOND.)

THRA. The prince!
PHA. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters-up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
MEG. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

(*Enter* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.)

ARE. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these ladies. —
Is't not late, gentlemen?
CLE. Yes, madam.
ARE. Wait you there. (*Exit.*)
MEG. [*Aside.*] She's jealous, as I live. — Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
PHA. His form is angel-like.
MEG. Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;
The princess does provide him for you and for herself.
PHA. I find no music in these boys.
MEG. Nor I: 25
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
DION. Serves he the princess?
THRA. Yes.
DION. 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave she keeps him!
PHA. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning ere you've done your dreams.
MEG. All happiness attend your grace! [*Exit* PHARAMOND.] Gentlemen, good rest. —
Come, shall we go to bed?
GAL. Yes. — All good night.
DION. May your dreams be true to you!
(*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.)
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The King
Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

(*Enter* KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.)

KING. Look your intelligence be true.
ARE. Upon my life, it is; and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.
DION. What should this mean?
KING. If it be true,
That lady had been better have embrac'd
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted.
(*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.)
— Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
DION. I saw him enter there.
KING. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.]
CLE. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
KING. If she be there, we shall not need to make

Scene IV. Before Pharamond's lodging in the courtyard. 28 *brave*, well-dressed.

A vain discovery of our suspicion.
[*Aside.*] You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

(*Re-enter Dion.*)

DION. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laught, and said, their lady lay [70 speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which [75 their lady was. I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her: they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more [80 direct I could not get: in short, sir, I think she is not there.

KING. 'Tis then no time to dally. — You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives. [*Exeunt* Guards.]
Knock, gentlemen; knock loud; louder yet.

[DION, CLER., *&c. knock at the door of* PHARAMOND'S *lodging.*]

What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing? —
I'll break your meditations. — Knock again. —
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. — Once more. — Pharamond! prince!

(PHARAMOND [*appears*] above.)

PHA. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death that meets me, for his boldness.

KING. Prince, prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends:
Come down.

PHA. The King!

KING. The same, sir. Come down, sir:
We have cause of present counsel with you.

PHA. If your grace please
To use me, I'll attend you to your chamber.

(*Enter* PHARAMOND *below.*)

KING. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

PHA. I have some private reasons to myself
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot. — (*They press to come in.*)
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life that comes here.

KING. Sir, be resolv'd I must and will come. — Enter.

PHA. I will not be dishonor'd.
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber
At these unseasoned hours.

KING. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known. — Enter, I say.

PHA. I say, no.

(*Enter* MEGRA *above.*)

MEG. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter;

80 *winking*, shutting the eyes.
92 *waiters*, servants.
104 *resolv'd*, convinced.
107 *stranger*, visitor, guest.

I am up and ready: I know their business;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honor
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it. —
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.
Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman!
KING. Come down.
MEG. I dare, my lord. Your hootings and your clamors,
Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
KING. Will you come down?
MEG. Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not. [*Exit above.*]
KING. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness;
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more. —
Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.
[*Exeunt* PHARAMOND *and* Attendants.]
CLE. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.
DION. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage
Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If his gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray God we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken!

(*Enter* [Attendants] *with* MEGRA [*below*].)

KING. Now, lady of honor, where's your honor now?
No man can fit your palate but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last, all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls!
Do you laugh, Lady Venus?
MEG. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonor her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do't to the height ——
KING. What boy is this she raves at?
MEG. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things!
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by Heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they

114 *ready*, dressed.
123 *carriage*, deportment, behavior.
127 *wring*, distress.
136 *gear*, fashion, arrangement.

Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms far and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess!

KING. Has she a boy?

CLE. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait
On her, a fair boy.

KING. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

MEG. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

(*Exeunt* KING, MEGRA, *and* Guard.)

CLE. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Hercules. If ever there be Nine [190 Worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

DION. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttered such balls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the King, [195 that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair [200 boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else — but there I leave you, gentlemen.

THRA. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(*Enter* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.)

CLE. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

DION. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, prest down from his royal right
By this regardless King? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

THRA. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth!

CLE. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

DION. The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

THRA. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

DION. Why, gentlemen, 'tis without question so.

CLE. Ay, 'tis past speech she lives dishonestly.
But how shall we, if he be curious, work
Upon his faith?

THRA. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

DION. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

CLE. It will be best.

THRA. 'Twill move him.

178 *prodigious*, ominous.
9 *regardless*, heedless.
21 *against their nature*, i.e., contrary to their usual nature.
30 *curious*, skeptical.

Act III, Scene I. The court of the palace.

(*Enter* PHILASTER.)

DION. Here he comes.
Good morrow to your honor: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.
PHI. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
DION. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head;
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.
PHI. How honorable is this love in you
To me that have deserv'd none! Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy,) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: but my designs
Are not yet ripe. Suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
DION. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they lov'd —
PHI. Why, what of her?
DION. Is loath'd as much as he.
PHI. By what strange means?
DION. She's known a whore.
PHI. Thou liest.
DION. My lord ——
PHI. Thou liest,
(*Offers to draw and is held.*)
And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind
Had been of honor. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name is an infectious sin
Not to be pardon'd. Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
DION. This is most strange:
Sure, he does love her.
PHI. I do love fair truth.
She is my mistress, and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
THRA. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
CLE. Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will show you
Why he utter'd this.
PHI. I ask your pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonor spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.
DION. But this, my lord, is truth.
PHI. Oh, say not so!
Good sir, forbear to say so: 'tis then truth,
That womankind is false: urge it no more;
It is impossible. Why should you think
The princess light?
DION. Why, she was taken at it.
PHI. 'Tis false! by Heaven, 'tis false! It cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for God's love, speak!
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?
DION. Why, no, my lord.
PHI. Why, then, it cannot be.
DION. And she was taken with her boy.
PHI. What boy?
DION. A page, a boy that serves her.
PHI. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
DION. Ay; know you him, my lord?

45 *make a head*, raise an army; start a revolt.

80 *mistress*, affianced love.

PHI. [*Aside.*] Hell and sin know him! — Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you.
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.
DION. How you, my lord?
PHI. Why, all the world's abus'd
In an unjust report.
DION. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman!
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
PHI. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils engend'ring plagues,
When thou did'st take them! Hide thee from mine eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
THRA. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
CLE. Never before.
PHI. The winds that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me thorough?
DION. Why, my lord, are you
So mov'd at this?
PHI. When any fall from virtue,
I am distract; I have an interest in't.
DION. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.
PHI. I thank you; I will do it.
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
DION. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
THRA. He was extreme impatient.
CLE. It was his virtue and his noble mind.

(*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.)

PHI. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. Oh that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done;
And he that tells me this is honorable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep;
But miserable man ——

(*Enter* BELLARIO.)

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
BEL. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. (*Gives a letter.*)
PHI. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me: she does show it
In loving thee, my boy, she has made thee brave.
BEL. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,

108 *abus'd*, deceived.

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
PHI. Thou art grown courtly, boy. — Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks. —
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
BEL. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were,
Something allied to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
PHI. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
BEL. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
PHI. This is much better still.
BEL. Are you not ill, my lord?
PHI. Ill? No, Bellario.
BEL. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.
PHI. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
BEL. Yes.
PHI. And she does clap thy cheeks?
BEL. She does, my lord.
PHI. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
BEL. How, my lord?
PHI. She kisses thee?
BEL. Never, my lord, by Heaven.
PHI. That's strange, I know she does.
BEL. No, by my life.
PHI. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parallelless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
BEL. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd. When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you; I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'Tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
PHI. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift. I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered? Is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
BEL. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent.
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
PHI. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease. —
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it. I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
BEL. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice! But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
PHI. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee. I could curse thee now.
BEL. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.
PHI. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me, if I destroy thee not!
(*Draws his sword.*)
BEL. By heaven, I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
PHI. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
BEL. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
PHI. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
BEL. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue. I know, besides,
It is but giving over a game
That must be lost.
PHI. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls. Think but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
BEL. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!
PHI. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario:
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost; it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
BEL. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honor'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest in peace. (*Exit.*)
PHI. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind! (*Exit.*)

283 *tender'st*, cherishest.

[Scene II.]

(*Enter* Arethusa.)

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, — how I slept, wak'd, talk'd,
How I rememb'red him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such, — I should be angry at his stay.

(*Enter* King.)

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self. I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified and dutiful I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks and sings and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away, I say.
H'as done you that good service shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Show it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly. Do it! Farewell. (*Exit.*)
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honor fair? Not with the living.
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it! and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

(*Enter* Philaster.)

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress!
Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me!
Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honor.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy?
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me ——
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! Who?
Are. The King.

Scene II. Arethusa's apartment.
48 *servant*, beloved, suitor.
43 *cast*, scheme, plan.

PHI. [*Aside.*] Oh, my misfortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. — Let him go.
ARE. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you
How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? Who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? Lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? Who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,
"Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"
PHI. [*Aside.*] Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made me know
This lady was not loyal! — Mistress,
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.
ARE. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!
PHI. 'Tis but your fond affection.
ARE. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell, faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love!
PHI. And all this passion for a boy?
ARE. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
PHI. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
ARE. How, my lord?
PHI. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
ARE. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?

PHI. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood,
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
ARE. Nay, then, I am betrayed:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
PHI. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom. Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you;
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;

58 *jealousy*, suspicion.
109 *for*, for fear of.
115 *both heal and poison*. It was believed that a bite from a scorpion could be cured by laying a scorpion on the wound.

How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!
(*Exit.*)

ARE. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystall, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

(*Enter* BELLARIO.)

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

BEL. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell.
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
(*Exit.*)

ARE. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

(*Enter a* Lady.)

LADY. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

ARE. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds!
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

(*Enter* KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.)

KING. What, are the hounds before and all the woodmen?
Our horses ready and our bows bent?

DION. All, sir.

KING [*to* PHARAMOND]. You are cloudy, sir. Come, we have forgotten
Your venial trepass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it.

DION. He looks like an old surfeited

169 *rage*, become enraged.
170 *man*, Actæon, a hunter who came upon Diana bathing and was changed by her into a stag.
Act IV, Scene I. Before the palace.
5 *utter*, publish, broadcast.

stallion, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

THRA. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough. His greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus; would he would leave off poaching!

DION. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious limehound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

KING. Is your boy turn'd away?

ARE. You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.

KING. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

[*They talk apart.*]

CLE. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

DION. See, see how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbors! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she's honest!

THRA. Faith, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

DION. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colors and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.

CLE. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences!

KING. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. (*Exeunt.*)

[SCENE II.]

(*Enter two* Woodmen.)

1 WOOD. What, have you lodged the deer?

2 WOOD. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 WOOD. Who shoots?

2 WOOD. The princess.

1 WOOD. No, she'll hunt.

2 WOOD. She'll take a stand, I say.

1 WOOD. Who else?

2 WOOD. Why, the young stranger-prince.

1 WOOD. He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to turf his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem; for, if you be rememb'red, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow,

9 *between wind and water*, i.e., at the water-line of a ship, a vulnerable spot.
17 *limehound*, bloodhound. 19 *slip*, slip-leash.
29 *sick man's salve*. An allusion to Thomas Bacon's *The Sicke Man's Salve*, 1561, a book of religious instruction.
31 *physical*, as a physic or doctor.
33 *almanack*. Almanacs designated the favorable times for blood-letting.
39 *honest*, pure. 42 *coat*, coat-of-arms; stars indicated a younger branch.
48 *carriage*, baggage. 52 *cantharides*, Spanish fly, a particular stimulant.
Scene II. A forest. 12 *stone-bow*, a cross-bow that shot stones.
14 *say*, assay; cutting the deer to test the flesh, for which a woodman received a gratuity.
17 *dowcets*, testicles.
18 *velvet-head*, the new horns of a deer, which are covered with moss-like down.
19 *turf*, cover. 23 *rascal*, a doe in poor condition. 23 *miching*, creeping off.

and her he kill'd in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 Wood. The Lady Galatea.

1 Wood. That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and by the Gods, they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 Wood. No, one more; Megra.

1 Wood. That's a firker, i' faith, boy. There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let's go. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter* Philaster.)

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hard'ned rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

(*Enter* Bellario.)

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! — Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You that are griev'd can pity; hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Phi. Is it thou? Be gone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country-people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by the gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade;
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and lookt'st, and spok'st when first
I took thee up.
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loth to grow in rage?
This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave. (*Exeunt severally.*)

(*Enter* [*on one side*] Dion, *and* [*on the other*] *the two* Woodmen.)

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! — You, woodmen!

1 Wood. My lord Dion?

34 *firker*, gay one. 41 *answerable*, suitable.

DION. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?
2 WOOD. Was she not young and tall?
DION. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?
2 WOOD. Faith, my lord, we saw none.
(*Exeunt* Woodmen.)
DION. Pox of your questions then!

(*Enter* CLEREMONT.)

What, is she found?
CLE. Nor will be, I think.
DION. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms. When she has done, we shall have peace.
CLE. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, 'twas a plot to kill her, and that arm'd men were seen in the wood: but questionless she rode away willingly.

(*Enter* KING *and* THRASILINE.)

KING. Where is she?
CLE. Sir, I cannot tell.
KING. How's that? Answer me so again!
CLE. Sir, shall I lie?
KING. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—— Sir, speak you; where is she?
DION. Sir, I do not know.
KING. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven, It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me; Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king:
I wish to see my daughter; show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your king?
If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?
DION. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
KING. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou, —
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest! Show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not All Sicily with blood!
DION. Faith, I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.
KING. You have betray'd me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her to me,
And set her here before me. 'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?
DION. No.
KING. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
DION. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
KING. Is it so? Take heed!
DION. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
KING. Alas! what are we kings!
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder?
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threat'nings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me choose
My way, and lay it on!
DION. [*Aside.*] He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

(*Enter* PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.)

KING. What, is she found?
PHA. No; we have ta'en her horse;
He gallopt empty by. There is some treason.

147 *articles*, makes a contract.

You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?
GAL. She did command me.
KING. Command! you should not.
GAL. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my king.
KING. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
PHA. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.
DION. [*Aside.*] What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?
PHA. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor.
DION. [*Aside.*] Yes; you may do well to spare your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.
KING. [*Aside.*] I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.
DION. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
KING. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.
DION. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
PHA. Come, let us seek.
KING. Each man a several way; here I myself.
DION. Come, gentlemen, we here.
CLE. Lady, you must go search too.
MEG. I had rather be search'd myself.
(*Exeunt* [*severally*].)

[SCENE III.]

(*Enter* ARETHUSA.)

ARE. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head.
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick.
(*Sits down.*)

(*Enter* BELLARIO.)

BEL. [*Aside.*] Yonder's my lady. God knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. — Oh hear, you have plenty!
From that flowing store drop some on dry ground. — See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear she faints. — Madam, look up! — She breathes not. —
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs. —
How is it, Madam? Speak comfort.
ARE. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there. I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

(*Enter* PHILASTER.)

PHI. I am to blame to be so much in rage.
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing. ——
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
BEL. My lord, help, help! The princess!
ARE. I am well: forbear.
PHI. [*Aside.*] Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kist by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up! Stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damn'd act! — Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! At your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?

Scene III. Another part of the forest.

Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!
ARE. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.
PHI. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I. I'll make you know't.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
(*Offers his drawn sword.*)
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control. — Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee kill me; thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse, whether you have known
A man in a more equal tune to die.
BEL. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.
PHI. You will not kill me, then?
ARE. Kill you!
BEL. Not for the world.
PHI. I blame not thee, Bellario; thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be gone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meetings. — (*Exit* BELLARIO.)
Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, Or suffer.
ARE. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy in the other world; no ill there?
PHI. No.
ARE. Show me, then, the way.
PHI. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
ARE. I am prepared.

(*Enter a Country Fellow.*)

C. FELL. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours. If I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see [80 nothing but people better hors'd than myself, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a [85 courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think!

PHI. Are you at peace?
ARE. With heaven and earth.
PHI. May they divide thy soul and body! (*Wounds her.*)

C. FELL. Hold, dastard! strike a [90 woman! Thou'rt a craven. I warrant thee, thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

PHI. Leave us, good friend,
ARE. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreation?
C. FELL. God 'uds me, I understand you not; but
I know the rogue has hurt you.
PHI. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou
Wilt force me to.
C. FELL. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.
PHI. Slave, take what thou deservest! (*They fight.*)
ARE. Heavens guard my lord!
C. FELL. Oh, do you breathe?
PHI. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt.

40 *leave to be*, cease being.
53 *Sirs*. An address formerly used to both men and women.
85 *mean*, common, ordinary.
93 *venies*, bouts.
93 *wasters*, single-sticks.
98 *'uds*, judge.

The gods take part against me: could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force.
(*Exit.*)

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

(*Enter* Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, *and* Woodmen.)

Pha. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! — Where's the wound, madam! Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; Look else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch; Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C. Fell. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all; 'tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will. —— Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing. ——
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

(*Exeunt* [*on one side*] Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline; [*exit on the other*] Arethusa [*attended by*] 1 Woodman.)

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear with this, I'll go see no more gay sights. (*Exeunt.*)

[Scene IV.]

(*Enter* Bellario.)

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
[*Lies down.*]
Let me unworthy press you; I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!
[*Sleeps.*]

(*Enter* Philaster.)

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain; if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.

134 *fox*, sword. 142 *quick*, alive. *Scene IV.* Another part of the forest.

Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. (*Cry within.*) Hark! I am pursued. You gods
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape.
They have no mark to know me but my blood,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. (*Wounds* BELLARIO.)
BEL. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!
PHI. I have caught myself; (*Falls.*)
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward.
BEL. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!
PHI. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?
BEL. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Ha' not bled much. Reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
PHI. Art thou then true to me?
BEL. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes; who does know
But that the gods may save your much-lov'd breath?
PHI. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
BEL. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.
[PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*]
[*Voices*] *within.* Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
BEL. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. (*Falls.*)

(*Enter* PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.)

PHA. To this place we have trackt him by his blood.
CLE. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
DION. Stay, sir! what are you?
BEL. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts. Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
DION. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her. 'Tis the boy.
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.
PHA. Oh, thou damn'd
In thy creation! What cause couldst thou shape
To hurt the princess?
BEL. Then I am betrayed.
DION. Betrayed! No, apprehended.
BEL. I confess,
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts
I set upon her, and did make my aim,
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
PHA. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.
BEL. Mine own revenge.
PHA. Revenge! for what?
BEL. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes till they overflow'd their banks,

33 *followers*, pursuers.

Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

PHA. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigor.

(PHILASTER *creeps out of the bush.*)

CLE. Help to lead him hence.

PHI. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

PHA. Who's that?

DION. 'Tis the Lord Philaster.

PHI. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramis
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from hence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

PHA. How's this?

BEL. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

PHI. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

BEL. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

PHI. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not. — Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury. — By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

PHA. Thy own tongue be thy judge!

CLE. It was Philaster.

DION. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.

PHI. Have I no friend here?

DION. Yes.

PHI. Then show it: some
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
[*Embraces* BEL.]
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me; this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life, to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em? — Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

(*Enter* KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.)

KING. Is the villain ta'en?

PHA. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but sure
It was Philaster.

PHI. Question it no more;
It was.

KING. The fellow that did fight with him,
Will tell us that.

ARE. Aye me! I know he will.

KING. Did not you know him?

ARE. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguis'd.

90 *pyramis*, pyramid.

PHI. I was so. — (*Aside.*) Oh, my stars,
That I should live still.
KING. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life! —
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them to prison.
ARE. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping. Grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.
DION. Death! Soft; our law will not reach that for this fault.
KING. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard. —
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with security go on
To your intended match.
[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.]
CLE. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
DION. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

(*Enter* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.)

THRA. Has the King sent for him to death?
DION. Yes; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.
CLE. We linger time; the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.
THRA. Are all his wounds well?
DION. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.
CLE. We dally, gentlemen.
THRA. Away!
DION. We'll scuffle hard before we perish. (*Exeunt.*)

[SCENE II.]

(*Enter* PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.)

ARE. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.
BEL. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we're wondrous well.
PHI. Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,
Leave to be kind!
I shall be shut from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore; can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death: oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.
BEL. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honor; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!
ARE. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do by the honor of a virgin swear
To tell no hours beyond it!
PHI. Make me not hated so.
ARE. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!
PHI. People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults.
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
ARE. My dear lord, say not so.

Act V, Scene I. Before the palace. *Scene II.* A prison. 25 *tell*, count.

BEL. A piece of you!
He was not born of woman that can cut
It and look on.
PHI. Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart
Will break with shame and sorrow.
ARE. Why, 'tis well.
BEL. Lament no more.
PHI. Why, what would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
Your life no price compar'd to mine? For love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.
BEL. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
PHI. Why, if it were?
BEL. Then, sir, we would have ask'd
You pardon.
PHI. And have hope to enjoy it?
ARE. Enjoy it! ay.
PHI. Would you indeed? Be plain.
BEL. We would, my lord.
PHI. Forgive me, then.
ARE. So, so.
BEL. 'Tis as it should be now.
PHI. Lead to my death. (*Exeunt.*)

[SCENE III.]

(*Enter* KING, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE [*and* Attendants].)

KING. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
CLE. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
KING. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
THRA. She waits your grace.
KING. Tell her we stay.
(*Exit* THRASILINE.)
DION. [*Aside.*] King, you may be deceiv'd yet.
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off, —
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

(*Enter* ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO *in a robe and garland* [*and* THRASILINE].)

KING. How now? What masque is this?
BEL. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamion of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervor of the Sirian star
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds
When they were big with humor, and deliver'd
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorcht them even to the roots and dried them there.

Scene III. A room of state in the palace.
10 *stack*, pile of grain or hay.
30 *fervor*, heat.
30 *Sirian star*, Sirius, the dog-star.

And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they stand
Your children, mighty King; and I have done.

KING. How, how?

ARE. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now there is no masquing in't), this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband,

KING. Your dear husband! —
Call in the Captain of the Citadel —
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls.
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang, like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chaft among dogs or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

ARE. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

DION. [*Aside.*] Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.

PHI. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster,
[That feeds upon the blood you gave a life to;]
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder: make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs
Such as make great men gods; my little marble,
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languisht under you, and daily withered,
That, Heaven knows, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

(*Enter a* Messenger.)

MESS. Where is the King?

KING. Here.

56 *saffron*, the color associated with Hymen, the god of marriage. 76 *prologue*, spokesman.

MESS. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.
DION. [*Aside.*] Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honor of your mistresses!

(*Enter a Second* Messenger.)

2 MESS. Arm, arm, arm, arm!
KING. A thousand devils take 'em!
DION. [*Aside.*] A thousand blessings on 'em!
2 MESS. Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old gray ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.
KING. Away to the citadel! I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

(*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.)

CLE. The city up! This was above our wishes.
DION. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honor!
Oh, I could beat myself! Or do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
CLE. No no, 'twill but lose time.
DION. You say true. Are your swords sharp? — Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lacks, if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken skin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be- prais'd and sung in sonnets, and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troll you *in saecula saeculorum*, my kind can-carriers.
THRA. What, if a toy take 'em i' th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry, "the devil take the hindmost"?
DION. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly among them, and be speeding! May they have murrains reign to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin they write in their bonds — and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

(*Re-enter* KING.)

KING. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarm together! What a hum they raise! — Devils choke your wild throats! — If a man had need to use their valors, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat. They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the Lord Philaster! Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits!

(*Exit* CLEREMONT.)

DION. [*Aside.*] Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this. Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send

109 *fearing*, fearing for.
132 *What-ye-lacks*, shopkeepers, so named because of their call to passers-by.
138 *saecula saeculorum*, "world without end."
140 *toy*, trifle. 147 *murrains*, fevers. 148 *easy*, comfortable.
149 *frieze*, shaggy wool. 149 *branch*, eat designs in. 152 *presses*, creases.
155 *mewed*, confined. 159 *parcels*, groups.
168 *brokage*, commission.

you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

KING. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

DION. [*Aside.*] Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

(*Enter* CLEREMONT *with* PHILASTER.)

KING. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to. Take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes,
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!

PHI. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess.
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock,
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

KING. Let your own word free them.

PHI. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, sir. I shall bring you peace
Or never bring myself back.

KING. All the gods go with thee.

(*Exeunt.*)

[SCENE IV.]

(*Enter an old Captain and Citizens with* PHARAMOND.)

CAP. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on.
Let your caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother-gibberish of "what do you lack?"
And set your mouths ope, children, till your palates
Fall frighted half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry
"Philaster, brave Philaster!" Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,
Than your cold water-camlets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues,
Dearly belov'd of spiced cake and custards,
You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No dainty duckers,
Up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought valors;
And let your uncut cholers make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry!

ALL. Philaster! Philaster!

CAP. How do you like this, my lord-prince?
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.

PHA. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

181 *soil*, fatten. 182 *foremen*, geese. 189 *sconce*, skull.
Scene IV. A street. 1 *myrmidons*, rough, faithful followers.
8 *ding-dongs*, fellows. 9 *indentures*, apprentices.
9 *kings of clubs*. The only weapon of a London apprentice was a club.
10 *water-camlets*, watered cloth.
11 *paintings . . . with copper*, colored cloths stitched with copper thread.
12 *branched . . . of bodkin*, embroidered cloth of gold and silk.
15 *duckers*, bowers, time-servers. 16 *valors*, a pun on *valures* (*velours*).
17 *cholers*, a popular pun on *collars*. 19 *rose-nobles*, gold coins. 22 *foist*, a small ship.
24 *hull . . . cockles*. The general idea is, "Be basely idle."

CAP. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug's-words, or that solder'd crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musket. Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood, or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled. — Let him loose, my spirits;
Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince?)
I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd.
Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.
PHA. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?
1 CIT. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For a great while.
CAP. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a satin,
And between every flower a mortal cut. —
Your royalty shall ravel! — Jag him, gentlemen;
I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams.
O for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.
PHA. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!
CAP. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself.
He shall for this time only be seel'd up,
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See heaven, and think whither he is going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale,
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!
PHA. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!
1 CIT. Shall's geld him, captain?
CAP. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels;
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish.
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.
1 CIT. I'll have a leg, that's certain.
2 CIT. I'll have an arm.
3 CIT. I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build
A college and clap't upon the gate.
4 CIT. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with;
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.
PHA. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once!
5 CIT. Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
CAP. Who will have parcels else? Speak.
PHA. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortur'd.
1 CIT. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
2 CIT. He had no horns, sir, had he?
CAP. No, sir, he's a pollard.
What wouldst thou do with horns?
2 CIT. Oh, if he had had,
I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em;
But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

28 *bug's-words*, bragging. 29 *musket*, sparrow-hawk. 31 *coddled*, boiled slowly.
32 *bills*, pikes. 36 *hulk*, gut. 37 *wiper*, cleaning-rod for a gun.
44 *ravel*, unravel. 45 *kell*, belly. 46 *galloon-laces*, ribbons.
50 *seel'd*. To seel, in falconry, is to sew the eyelids of the falcon together.
55 *church-ale*, church-festivity. 56 *sarcenet*, cheap silk. 57 *ring-tail*, kite.
62 *donsels*, little dons or masters. 68 . . . *gate*. As at Brasenose, Oxford.
69 *kit*, cittern, lute. 79 *pollard*, a hornless animal.

(*Enter* PHILASTER.)

ALL. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster!

PHI. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

CAP. My royal Rosicleer,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honor.

PHI. Hold, and be satisfied. I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods, I am!

CAP. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gumm'd golls, and cry, "We are your servants"?
Is the court navigable and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

PHI. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

PHA. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul. Forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing, —
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despair, —
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all these, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

PHI. I do pity you. — Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince. I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 CIT. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you;
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

CAP. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And make you like a hawk.

([PHAR.] *strives.*)

PHI. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and for an earnest,
Drink this. [*Gives money.*]

ALL. Long mayst thou live, brave prince, brave prince, brave prince!

(*Exeunt* PHIL. *and* PHAR.)

CAP. Go thy ways, thou art the king of courtesy!
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again,
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise, boys. (*Exeunt.*)

86 *Rosicleer*, the hero of a popular romance.
87 *roarers*, blusterers.
89 *murrions*, helmets.
93 *stand*, cask.
100 *scarlets*, scarlet-clad nobles.
101 *gumm'd*, perfumed.
101 *golls*, hands.
125 *surcingle*, girdle.
126 *make*, transform, train.

[Scene V.]

(*Enter* King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Bellario, *and* Attendants.)

King. Is it appeas'd?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.
King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him. I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

(*Enter* Philaster *and* Pharamond.)

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes;
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. — For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honorable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en abed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? Or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.
Dion. How now!
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en sometime.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.
King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonor me.
Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would! Then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions. Hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.
Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honor cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favor, and will sadly be denied.
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!
King. Bear away that boy
To torture; I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my word back, worthy sir!

Scene V. An apartment in the palace.
59 *sadly*, shall be sorry if denied.

Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
KING. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
PHI. Turn all your eyes on me. Here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful; but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
(*Offers to stab himself.*)
ARE. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand!
KING. Sirs, strip that boy.
DION. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.
BEL. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!
DION. No. — Help, sirs.
BEL. Will you torture me?
KING. Haste there;
Why stay you?
BEL. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.
KING. How's that? Will he confess?
DION. Sir, so he says.
KING. Speak then.
BEL. Great King, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.
KING. Walk aside with him.
[DION *and* BELLARIO *walk apart.*]
DION. Why speak'st thou not?
BEL. Know you this face, my lord?
DION. No.
BEL. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
DION. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
BEL. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.
DION. By Heaven, and so there is!
BEL. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
DION. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
BEL. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.
DION. Oh, my shame! is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?
BEL. In Syracusa.
DION. What's thy name?
BEL. Euphrasia.
DION. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? Shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
BEL. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too;
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
KING. What, have you done?
DION. All is discovered.
PHI. Why then hold you me?
All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.
(*Offers to stab himself.*)

110 *murderer.* A superstition that a murderer took on the appearance of the person he murdered.

KING. Stay him.
ARE. What is discovered?
DION. Why, my shame.
It is a woman; let her speak the rest.
PHI. How? That again!
DION. It is a woman.
PHI. Blest be you powers that favor innocence!
KING. Lay hold upon that lady.
[MEGRA *is seized.*]
PHI. It is a woman, sir! — Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman! — Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
KING. Speak you, where lies his shame?
BEL. I am his daughter.
PHI. The gods are just.
DION. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. [*Kneels.*]
PHI. [*raising him*]. Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
ARE. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
CLE. Noble and worthy!
PHI. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.
BEL. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates.
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puft it forth and suckt it in
Like breath. Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: alas, I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
KING. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
BEL. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
ARE. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. — Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!

148 *jealousies*, suspicions. 152 *apprehensive*, capable of understanding.
156 *printing*, i.e., embroidering.

PHI. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir. — Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
KING. Set her at liberty. — But leave the court;
This is no place for such. — You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.
PHA. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
KING. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

ALL FOR LOVE

OR

THE WORLD WELL LOST

A TRAGEDY

By JOHN DRYDEN

(1678)

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700)

John Dryden, the foremost critic and poet of his time, was also prominent as a playwright. He was born in Northamptonshire, August 9 (?), 1631, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650. An account of his purely literary activities, apart from the drama, may be found in *British Poetry and Prose* (Houghton Mifflin Company). He died in London, May 1, 1700.

Dryden did not essay the drama until 1663, when he wrote *The Wild Gallant* and *The Rival Ladies*. During the next two years, he produced, with Sir Robert Howard, his brother-in-law, *The Indian Queen* and *The Indian Emperor*, both gorgeously mounted in the new Restoration manner, and both well received. In 1667, with Davenant, he made the first of his adaptations of Shakespeare, an operatic version of *The Tempest*. In 1669–70, *Tyrannic Love* and *The Conquest of Granada*, two heroic tragedies, were acted with great effect by the famous Nell Gwyn. During the next years, he wrote, among other plays, *Marriage à la Mode*, 1672; an operatic rendering of *Paradise Lost*, 1674; *Aurengzebe*, generally accounted the best of his heroic dramas, 1675; *All for Love*, his most representative tragedy, 1678; *Œdipus*, in collaboration with "mad" Nathaniel Lee, 1679; an alteration of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, 1679; *The Spanish Friar*, 1681; and *Don Sebastian* and *Amphitryon*, the best of his comedies, in 1690.

Dryden ranks very high among Restoration playwrights, but he is not really a great dramatist. Some of his best plays are based upon Molière and Plautus, as well as upon Shakespeare. For many of his plays, too, he had the advantage of having the accompanying music written by Purcell, the Marlowe among English composers. Dryden took to the stage because it was popular and remunerative; and without a special aptitude for dramatic writing, he made himself a place among the outstanding writers for the English theater.

In a technical sense, *All for Love* is an "heroic play," in its setting, in its approximate employment of the three unities of time, place, and action, in its treatment of the love and ambition of titanic characters, and in the manner in which it was produced — in a large theater, with actresses (unlike the Elizabethan custom), with incidental music, with movable, elaborate scenery, and whatever else would aid the spectacle. It differs from heroic plays in one striking respect, however. Although Dryden had defended the use of heroic couplets for plays in his famous *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, *All for Love*, his most popular, if not his best tragedy, is written in blank verse. He made the change from his former position only because in this one play he "professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare."

All for Love surpasses its model, Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, in speed of action, unified construction, compression, and simplicity; but it lacks the poetry, the

breadth, and the subtle analysis of character which make the Elizabethan play world-drama. In Dryden, the grandeur achieved by Shakespeare through poetic fire gives way to an impressiveness produced by declamation and rhetoric; and the delineation of character through action or speech becomes mere exposition. Antony's struggle is not so much a conflict within himself, but rather a tug-of-war for his possession on the part of Octavia, his children, and Ventidius, on one side, and Cleopatra, on the other. First one side wins, then the other, with Antony a somewhat bewildered spectator. Yet in his own day and during the next century, Dryden's play surpassed Shakespeare's in popularity.

The representative plays of Dryden are easily accessible in G. R. Noyes's excellently edited *Selected Dramas of John Dryden*, 1909 (Scott Foresman). The best plays may also be found in the Mermaid Series, two volumes, with spirited introduction and notes by Professor Saintsbury.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY.
VENTIDIUS, *his general.*
DOLABELLA, *his friend.*
ALEXAS, *the Queen's eunuch.*
SERAPION, *Priest of Isis.*
[MYRIS,] *another priest.*
Servants to Antony.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Antony's wife.*
CHARMION, } *Cleopatra's maids.*
IRAS, }
Antony's two little daughters.

SCENE — Alexandria.

PROLOGUE

What flocks of critics hover here to-day,
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,
All gaping for the carcase of a play!
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
And follow dying poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; y' have watched your time!
He fights this day unarmed, — without his rhyme; —
And brings a tale which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
His hero, whom you wits his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a pattern, and companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonies of the pit.
I could name more: a wife, and mistress too;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
The wife well-natured, and the mistress true.
  Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,
Allow him all the candor you can spare.
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day;
Like Hectors in at every petty fray.
Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all;
Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.
Half-wits are fleas; so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the rich, when tired with daily feasts,
For change, become their next poor tenant's guests;
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals:
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste,
Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,
Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford.

9 *Dido's*. The Queen of Carthage, who killed herself for love of Æneas. 11 *bates*, abates, decreases. 12 *lewd*, ignorant. 15 *Tonies*, mistress-keeping dandies. 22 *Hectors*, quarrelsome fellows.

ALL FOR LOVE
OR
THE WORLD WELL LOST
A TRAGEDY

ACT I.

SCENE — *The Temple of Isis.*

(*Enter* SERAPION, MYRIS, *Priests of Isis.*)

SERAP. Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flowed ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watched it; men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On the utmost margin of the water-mark.
Then, with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves: hard by 'em,
Sea horses flound'ring in the slimy mud,
Tossed up their heads, and dashed the ooze about 'em.

(*Enter* ALEXAS *behind them.*)

MYR. Avert these omens, Heav'n!
SERAP. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle o' th' temple while I walked,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost start[s] up: the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried, "Egypt is no more!" My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked;
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinished left the horrid scene.
ALEX. (*showing himself*). And dreamed you this? or did invent the story,
To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of priesthood?
SERAP. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
I uttered was most true.
ALEX. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,
And holy luxury.
SERAP. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.
ALEX. 'Tis not fit it should;
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All southern, from yon hills, the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.
SERAP. Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony;

11 *phocæ*, seals. 22 *Ptolemies*. The Ptolemies came to the throne of Egypt in the fourth century B.C.

But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.
MYR. Why then does Antony dream out his hours,
And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
Which might redeem what Actium lost?
ALEX. He thinks 'tis past recovery.
SERAP. Yet the foe
Seems not to press the siege.
ALEX. Oh, there's the wonder.
Mæcenas and Agrippa, who can most
With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife Octavia,
Driv'n from his house, solicits her revenge;
And Dolabella, who was once his friend,
Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin:
Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.
SERAP. 'Tis strange that Antony, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;
But here, in Isis' temple, lives retired,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.
ALEX. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence
To cure his mind of love.
SERAP. If he be vanquished,
Or make his peace, Egypt is doomed to be
A Roman province; and our plenteous harvests
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
Rivalled proud Rome (dominion's other seat),
And Fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,
Could fix an equal foot of empire here.
ALEX. Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature
Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish, — perish,
Each by the other's sword; but, since our will
Is lamely followed by our pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.
SERAP. How stands the queen affected?
ALEX. Oh, she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquished man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuers' hands,
She might preserve us all; but 'tis in vain —
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things; no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labor to confirm
The people's hearts.

(*Enter* VENTIDIUS, *talking aside with a Gentleman of* ANTONY'S.)

SERAP. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But, who's that stranger? By his warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.
ALEX. Oh, 'tis Ventidius,
Our emp'ror's great lieutenant in the East,
Who first showed Rome that Parthia could be conquered.
When Antony returned from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.
SERAP. You seem to know him well.
ALEX. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony:
A mortal foe he was to us, and Egypt.
But, let me witness to the worth I hate,
A braver Roman never drew a sword;
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave.
He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:
In short the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true-stamped Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better;
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,

49 *Actium*, where Octavius defeated Antony, 31 B.C.
60 *Isis*, the chief Egyptian goddess, worshiped as the originator of agriculture and the arts.
69 *Colossus*, the gigantic statue of Apollo at Rhodes.

And what's our present work.
(*They withdraw to a corner of the stage; and* VENTIDIUS, *with the other, comes forward to the front.*)
VENT. Not see him, say you? I say, I must, and will.
GENT. He has commanded, On pain of death, none should approach his presence.
VENT. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.
GENT. He sees not Cleopatra.
VENT. Would he had never seen her!
GENT. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of anything, but thought; or, if he talks, 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving: Then he defies the world, and bids it pass; Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, "Take all, The world's not worth my care."
VENT. Just, just his nature. Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice that bears him far From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds, Judging himself with malice to himself, And not forgiving what as man he did, Because his other parts are more than man. He must not thus be lost.
(ALEXAS *and the Priests come forward.*)
ALEX. You have your full instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your orders loudly.
SERAP. Romans, Egyptians, hear the queen's command.
Thus Cleopatra bids: "Let labor cease, To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord: 'tis Antony's."
Live, Antony; and Cleopatra live!
Be this the general voice sent up to heav'n, And every public place repeat this echo.
VENT. (*aside*). Fine pageantry!
SERAP. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers, With laurels crowned; with laurels wreathe your posts,
And strow with flow'rs the pavement; let the priests
Do present sacrifice; pour out the wine And call the gods to join with you in gladness.
VENT. Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy!
Can they be friends of Antony, who revel When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles,
To blush at their degenerate progeny.
ALEX. A love which knows no bounds to Antony,
Would mark the day with honors, when all heaven
Labored for him, when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour,
And shed his better influence. Her own birthday
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate That passed obscurely by.
VENT. Would it had slept, Divided far from his; till some remote [164
And future age had called it out, to ruin Some other prince, not him.
ALEX. Your emperor, Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T' upbraid my queen for loving him too well.
VENT. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest?
He knows him not his executioner.
Oh, she has decked his ruin with her love, Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter.

149 *present*, immediate.

And made perdition pleasing; she has left him
The blank of what he was;
I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmanned him.
Can any Roman see, and know him now,
Thus altered from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinewed, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honors,
And cramped within a corner of the world?
O Antony!
Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature; next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give 'em,
As bounty were thy being: rough in battle,
As the first Romans when they went to war;
Yet, after victory, more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home!

ALEX. Would you could add, to those more shining virtues,
His truth to her who loves him.

VENT. Would I could not!
But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arrived, to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your cowards' holiday in temples.

(*Exeunt* ALEXAS, SERAPION.)

(*Enter* [*a second*] *Gentleman of* M. ANTONY.)

2 GENT. The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 GENT. I dare not disobey him.

(*Going out with the other.*)

VENT. Well, I dare.
But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humor drives: the rest I'll venture. (*Withdraws.*)

(*Enter* ANTONY, *walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.*)

ANT. They tell me, 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?

VENT. (*aside*). On my soul,
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!

ANT. Count thy gains.
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.

VENT. (*aside*). How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

ANT. (*having thrown himself down*). Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some music; look that it be sad:
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing. —

(*Soft music.*)

'Tis somewhat to my humor. Stay, I fancy

I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature,
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it;
My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot.
VENT. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.
ANT. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts. (*Soft music again.*)
VENT. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer. (*Stands before him.*)
ANT. (*starting up*). Art thou Ventidius?
VENT. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
ANT. I'm angry.
VENT. So am I.
ANT. I would be private: leave me.
VENT. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
ANT. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?
VENT. My emperor; the man I love next heaven;
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin;
Y'are all that's good, and god-like.
ANT. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
VENT. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
ANT. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
VENT. (*weeping*). Look, emperor, this is no common dew.
I have not wept this forty year; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
ANT. By heav'n, he weeps, poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.
VENT. I'll do my best.
ANT. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine. — Nay, father.
VENT. Emperor.
ANT. Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory;
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
VENT. I warrant you.
ANT. Actium, Actium! Oh! ——
VENT. It sits too near you.
ANT. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams. ——
VENT. Out with it; give it vent.
ANT. Urge not my shame.
I lost a battle.
VENT. So has Julius done.
ANT. Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony ——
VENT. Nay, stop not.
ANT. Antony,
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought: fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

284 *Julius*, Julius Cæsar.

I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.
VENT. I did.
ANT. I'll help thee. — I have been a man, Ventidius —
VENT. Yes, and a brave one; but ——
ANT. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honors,
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs,
The wish of nations; and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace;
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labored to be wretched: pr'ythee, curse me.
VENT. No.
ANT. Why?
VENT. You are too sensible already
Of what y'have done, too conscious of your failings;
And, like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
ANT. I know thou would'st.
VENT. I will,
ANT. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
VENT. You laugh.
ANT. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
VENT. You would be lost, then?
ANT. I am.
VENT. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
ANT. I have, to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
VENT. Cæsar thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do,
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
ANT. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
VENT. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
ANT. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.
VENT. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief; by painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburned faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopped hands; there's virtue in 'em.
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
ANT. Where left you them?
VENT. I said in Lower Syria.
ANT. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
VENT. They will not come.
ANT. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,

330 *Tully*, Cicero. 341 *marches*, borders.

To double my despair? They're mutinous.
VENT. Most firm and loyal.
ANT. Yet they will not march
To succor me. O trifler!
VENT. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
ANT. I'm besieged.
VENT. There's but one way shut up: how came I hither?
ANT. I will not stir.
VENT. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
ANT. I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
VENT. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
ANT. What was't they said?
VENT. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
ANT. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
VENT. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted humankind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
ANT. You grow presumptuous.
VENT. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
ANT. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honor!
VENT. You may kill me;
You have done more already, — called me traitor.
ANT. Art thou not one?
VENT. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me t' have led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so called.
ANT. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
VENT. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir;
Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
ANT. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
VENT. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used,
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;
So perfect, that the gods, who formed you, wondered
At their own skill, and cried, "A lucky hit
Has mended our design." Their envy hindered,

382 *equal.* Duels and quarrels could, according to the code, take place only between equals.
383 *first Cæsar*, Octavius, Julius Cæsar's nephew, the first Roman emperor.

Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When heav'n would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.
ANT. But Cleopatra —
Go on; for I can bear it now.
VENT. No more.
ANT. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.
VENT. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
ANT. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. (*Hugging him.*)
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.
VENT. And, will you leave this ——
ANT. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, heav'n knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honor;
But I will leave her.
VENT. That's my royal master;
And, shall we fight?
ANT. I warrant thee, old soldier,
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, "Come, follow me!"
VENT. Oh, now I hear my emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.
ANT. O Cleopatra!
VENT. Again?
ANT. I've done: in that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
VENT. Methinks you breathe
Another soul: your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
ANT. Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again,
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius's camp; in vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.
VENT. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another hour!
ANT. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

([*Enter*] CLEOPATRA, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.)

CLEO. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.
ALEX. He goes to fight for you.
CLEO. Then he would see me, ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not; if once he goes, he's lost,
And all my hopes destroyed.
ALEX. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?
CLEO. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen, to be besieged
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small:
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius,

452 *taste*, give a taste, or experience, of.

I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
I'm fit to be a captive; Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.
IRAS. Call reason to assist you.
CLEO. I have none,
And none would have; my love's a noble madness,
Which shows the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man:
But I have loved with such transcendent passion,
I soared, at first, quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it. No, I'm proud
'Tis thus; would Antony could see me now!
Think you he would not sigh? Though he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natured,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.
IRAS. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, madam.
CLEO. Never, never, Iras.
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.
ALEX. Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.
CLEO. I cannot: if I could, those thoughts were vain.
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

(*Enter* CHARMION.)

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live, or die? — nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I lived or died.
CHAR. I found him, madam ——
CLEO. A long speech preparing?
If thou bring'st comfort, haste, and give it me,
For never was more need.
IRAS. I know he loves you.
CLEO. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it; now she studies,
To soften what he said; but give me death,
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguised,
And in the words he spoke.
CHAR. I found him, then,
Incompassed round, I think, with iron statues;
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry leader's hopes or fears surveyed;
Methought he looked resolved, and yet not pleased.
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blushed, and bade make way.
ALEX. There's comfort yet.
CHAR. Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place; I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disordered;
I numbered in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I moved your pitiful request,
That you but only begged a last farewell,
He fetched an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I named you, sighed, as if his heart were breaking,
But, shunned my eyes, and guiltily looked down.
He seemed not now that awful Antony
Who shook an armed assembly with his nod;
But, making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguised and blotted out a falling tear.
CLEO. Did he then weep? And was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.
CHAR. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore ——

CLEO. Thou wouldst say, he would not see me?
CHAR. And therefore begged you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.
CLEO. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
O that faint word, *respect!* how I disdain it!
Disdain myself, for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.
Respect is for a wife: am I that thing,
That dull, insipid lump, without desires,
And without pow'r to give 'em?
ALEX. You misjudge;
You see through love, and that deludes your sight,
As, what is straight, seems crooked through the water;
But I, who bear my reason undisturbed,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would turn away.
And shuns his master's eyes: if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.
CLEO. Could I believe thee! —
ALEX. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard pressed, by int'rest and by honor;
Yet he but doubts, and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succor.
CLEO. He sends word,
He fears to see my face.
ALEX. And would you more?
He shows his weakness who declines the combat,
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my ears, the message sounds —
"Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;
Come, free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant:
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him!" —
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.
CLEO. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain.
(*Exit with* CHARMION *and* IRAS.)
ALEX. I fear so too;
Though I concealed my thoughts, to make her bold;
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it! (*Withdraws.*)

(*Enter Lictors with fasces, one bearing the eagle; then enter* ANTONY *with* VENTIDIUS, *followed by other Commanders.*)

ANT. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
But holds from virtue nothing.
VENT. Has he courage?
ANT. But just enough to season him from coward.
Oh, 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Illyria once they say he did,
To storm a town), 'tis when he cannot choose;
When all the world have fixed their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after;
But, at a close revenge he never fails.
VENT. I heard you challenged him.
ANT. I did, Ventidius.
What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!
He said, he had more ways than one to die;
I had not.
VENT. Poor!
ANT. He has more ways than one;
But he would choose 'em all before that one.
VENT. He first would choose an ague, or a fever.
ANT. No; it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.
VENT. Or old age and a bed.
ANT. Aye, there's his choice,
He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.

89 *fearful*, full of fear. 110 *minion*, darling, favorite. 112 *season*, qualify. 119 *close*, secret.

O Hercules! Why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of heav'n? Why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?
VENT. You conquered for him:
Philippi knows it; there you shared with him
That empire, which your sword made all your own.
ANT. Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me. Good heav'ns, is this, — is this the man who braves me?
Who bids my age make way, drives me before him,
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?
VENT. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.
ANT. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave this prison of a town,
To join thy legions; and, in open field,
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.

(*Enter* ALEXAS.)

ALEX. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renowned above mankind,
But, in soft pity to th' oppressed, a god,
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.
VENT. Smooth sycophant!
ALEX. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,
Millions of blessings wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips;
But those, she fears, have wearied you already
VENT. (*aside*). False crocodile!
ALEX. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her;
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
Too presuming
For her low fortune, and your ebbing love;
That were a wish for her more prosp'rous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.
ANT. (*aside*). Well, I must man it out! — What would the queen?
ALEX. First, to these noble warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her quiet,)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, — the care of you.
VENT. Yes, witness Actium.
ANT. Let him speak, Ventidius.
ALEX. You, when his matchless valor bears him forward,
With ardor too heroic, on his foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death.
Tell him, this god is not invulnerable;
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles, as a pawn,
Which, at your wished return, she will redeem
(*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*)
With all the wealth of Egypt;
This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.
VENT. Tell her, I'll none on't;
I'm not ashamed of honest poverty;
Not all the diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be placed.
ANT. And who must wear 'em then?
VENT. The wronged Octavia.

136 *Philippi*, in Macedonia, where Octavius and Antony defeated Brutus and Cassius, 42 B.C.
139 *wren*, referring to the fable of the wren that outflew the eagle by riding upon its back.

ANT. You might have spared that word.
VENT. And he that bribe.
ANT. But have I no remembrance?
ALEX. Yes, a dear one;
Your slave the queen ——
ANT. My mistress.
ALEX. Then your mistress;
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own), may bind your arm. (*Presenting a bracelet.*)
VENT. Now, my best lord, in honor's name, I ask you,
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poisoned gifts,
Infected by the sender; touch 'em not;
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than aconite has dipped the silk.
ANT. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius:
A lady's favors may be worn with honor.
What, to refuse her bracelet! On my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love,
When —— And what harm's in this?
ALEX. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.
ANT. (*going to tie it*). We soldiers are so awkward — help me tie it.
ALEX. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward
In these affairs; so are all men indeed;
Even I, who am not one. But shall I speak?
ANT. Yes, freely.
ALEX. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it, can.
VENT. Hell, death! this eunuch pander ruins you.
You will not see her?
(ALEXAS *whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*)
ANT. But to take my leave.
VENT. Then I have washed an Æthiope.
Y'are undone;
Y'are in the toils; y'are taken; y'are destroyed:
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.
ANT. You fear too soon.
I'm constant to myself; I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the depths of Afric; I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.
A guest, and kindly used, should bid farewell.
VENT. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile, or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.
ANT. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you:
I formed the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessened.
VENT. Mark the end yet.

(*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.)

ANT. Well, madam, we are met.
CLEO. Is this a meeting?
Then, we must part?
ANT. We must.
CLEO. Who says we must?
ANT. Our own hard fates.
CLEO. We make those fates ourselves.
ANT. Yes, we have made 'em; we have loved each other
Into our mutual ruin.
CLEO. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in heav'n; and all the world,
(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)
Is armed against my love; ev'n you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are armed against me.
ANT. I will be justified in all I do

212 *tell*, count. 239 *formed*, visualized.

To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favor me with silence.
CLEO. You command me,
And I am dumb.
VENT. I like this well; he shows authority.
ANT. That I derive my ruin
From you alone ——
CLEO. O heav'ns! I ruin you!
ANT. You promised me your silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.
CLEO. Well, I obey you.
ANT. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes; you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father in his throne, was for your sake;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepped in, and, with a greedy hand,
Plucked the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival;
But, I deserved you first, though he enjoyed you.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardoned you.
CLEO. I cleared myself ——
ANT. Again you break your promise.
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom, stained by Cæsar,
And not half mine. I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.
VENT. (*aside*). Yes, to your shame be't spoken.
ANT. How I loved,
Witness, ye days and nights, and all [ye] hours,
That danced away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion!
One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love;
The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untired with loving.
I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.
VENT. 'Tis all too true.
ANT. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; raised a war
In Italy, to call me back.
VENT. But yet
You went not.
ANT. While within your arms I lay,
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your love for't).
VENT. Well pushed: that last was home.
CLEO. Yet may I speak?
ANT. If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else, not.
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia died,
(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness died);
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister; in her pride of youth
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You called; my love obeyed the fatal summons:
This raised the Roman arms; the cause was yours.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hindered it; yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (O stain to honor!
O lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.
VENT. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.
ANT. All this you caused.
And, would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,

298 *home*, a home thrust, to the mark.

Has gathered up the shipwrack of my fortunes;
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits.
And you have watched the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.
ALEX. (*aside*). She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes.
VENT. Now lay a sigh i' th' way to stop his passage;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.
CLEO. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,
Already have condemned me? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate?
That now is turned against me, that destroys me;
For love, once past, is, at the best, forgotten:
But oft'ner sours to hate; 'twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleased you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes,
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?
ANT. Oh, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desired
To accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.
CLEO. Thus low I thank you.
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.
VENT. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing.
CLEO. You seemed grieved
(And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
Enjoyed my love, though you deserved it better;
I grieve for that, my lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have saved
My second choice; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
You say, possessed my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possessed my person; you, my love:
Cæsar loved me; but I loved Antony.
If I endured him after, 'twas because
I judged it due to the first name of men;
And, half constrained, I gave, as to a tyrant,
What he would take by force.
VENT. O siren! siren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruined you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.
CLEO. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was designed; 'tis true, I loved you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,
(Such Fulvia was).
Yes, but he'll say, you left Octavia for me; —
And, can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?
How often have I wished some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refused for you!
VENT. Words, words; but Actium, sir, remember Actium.
CLEO. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I counselled
To fight at sea; but I betrayed you not.
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear;
Would I had been a man, not to have feared!
For none would then have envied me your friendship,
Who envy me your love.
ANT. We're both unhappy;
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak; would you have me perish by my stay?

358 *first name of*, foremost name among.

CLEO. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go;
If as a lover, stay. If you must perish ——
'Tis a hard word — but stay.
VENT. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
But, could she scape without you, oh, how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!
CLEO. Then judge my love by this.
(*Giving* ANTONY *a writing.*)
Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.
ANT. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in murder. —
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it, as a present,
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
And join her arms with his.
CLEO. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you,
Indeed I do. I have refused a kingdom;
That's a trifle;
For I could part with life, with anything,
But only you. Oh, let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?
ANT. Next living with you,
'Tis all that heav'n can give.
ALEX. (*aside*). He melts; we conquer.
CLEO. No, you shall go; your int'rest calls you hence;
Yes; your dear interest pulls too strong, for these
Weak arms to hold you here. —
(*Takes his hand.*)
Go; leave me, soldier
(For you're no more a lover); leave me dying;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, "She's dead."
The soldiers shout; you then, perhaps, may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity.
Ventidius chides; and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.
ANT. Gods, 'tis too much;
Too much for man to bear!
CLEO. What is't for me then,
A weak, forsaken woman, and a lover? —
Here let me breathe my last; envy me not
This minute in your arms; I'll die apace,
As fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.
ANT. Die! rather let me perish; loosened nature
Leap from its hinges! Sink the props of heav'n,
And fall the skies to crush the nether world!
My eyes, my soul, my all! —
(*Embraces her.*)
VENT. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honor, fame?
ANT. What is't, Ventidius? — it outweighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquered Cæsar now:
My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!
"But, could she scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!"
Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wronged innocence.
VENT. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?
ANT. Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent?
Faith, honor, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her, who sets my love

395 *proscribing*, announcing condemnation or exile.

Above the price of kingdoms! Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

CLEO. She['s] wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love, in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

VENT. O women! women! women! all the gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to man,
As you of doing harm. (*Exit.*)

ANT. Our men are armed.
Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp;
I would revenge the treachery he meant me;
And long security makes conquest easy.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance. How I long for night!

That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And once triumph o'er Cæsar [ere] we die. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

(*At one door enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS, *a train of Egyptians: at the other* ANTONY *and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepared by music, the trumpets first sounding on* ANTONY'S *part, then answered by timbrels, etc., on* CLEOPATRA'S. CHARMION *and* IRAS *hold a laurel wreath betwixt them. A dance of Egyptians. After the ceremony,* CLEOPATRA *crowns* ANTONY.)

ANT. I thought how those white arms would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into love;
So pleased with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow.

CLEO. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms!
You've been too long away from my embraces;
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

ANT. My brighter Venus!

CLEO. O my greater Mars!

ANT. Thou join'st us well, my love!
Suppose me come from the Phlegræan plains,
Where gasping giants lay, cleft by my sword,
And mountain-tops pared off each other blow,
To bury those I slew. Receive me, goddess!
Let Cæsar spread his subtile nets, like Vulcan;
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By heav'n and earth at once;
And make their envy what they meant their sport.
Let those who took us blush; I would love on
With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior god.
There's no satiety of love in thee:
Enjoyed, thou still art new; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms; the ripened fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place;
And I grow rich by giving.

(*Enter* VENTIDIUS, *and stands apart.*)

ALEX. Oh, now the danger's past, your general comes!
He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs;
But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

ANT. Now, on my soul, he loves me, truly loves me;
He never flattered me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue; ev'n this minute,

13 *Phlegræan.* At Phlegra in Macedonia the gods defeated the giants.
17 *Vulcan* The god of fire caught Venus and Mars in a net while they were making love.

Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence;
It checks too strong upon me.
(*Exeunt the rest. As* ANTONY *is going,* VENTIDIUS *pulls him by the robe.*)
VENT. Emperor!
ANT. (*looking back*). 'Tis the old argument; I pr'ythee, spare me.
VENT. But this one hearing, emperor.
ANT. Let go
My robe; or, by my father Hercules — 41
VENT. By Hercules his father, that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.
ANT. Thou see'st we are observed; attend me here,
And I'll return. (*Exit.*)
VENT. I'm waning in his favor, yet I love him; 46
I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin;
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one, 50
And not reward the other.

(*Enter* ANTONY.)

ANT. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid.
We have dislodged their troops;
They look on us at distance, and, like curs
Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off, 55
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.
VENT. 'Tis well; and he,
Who lost 'em, could have spared ten thousand more.
Yet it, by this advantage, you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance 61
Of arms! ——
ANT. Oh, think not on't, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace;
His malice is considerate in advantage.
Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.
VENT. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him? 67
Mæcenas, or Agrippa, might do much.
ANT. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish. 70
VENT. Fain I would find some other.
ANT. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy farther pains.
VENT. Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard.
I know, sir, you have conquered against odds; 75
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And of Egyptians; he has all the world,
And, at his back, nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray, think again.
ANT. Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search 80
For foreign aids? — to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a waste and barren place,
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends. ——
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women; 85
He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleased.
VENT. Him would I see, that man of all the world; 89
Just such a one we want.
ANT. He loved me too,
I was his soul; he lived not but in me;
We were so closed within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that joined us first.
That does not reach us yet: we were so mixed,
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost; 95

86 *resolve*, relax.

We were one mass; we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I, I he.
VENT. (*aside*). He moves as I would wish him.
ANT. After this,
I need not tell his name — 'twas Dolabella.
VENT. He's now in Cæsar's camp.
ANT. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I feared he loved her; he confessed,
He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have loved the same. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirmed my thoughts.
VENT. It argues that he loved you more than her,
Else he had stayed; but he perceived you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend: I know he loves you.
ANT. I should have seen him, then, ere now.
VENT. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.
ANT. Would he were here!
VENT. Would you believe he loved you?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp, with letters.
ANT. Let him appear.
VENT. I'll bring him instantly.
(*Exit* VENTIDIUS, *and re-enters immediately with* DOLABELLA.)
ANT. 'Tis he himself! himself, by holy friendship!
(*Runs to embrace him.*)
Art thou returned at last, my better half?
Come, give me all myself!
Let me not live,
If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half so fond.
DOLA. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work: she's new come home,
Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.
ANT. Thou hast what's left of me;
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.
The rivers that ran in, and raised my fortunes,
Are all dried up, or take another course.
What I have left is from my native spring;
I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.
DOLA. Still you are lord of all the world to me.
ANT. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
If I had any joy when thou wert absent,
I grudged it to myself; methought I robbed
Thee of thy part. But, O my Dolabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers filled
With sceptered slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,
To worship my uprising? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silent in my presence, watched my eyes,
And, at my least command, all started out,
Like racers to the goal.
DOLA. Slaves to your fortune.
ANT. Fortune is Cæsar's now; and what am I?
VENT. What you have made yourself; I will not flatter.
ANT. Is this friendly done?
DOLA. Yes, when his end is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide.
Why am I else your friend?
ANT. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love; the queen has eyes,

And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember,
When, swelled with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,
As accessary to thy brother's death?
DOLA. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.
ANT. To clear herself
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
Her galley down the silver Cydnos rowed,
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold;
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails;
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.
DOLA. No more; I would not hear it.
ANT. Oh, you must!
She lay, and leaned her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting, she could take 'em; boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That played about her face; but if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.
Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, "Oh, tell her not
That I accused her with my brother's death?"
DOLA. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age when love might be excused,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to nature. Yours ——
VENT. Speak boldly.
Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forced,
When all the sap was needful for the trunk;
When it went down, then you constrained the course,
And robbed from nature, to supply desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
But 'tis plain dotage.
ANT. Ha!
DOLA. 'Twas urged too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made;
'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;
I had no world to lose, no people's love.
ANT. This from a friend?
DOLA. Yes, Antony, a true one;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
Oh, judge me not less kind, because I chide!
To Cæsar I excuse you.
ANT. O ye gods!
Have I then lived to be excused to Cæsar?
DOLA. As to your equal.
ANT. Well, he's but my equal;
While I wear this, he never shall be more.
DOLA. I bring conditions from him.
ANT. Are they noble?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honor
Divided from his int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For nature meant him for an usurer:
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.
VENT. Then, granting this,
What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper
To honorable terms?
ANT. It was my Dolabella, or some god.

163 *Cydnos*, a river in Asia Minor. 166 *Nereids*, sea-nymphs.

DOLA. Nor I, nor yet Mæcenas, nor Agrippa:
They were your enemies; and I, a friend,
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.
ANT. 'Twas like a Roman done. Show me that man,
Who has preserved my life, my love, my honor;
Let me but see his face.
VENT. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing.
(*Exit* VENTIDIUS.)
DOLA. You'll remember
To whom you stand obliged?
ANT. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.
DOLA. I fear she will not.
ANT. But she shall do't. The queen, my Dolabella!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?
DOLA. I would not see her lost.
ANT. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better stars! for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her,
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all; and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?
DOLA. Yes; there's my reason.

(*Re-enter* VENTIDIUS, *with* OCTAVIA, *leading* ANTONY'S *two little daughters.*)

ANT. (*starting back*). Where? — Octavia there!
VENT. What, is she poison to you? — a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?
DOLA. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive 'em
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach the lips.
ANT. I stood amazed, to think how they came hither.
VENT. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.
DOLA. Yet are you cold?
OCTAV. Thus long I have attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?
ANT. Cæsar's sister.
OCTAV. That's unkind.
Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know, I had still remained in Cæsar's camp;
But your Octavia, your much injured wife,
Though banished from your bed, driv'n from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride.
I come to claim you as my own; to show
My duty first; to ask, nay beg, your kindness.
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it. (*Taking his hand.*)
VENT. Do, take it; thou deserv'st it.
DOLA. On my soul,
And so she does; she's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.
ANT. I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life.
OCTAV. Begged it, my lord?
ANT. Yes, begged it, my ambassadress,

245 *confess*, confess yourself. 270 *mean*, balance.

Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.
OCTAV. Poorly and basely I could never beg;
Nor could my brother grant.
ANT. Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,
"Rise up, and be a king," shall I fall down
And cry, "Forgive me, Cæsar"? Shall I set
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
"Forgive," would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.
DOLA. You shall not need it.
ANT. I will not need it. Come, you've all betrayed me, —
My friend too! — to receive some vile conditions,
My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
And now I must become her branded slave.
In every peevish mood, she will upbraid
The life she gave; if I but look awry,
She cries, "I'll tell my brother."
OCTAV. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes;
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honor,
Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said,
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free, free, ev'n from her you loathe;
For, though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the East; I may be dropped at Athens,
No matter where. I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.
VENT. Was ever such a strife of sullen honor!
Both scorn to be obliged.
DOLA. Oh, she has touched him in the tender'st part;
See how he reddens with despite and shame,
To be outdone in generosity!
VENT. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
That fain would fall!
ANT. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul;
But cannot yield to what you have proposed;
For I can ne'er be conquered but by love;
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropped at Athens; was't not so?
OCTAV. It was, my lord.
ANT. Then I must be obliged
To one who loves me not, who, to herself,
May call me thankless and ungrateful man. —
I'll not endure it; no.
VENT. (*aside*). I am glad it pinches there.
OCTAV. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you owed me for your life,
And owed it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injured, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man who slights my bed.
ANT. Therefore you love me not.
OCTAV. Therefore, my lord, I should not love you.
ANT. Therefore you would leave me?
OCTAV. And therefore I should leave you — if I could.
DOLA. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.
ANT. O Dolabella, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia;
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

281 *as*, as if.

VENT. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia;
For Cleopatra, neither.
One would be ruined with you, but she first
Had ruined you: the other, you have ruined,
And yet she would preserve you.
In everything their merits are unequal.
ANT. O my distracted soul!
OCTAV. Sweet heaven compose it! —
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected,
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His children. Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman.
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist.
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.
(*Here the Children go to him, etc.*)
VENT. Was ever sight so moving? — Emperor!
DOLA. Friend!
OCTAV. Husband!
BOTH CHILD. Father!
ANT. I am vanquished; take me, Octavia; take me, children; share me all.
(*Embracing them.*)
I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much, in riot, from your stock;
But all shall be amended.
OCTAV. O blest hour!
DOLA. O happy change!
VENT. My joy stops at my tongue;
But it has found two channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.

ANT. (*to* OCTAV.). This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt; Ev'n to thy brother's camp.
OCTAV. All there are yours.

(*Enter* ALEXAS *hastily.*)

ALEX. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours ——
ANT. 'Tis past. —
Octavia, you shall stay this night; tomorrow,
Cæsar and we are one.
(*Exit leading* OCTAVIA; DOLABELLA *and the Children follow.*)
VENT. There's news for you; run, my officious eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward;
Haste, my dear eunuch, haste! (*Exit.*)
ALEX. This downright fighting fool, this thick-skulled hero,
This blunt, unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.
Pleasure forsook my earliest infancy;
The luxury of others robbed my cradle,
And ravished thence the promise of a man.
Cast out from nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest children claim by kind,
Yet greatness kept me from contempt; that's gone.
Had Cleopatra followed my advice,
Then he had been betrayed who now forsakes.
She dies for love; but she has known its joys.
Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

(*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *train.*)

O madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!
Octavia's here!
CLEO. Peace with that raven's note.
I know it too; and now am in
The pangs of death.
ALEX. You are no more a queen;
Egypt is lost.
CLEO. What tell'st thou me of Egypt?

385 *kind*, nature.

My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him! —
O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!
My kisses, my embraces now are hers;
While I —— But thou hast seen my rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair?
Bright as a goddess? And is all perfection
Confined to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finished,
The gods threw by, for rubbish.
ALEX. She's indeed a very miracle.
CLEO. Death to my hopes, a miracle!
ALEX. (*bowing*). A miracle;
I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,
You make all wonders cease.
CLEO. I was too rash:
Take this in part of recompense. But, oh!
(*Giving a ring.*)
I fear thou flatter'st me.
CHAR. She comes! she's here!
IRAS. Fly, madam, Cæsar's sister!
CLEO. Were she the sister of the thund'rer Jove,
And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my rival.
(*Meets* OCTAVIA *with* VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA *bears up to her. Their trains come up on either side.*)
OCTAV. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra;
Your haughty carriage ——
CLEO. Shows I am a queen;
Nor need I ask you, who you are.
OCTAV. A Roman;
A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.
CLEO. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.
OCTAV. He was a Roman, till he lost that name,
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him thence.
CLEO. Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.
When he grew weary of that household clog,
He chose my easier bonds.
OCTAV. I wonder not
Your bonds are easy; you have long been practised
In that lascivious art. He's not the first
For whom you spread your snares: let Cæsar witness.
CLEO. I loved not Cæsar; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love. The worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.
OCTAV. (*coming up close to her*). I would view nearer
That face, which has so long usurped my right,
To find th' inevitable charms that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruined my dear lord.
CLEO. Oh, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.
OCTAV. Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
Far from a modest wife! Shame of our sex,
Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments
That make sin pleasing?
CLEO. You may blush, who want 'em.
If bounteous nature, if indulgent heav'n
Have giv'n me charms to please the bravest man,
Should I not thank 'em? Should I be ashamed,
And not be proud? I am, that he has loved me;
And, when I love not him, heav'n change this face
For one like that.
OCTAV. Thou lov'st him not so well.
CLEO. I love him better, and deserve him more.
OCTAV. You do not, cannot; you have been his ruin.
Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?

443 *want*, lack.

At Actium, who betrayed him? Cleopatra.
Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.
CLEO. Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.
You bear the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favor it; the world contemns poor me,
For I have lost my honor, lost my fame,
And stained the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.
OCTAV. Be't so, then; take thy wish.
(*Exit cum suis.*)
CLEO. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I lived.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
And swims before me, in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were opposed, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn.
But now she's gone, they faint.
ALEX. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,
To ruin her who else must ruin you.
CLEO. Vain promiser!
Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
And draw the curtains round;
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My fill of grief.

There I till death will his unkindness weep;
As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

([*Enter*] ANTONY [*and*] DOLABELLA.)

DOLA. Why would you shift it from yourself on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?
ANT. I cannot.
I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. O Dolabella,
How many deaths are in this word "depart!"
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.
DOLA. Then let Ventidius; he's rough by nature.
ANT. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news. Thou, only thou.
DOLA. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story feigned for pleasure
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood. I should speak
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.
ANT. Therefore, — therefore
Thou only, thou art fit. Think thyself me;
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long),
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?
DOLA. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.
ANT. I leave you then to your sad task. Farewell.
I sent her word to meet you.
(*Goes to the door, and comes back.*)
I forgot;
Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her crown and dignity shall be preserved,
If I have pow'r with Cæsar. —— Oh, be sure
To think on that.

466 *Exit cum suis*, "Exit with her children and attendants."

DOLA. Fear not, I will remember.
(ANTONY *goes again to the door, and comes back.*)
ANT. And tell her, too, how much I was constrained;
I did not this, but with extremest force.
Desire her not to hate my memory,
For I still cherish hers, —— insist on that.
DOLA. Trust me, I'll not forget it.
ANT. Then that's all.
(*Goes out, and returns again.*)
Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
Tell her, though we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another love,
The news would break my heart. — Now I must go;
For every time I have returned, I feel
My soul more tender; and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both.
(*Exit.*)
DOLA. Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view. Thus I discovered,
And blamed the love of ruined Antony;
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruined.

(*Enter* VENTIDIUS *above.*)

VENT. Alone? and talking to himself? concerned too?
Perhaps my guess is right; he loved her once,
And may pursue it still.
DOLA. O friendship! friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this; and reason, worse.
Unfaithful in th' attempt; hopeless to win;
And if I win, undone — mere madness all.
And yet the occasion's fair. What injury
To him, to wear the robe which he throws by?
VENT. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony.

(*Enter* CLEOPATRA, *talking with* ALEXAS; CHARMION, IRAS, *on the other side.*)

DOLA. She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day.
VENT. If she should love him too! her eunuch there!
That porcpisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet devil, that I may hear.
ALEX. Believe me; try
(DOLABELLA *goes over to* CHARMION *and* IRAS; *seems to talk with them.*)
To make him jealous. Jealousy is like
A polished glass held to the lips when life's in doubt;
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and show it.
CLEO. I grant you, jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing med'cine;
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no pow'r to cure.
ALEX. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too.
And then this Dolabella, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait,
To catch weak women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you; the least kind word or glance
You give this youth will kindle him with love.
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.
CLEO. Can I do this? Ah, no; my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,

35 *fondness*, folly. 68 *porcpisce*, hog-fish or porpoise. 75 *puts*, brings.
86 *amain*, without delay.

Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A wife, a silly, harmless, household dove,
Fond without art, and kind without deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
Of falsehood to be happy.

ALEX. Force yourself.
Th' event will be, your lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he feared to lose.

CLEO. I must attempt it;
But oh, with what regret!

(*Exit* ALEXAS. *She comes up to* DOLABELLA.)

VENT. So, now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.

CLEO. (*to* DOLA.): Discoursing with my women! might not I
Share in your entertainment?

CHAR. You have been
The subject of it, madam.

CLEO. How! and how?

IRAS. Such praises of your beauty!

CLEO. Mere poetry.
Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

DOLA. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt;
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung.
I, who have seen —— had I been born a poet,
Should choose a nobler name.

CLEO. You flatter me.
But, 'tis your nation's vice: all of your country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like you.
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

DOLA. No, madam; yet he sent me ——

CLEO. Well, he sent you ——

DOLA. Of a less pleasing errand.

CLEO. How less pleasing?
Less to yourself, or me?

DOLA. Madam, to both;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

CLEO. You, Charmion, and your fellow stand at distance. —
(*Aside.*) — Hold up, my spirits. —— Well, now your mournful matter;
For I'm prepared, perhaps can guess it too.

DOLA. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office,
To tell ill news; and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

CLEO. Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

VENT. Most delicate advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear, damned, inconstant sex!

CLEO. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

DOLA. I wish I could not answer to that question.

CLEO. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you;
I should have been more grieved another time.
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom. —— Farewell, Egypt!
Yet, is there any more?

DOLA. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turned your reason.

CLEO. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune;
And love may be expelled by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

DOLA. You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.
You've heard the worst; all are not false like him.

CLEO. No; heav'n forbid they should.

DOLA. Some men are constant.

CLEO. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

DOLA. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

VENT. I'll swear, thou hast my leave. I have enough.

91 *silly*, simple, plain. 92 *fond*, affectionate.
96 *event*, result, outcome.
105 *Gallus*, a minor Roman poet, 69–26 B.C. *Tibullus*, Roman elegiac poet, 54–19 B.C.
106 *Cytheris and Delia*, the women to whom Gallus and Tibullus addressed their poems.

But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider. (*Exit.*)
DOLA. I came prepared
To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear;
But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employed,
Would gladly speak its own.
CLEO. Hold, Dolabella.
First tell me, were you chosen by my lord?
Or sought you this employment?
DOLA. He picked me out; and, as his bosom friend,
He charged me with his words.
CLEO. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word "depart."
DOLA. Oh, you mistake; he chose the harshest words;
With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coined his face in the severest stamp;
And fury shook his fabric, like an earthquake;
He heaved for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human — "Hence, away for ever;
Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
And bane of all my hopes!
(*All the time of this speech,* CLEOPATRA *seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.*)
Let her be driv'n as far as men can think
From man's commerce! She'll poison to the centre."
CLEO. Oh, I can bear no more!
DOLA. Help, help! — O wretch! O cursed, cursed wretch!
What have I done!
CHAR. Help, chafe her temples, Iras.
IRAS. Bend, bend her forward quickly.
CHAR. Heav'n be praised,
She comes again.
CLEO. Oh, let him not approach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loathed being,
Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injured love? For pity, let me go;
For, if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful lord
Can never break that quiet; nor awake
The sleeping soul with hollowing in my tomb
Such words as fright her hence. — Unkind, unkind!
DOLA. (*kneeling*). Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak;
That sure deserves belief. I injured him:
My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said; what dear farewells;
How almost vanquished by his love he parted,
And leaned to what unwillingly he left!
I, traitor as I was, for love of you
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forged that lie; for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accused, self-punished criminal.
CLEO. With how much ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.
Th' advance of kindness which I made was feigned,
To call back fleeting love by jealousy;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.
DOLA. I find your breast fenced round from human reach,
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,
Seen through, but never pierced. My friend, my friend!
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scattered, like an infant, in the ocean,
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather thence!

160 *fabric*, being. 161 *Ætna*, the volcano in Sicily.

CLEO. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren wilds
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
Is near to succor hunger, eats his fill,
Before his painful march:
So would I feed a while my famished eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

(VENTIDIUS *with* OCTAVIA, *behind.*)

VENT. From hence you may discover — oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty hand in earnest?
DOLA. I will, for this reward. — (*Takes her hand.*) Draw it not back,
'Tis all I e'er will beg.
VENT. They turn upon us.
OCTAV. What quick eyes has guilt!
VENT. Seem not to have observed 'em, and go on.

(*They enter.*)

DOLA. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?
VENT. No.
I sought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freedman.
DOLA. Know you his bus'ness?
VENT. Giving him instructions,
And letters to his brother Cæsar.
DOLA. Well,
He must be found.
(*Exeunt* DOLABELLA *and* CLEOPATRA.)
OCTAV. Most glorious impudence!
VENT. She looked, methought,
As she would say, "Take your old man, Octavia;
Thank you, I'm better here."
Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?
OCTAV. Let it die.
VENT. I pity Dolabella; but she's dangerous:
Her eyes have pow'r beyond Thessalian charms
To draw the moon from heav'n; for eloquence,
The sea-green Sirens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmarked of those that hear. Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes: even I, who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cured. I know, this minute,
With Cæsar he's endeavoring her peace.
OCTAV. You have prevailed; but for a farther purpose. (*Walks off.*)
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:
It must not, sha' not be.
VENT. His guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

(*Enter* ANTONY.)

ANT. Octavia, I was looking you, my love:
What, are your letters ready? I have giv'n
My last instructions.
OCTAV. Mine, my lord, are written.
ANT. Ventidius! (*Drawing him aside.*)
VENT. My lord?
ANT. A word in private.
When saw you Dolabella?
VENT. Now, my lord,
He parted hence; and Cleopatra with him.
ANT. Speak softly. — 'Twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.
VENT. (*aloud*). It looked indeed
Like your farewell.
ANT. More softly. — My farewell?

232 *Thessalian*, magical (from the reputation of Thessaly). 248 *prove*, test.

What secret meaning have you in those words
Of "my farewell"? He did it by my order.
VENT. (*aloud*). Then he obeyed your order. I suppose
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all —— love.
ANT. How she mourned,
The poor forsaken creature!
VENT. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.
ANT. (*aloud*). Thou dost belie her;
Most basely, and maliciously belie her.
VENT. I thought not to displease you; I have done.
OCTAV. (*coming up*). You seemed disturbed, my lord.
ANT. A very trifle.
Retire, my love.
VENT. It was indeed a trifle.
He sent ——
ANT. (*angrily*). No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it.
OCTAV. Then 'tis no trifle.
VENT. (to OCTAV.). 'Tis less, a very nothing: you too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.
ANT. She saw it!
VENT. Yes; she saw young Dolabella ——
ANT. Young Dolabella!
VENT. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she received it graciously; she smiled;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;
She blushed, and sighed, and smiled, and blushed again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his;
At which, he whispered kisses back on hers;
And then she cried aloud that constancy
Should be rewarded.
OCTAV. This I saw and heard.
ANT. What woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my friend? Not Cleopatra?
VENT. Ev'n she, my lord.
ANT. My Cleopatra?
VENT. Your Cleopatra;
Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra.
ANT. Thou li'st.
VENT. I do not lie, my lord.
Is this so strange? Should mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much used to lonely nights.
ANT. I'll think no more on't.
I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, Octavia.
What harms it you that Cleopatra's just?
She's mine no more. I see, and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, love.
OCTAV. Are you concerned,
That she's found false?
ANT. I should be, were it so;
For, though 'tis past, I would not that the world
Should tax my former choice, that I loved one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.
VENT. What has my age deserved, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If heav'n be true, she's false.
ANT. Though heav'n and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.
VENT. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From hell, to prove her so. (*Seeing* ALEXAS *just ent'ring, and starting back.*) — Nay, go not back;
For stay you must and shall.
ALEX. What means my lord?
VENT. To make you do what most you hate, — speak truth.
You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,
Of her bed-counsel, her lascivious hours;

Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her, as Chaldeans do the moon,
Can tell what signs she passes through, what day.
ALEX. My noble lord!
VENT. My most illustrious pander,
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turned periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask.
I did, myself, o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella. Speak; for I will know,
By your confession, what more passed betwixt 'em;
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment;
And when the happy hour.
ANT. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injured queen from malice; dare his worst.
OCTAV. (*aside*). See how he gives him courage! how he fears
To find her false! and shuts his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled!
ALEX. As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,
Urged by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen
Stand ev'n excused to you for loving him
Who is your lord: so far, from brave Ventidius,
May her past actions hope a fair report.
ANT. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, Ventidius.
ALEX. To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excused, but wholly justified.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings; and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,
To choose where she would reign:
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;
And, to be less than wife to you, disdained
Their lawful passion.
ANT. 'Tis but truth.
ALEX. And yet, though love, and your unmatched desert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of honor,
At last heav'n opened her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offered fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurped.
The sad effects of this improsperous war
Confirmed those pious thoughts.
VENT. (*aside*). Oh, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch;
The emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.
ALEX. Else had I never dared t'offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urged
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say, her heart is wholly altered.
ANT. No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal word!
OCTAV. (*aside*). Must I bear this? Good heav'n, afford me patience.
VENT. On, sweet eunuch; my dear half-man, proceed.
ALEX. Yet Dolabella
Has loved her long; he, next my god-like lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she loved ——
ANT. Hence from my sight! for I can bear no more:
Let furies drag thee quick to hell; let all
The longer damned have rest; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till Cleopatra comes;
Then join thou too, and help to torture her!
(*Exit* ALEXAS, *thrust out by* ANTONY.)
OCTAV. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,

323 *Chaldeans*, astrologers. 349 *Ind*, India. *Meroe*, Ethiopia.

To show this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandoned, faithless prostitute.
ANT. Octavia, leave me; I am much disordered.
Leave me, I say.
OCTAV. My lord!
ANT. I bid you leave me.
VENT. Obey him, madam; best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.
OCTAV. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a Cleopatra?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.
ANT. 'Tis too much,
Too much, Octavia; I am pressed with sorrows
Too heavy to be borne; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of man within, to aid me.
OCTAV. You would mourn,
In private, for your love, who has betrayed you.
You did but half return to me; your kindness
Lingered behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty. Wond'rous proofs
Of love to me!
ANT. Are you my friend, Ventidius?
Or are you turned a Dolabella too,
And let this Fury loose?
VENT. Oh, be advised,
Sweet madam, and retire.
OCTAV. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My lord, my lord, love will not always last,
When urged with long unkindness and disdain.
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be called. Poor cozened man!
Let a feigned parting give her back your heart,
Which a feigned love first got; for injured me,
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferred,
And they shall cheer, by turns, my widowed nights.
So, take my last farewell; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half. (*Exit.*)
VENT. I combat heav'n, which blasts my best designs:
My last attempt must be to win her back;
But oh! I fear in vain. (*Exit.*)
ANT. Why was I framed with this plain, honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forced a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood;
Octavia had believed it, and had stayed.
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom, — all my clearness scorned,
And all my faults exposed! — See where he comes,

(*Enter* DOLABELLA.)

Who has profaned the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness!
With how secure a brow, and specious form,
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but heav'n mismatched it,
And furnished treason out with nature's pomp,
To make its work more easy.
DOLA. O my friend!

417 *cozened*, deluded.

ANT. Well, Dolabella, you performed my message?
DOLA. I did, unwillingly.
ANT. Unwillingly?
Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wished it.
DOLA. Why?
ANT. Because you love me.
And she received my message with as true,
With as unfeigned a sorrow as you brought it?
DOLA. She loves you, even to madness.
ANT. Oh, I know it.
You, Dolabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this beauty, this all-perfect creature?
DOLA. I could not, were she mine.
ANT. And yet you first
Persuaded me: how come you altered since?
DOLA. I said at first I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,
But pity must prevail; and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promised,
That she should take her last farewell; and, see,
She comes to claim my word.

(*Enter* CLEOPATRA.)

ANT. False Dolabella!
DOLA. What's false; my lord?
ANT. Why, Dolabella's false,
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-joined wickedness, you serpents,
Whom I have in my kind'y bosom warmed
Till I am stung to death.
DOLA. My lord, have I
Deserved to be thus used?
CLEO. Can heav'n prepare
A newer torment? Can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?
ANT. Yes, if fate
Be just, much greater: heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone,
And gnawing vulture, were slight pains, invented
When Jove was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripened sin,
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods
To find an equal torture. Two, two such! —
Oh, there's no further name, two such! — to me,
To me, who locked my soul within your breasts,
Had no desires; no joys, no life, but you;
When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
In dowry with my heart; I had no use,
No fruit of all, but you; a friend and mistress
Was what the world could give. O Cleopatra!
O Dolabella! how could you betray
This tender heart, which with an infant fondness
Lay lulled betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,
Secure of injured faith?
DOLA. If she has wronged you,
Heav'n, hell, and you revenge it.
ANT. If she wronged me!
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.
DOLA. Not so as I love you.
ANT. Not so? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.
DOLA. No more than friendship will allow.
ANT. No more?
Friendship allows thee nothing; thou art perjured —
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
But not so much, no more. O trifling hypocrite,

473 *rolling stone.* A reference to Sisyphus, who in Hades had to roll uphill a stone which always rolled back again.
474 *gnawing vulture.* For insulting Latona, Tityus was condemned by his father Jupiter (Jove) to Tartarus, where vultures continually devoured his liver (the seat of the passions).
477 *pose*, puzzle.

Who dar'st not own to her, thou dost not love,
Nor own to me, thou dost! Ventidius heard it;
Octavia saw it.
CLEO. They are enemies.
ANT. Alexas is not so: he, he confessed it:
He, who, next hell, best knew it, he avowed it.
(*To* DOLA.). Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself?
You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
Returned to plead her stay.
DOLA. What shall I answer?
If to have loved be guilt, then I have sinned;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let not her suffer: she is innocent.
CLEO. Ah, what will not a woman do, who loves!
What means will she refuse, to keep that heart
Where all her joys are placed? 'Twas I encouraged,
'Twas I blew up the fire that scorched his soul,
To make you jealous, and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit.
In spite of all the dams my love broke o'er,
And drowned my heart again. Fate took th' occasion;
And thus one minute's feigning has destroyed
My whole life's truth.
ANT. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood,
Seen, and broke through at first.
DOLA. Forgive your mistress.
CLEO. Forgive your friend.
ANT. You have convinced yourselves,
You plead each other's cause. What witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my jealousy?
CLEO. Ourselves, and heav'n.
ANT. Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, love and friendship!
You have no longer place in human breasts,
These two have driv'n you out. Avoid my sight!
I would not kill the man whom I [have] loved,
And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me, —
I do not know how long I can be tame.
For, if I stay one minute more to think
How I am wronged, my justice and revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.
DOLA. Heav'n has but
Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights
To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.
ANT. I can forgive
A foe, but not a mistress and a friend.
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where trust is greatest; and the soul resigned
Is stabbed by its own guards. I'll hear no more;
Hence from my sight for ever!
CLEO. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?
My joys, my only joys, are centered here.
What place have I to go to? My own kingdom?
That I have lost for you. Or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake. Or must I wander
The wide world o'er, a helpless, banished woman,
Banished for love of you, banished from you?
Ay, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me! hear me,
With strictest justice, for I beg no favor;
And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.
ANT. I must not hear you.

528 *avoid*, quit.

I have a fool within me takes your part;
But honor stops my ears.
CLEO. For pity hear me!
Would you cast off a slave who followed you?
Who crouched beneath your spurn? — He has no pity!
See, if he gives one tear to my departure,
One look, one kind farewell: O iron heart!
Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!
ANT. No more. —— Alexas!
DOLA. A perjured villain!
ANT. (*to* CLEO.). Your Alexas, yours!
CLEO. Oh, 'twas his plot, his ruinous design,
T'engage you in my love by jealousy.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.
ANT. I have; I have.
CLEO. And if he clear me not ——
ANT. Your creature! one who hangs upon your smiles!
Watches your eye, to say or to unsay,
Whate'er you please! I am not to be moved.
CLEO. Then must we part? Farewell, my cruel lord!
Th' appearance is against me; and I go,
Unjustified, for ever from your sight.
How I have loved, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know myself:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you loved me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it; but die pleased,
To think you once were mine.
ANT. Good heav'n, they weep at parting!
Must I weep too? That calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive. ——
Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so. Live from each other's sight;
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth,
And all the seas, betwixt your sundered loves;
View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now, all take several ways;
And each your own sad fate, with mine, deplore;
That you were false, and I could trust no more. (*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT V.

([*Enter*] CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, [*and*] IRAS.)

CHAR. Be juster, heav'n; such virtue punished thus,
Will make us think that chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots
Which man is forced to draw.
CLEO. I could tear out these eyes, that gained his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh, the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods, you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mocked with imprecating vows
Of promised faith! —— I'll die; I will not bear it.
(*She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.*)
You may hold me ——
But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choke this love.

(*Enter* ALEXAS.)

IRAS. Help, O Alexas, help!
The queen grows desperate; her soul struggles in her
With all the agonies of love and rage,
And strives to force its passage.
CLEO. Let me go.
Art thou there, traitor! — Oh!
Oh, for a little breath, to vent my rage!

593 *several*, separate.
9 *imprecating vows*, vows calling down vengeance upon yourself if you broke them.

Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.
ALEX. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-timed truth.
Was it for me to prop
The ruins of a falling majesty?
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crushed, and pounded into atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
For subjects to preserve that wilful pow'r,
Which courts its own destruction.
CLEO. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did not you o'errule,
And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now, what's th' event? Octavia is removed;
But Cleopatra's banished. Thou, thou, villain,
Hast pushed my boat to open sea; to prove,
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruined!
Hence, thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil! —
I can no more: thou, and my griefs, have sunk
Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.
ALEX. Suppose some shipwrecked seaman near the shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the cliff,
If, from above, some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
To draw the other's weight; would he look back,
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gained the height.
CLEO. Sunk, never more to rise.
ALEX. Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banished.
Believe me, madam, Antony is yours.
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man ('tis so advanced),
May perfect this unfinished work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.
CLEO. Look well thou do't; else ——
ALEX. Else, what your silence threatens. — Antony
Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret
He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys,
Engaged with Cæsar's fleet. Now death or conquest!
If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.
(*A distant shout within.*)
CHAR. Have comfort, madam: did you mark that shout?
(*Second shout nearer.*)
IRAS. Hark! they redouble it.
ALEX. 'Tis from the port.
The loudness shows it near: good news, kind heavens!
CLEO. Osiris make it so!

(*Enter* SERAPION.)

SERAP. Where, where's the queen?
ALEX. How frightfully the holy coward stares!
As if not yet recovered of th' assault,
When all his gods, and, what's more dear to him,
His offerings, were at stake.
SERAP. O horror, horror!
Egypt has been; our latest hour is come:
The queen of nations, from her ancient seat,
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:
Time has unrolled her glories to the last,
And now closed up the volume.
CLEO. Be more plain:
Say, whence thou com'st (though fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st).

23 *flaw*, crack, weak spot.
31 *event*, outcome.
33 *prove*, test, try.
50 *covert*, thicket, hiding-place.
58 *Pharos*, lighthouse on the island of Pharos in the bay of Alexandria.
66 *Osiris*, the Egyptian god of light, husband of Isis.

SERAP. I came from Pharos;
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy ——
CLEO. Vanquished?
SERAP. No.
They fought not.
CLEO. Then they fled?
SERAP. Nor that. I saw,
With Antony, your well-appointed fleet
Row out; and thrice he waved his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:
'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,
About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,
With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last; the well-timed oars
Now dipped from every bank, now smoothly run
To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up; th' Egyptian galleys
(Received like friends) passed through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and now, they all come forward,
And ride within the port.
CLEO. Enough, Serapion:
I've heard my doom. — This needed not, you gods:
When I lost Antony, your work was done;
'Tis but superfluous malice. — Where's my lord?
How bears he this last blow?
SERAP. His fury cannot be expressed by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
Full on his foes, and aimed at Cæsar's galley:
Withheld, he raves on you; cries, he's betrayed.
Should he now find you —
ALEX. Shun him; seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.
CLEO. I'll stay.
ALEX. You must not; haste you to your monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.
CLEO. Cæsar! No,
I have no business with him.
ALEX. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.
CLEO. Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?
Hence from my sight! I will not hear a traitor;
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.
SERAP. Retire; you must not yet see Antony.
He who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger; let him clear you;
And, since he offered you his servile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.
ALEX. O heavens! I dare not;
I meet my certain death.
CLEO. Slave, thou deserv'st it. —
Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banished me,
And thought me false, he scorned to take my life;
But I'll be justified, and then die with him.
ALEX. Oh, pity me, and let me follow you!
CLEO. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save;
While mine I prize at — this! Come, good Serapion.
(*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, SERAPION, CHARMION, IRAS.)
ALEX. Oh, that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snowball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped, the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think:

91 *in few*, few words; cf. *in short*.

What can I say, to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.
ANT. (*within*). Which way? where?
VENT. (*within*). This leads to th' monument.
ALEX. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepared:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have raised,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.)

ANT. O happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou hast conquered Antony;
But Rome has conquered Egypt. I'm betrayed.
VENT. Curse on this treach'rous train!
Their soil and heav'n infect 'em all with baseness:
And their young souls come tainted to the world
With the first breath they draw.
ANT. Th' original villain sure no god created;
He was a bastard of the sun, by Nile,
Aped into man, with all his mother's mud
Crusted about his soul.
VENT. The nation is
One universal traitor; and their queen
The very spirit and extract of 'em all.
ANT. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid from valor?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?
The least unmortgaged hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.
The world's one half is yet in Antony;
And from each limb of it that's hewed away,
The soul comes back to me.
VENT. There yet remain
Three legions in the town; the last assault
Lopped off the rest. If death be your design
(As I must wish it now), these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.
ANT. They're enough.
We'll not divide our stars; but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts. So every death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just debt,
And pay thee back a soul.
VENT. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar, to outlive you.
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' ethereal crowd, —
"Lo, this is he who died with Antony!"
ANT. Who knows but we may pierce through all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,
T' o'erleap this gulf of fate,
And leave our wond'ring destinies behind.

(*Enter* ALEXAS, *trembling.*)

VENT. See, see, that villain!
See Cleopatra stamped upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!
How he has set his count'nance for deceit,
And promises a lie, before he speaks!
Let me despatch him first. (*Drawing.*)
ALEX. Oh, spare me, spare me!
ANT. Hold; he's not worth your killing. — On thy life
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it),
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.
ALEX. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By love, or you.
ANT. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor! I revoke my promise! die!
(*Going to kill him.*)
ALEX. Oh, hold! she is not fled.

162 *unmortgaged*, unpledged, free. 173 *stars*, fates, fortunes.

ANT. She is: my eyes
Are open to her falsehood; my whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, roused
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman!
Who followed me, but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.
ALEX. Think not so:
Her fortunes have, in all things, mixed with yours.
Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar,
Secure by such a bribe!
VENT. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.
ANT. 'Tis too plain;
Else would she have appeared, to clear herself.
ALEX. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accused by you; but shut herself
Within her monument; looked down and sighed;
While, from her unchanged face, the silent tears
Dropped, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguished words she inly murmured;
At last, she raised her eyes; and, with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast, ——
ANT. My heart forebodes ——
VENT. All for the best; go on.
ALEX. She snatched her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plunged it within her breast. Then turned to me:
"Go, bear my lord," said she, "my last farewell;
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith."
More she was saying, but death rushed betwixt.
She half pronounced your name with her last breath,
And buried half within her.
VENT. Heav'n be praised!
ANT. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love,
And art thou dead?
Oh, those two words! their sound should be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and died; or hadst thou lived,
And hadst been true. — But innocence and death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!
VENT. Is't come to this? The gods have been too gracious;
And thus you thank 'em for't!
ANT. (*to* ALEX.). Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence!
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.
ALEX. (*aside*). He loves her still:
His grief betrays it. Good! The joy to find
She's yet alive, completes the reconcilement.
I've saved myself, and her. But, oh! the Romans!
Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double. (*Exit.*)
VENT. Would she had died a little sooner, though,
Before Octavia went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be received.
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

211 *morning wake*, i.e., singing an aubade, or morning love-song. Cf. serenade, an evening love-song.
227 *Lucrece*, who killed herself after being violated by Tarquin. Cf. Shakespeare's poem.

ANT. I will not fight: there's no more work for war.
The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.
VENT. Cæsar is at your gates.
ANT. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.
VENT. What lethargy has crept into your soul?
ANT. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free myself from bondage.
VENT. Do it bravely.
ANT. I will; but not by fighting. O Ventidius!
What should I fight for now? My queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my pow'r, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love;
And conquered kings, my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world, —
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone
Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous;
For all the bribes of life are gone away.
VENT. Would you be taken?
ANT. Yes, I would be taken;
But, as a Roman ought, — dead, my Ventidius:
For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,
And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.
My torch is out; and the world stands before me
Like a black desert at th' approach of night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.
VENT. I could be grieved,
But that I'll not outlive you: choose your death;
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled,
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,
We threw it from us with a better grace;
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters that inclose us.
ANT. I have thought on't.
Ventidius, you must live.
VENT. I must not, sir.
ANT. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill tongues of men?
VENT. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?
ANT. Say, I command it.
VENT. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves
And need no living witness.
ANT. Thou hast loved me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with Cæsar.
VENT. Thank your kindness.
You said I loved you; and, in recompense,
You bid me turn a traitor. Did I think
You would have used me thus? — that I should die
With a hard thought of you?
ANT. Forgive me, Roman.
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.
VENT. By heav'n, I will not.
Let it not be t' outlive you.
ANT. Kill me first,
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend, before thyself.
VENT. Give me your hand.
We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, emperor! — (*Embrace.*)
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:

273 *factors*, agents.

Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
That's all. ——
I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle;
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your face.
ANT. I do: strike home, be sure.
VENT. Home as my sword will reach.
(*Kills himself.*)
ANT. Oh, thou mistak'st!
That wound was none of thine; give it me back;
Thou robb'st me of my death!
VENT. I do indeed;
But think 'tis the first time I e'er deceived you,
If that may plead my pardon. — And you, gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjured,
Rather than kill my friend. (*Dies.*)
ANT. Farewell! Ever my leader, ev'n in death!
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honor. — Gone so soon?
Is Death no more? He used him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness; ere he knocked,
Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
As who should say, "Y'are welcome at all hours,
A friend need give no warning." Books had spoiled him;
For all the learned are cowards by profession.
'Tis not worth
My farther thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied. (*Falls on his sword.*)
I've missed my heart. O unperforming hand!
Thou never couldst have erred in a worse time.
My fortune jades me to the last; and death,
Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait
For my admittance. ——
(*Trampling within.*)
Some, perhaps, from Cæsar:
If he should find me living, and suspect
That I played booty with my life! I'll mend
My work, ere they can reach me.
(*Rises upon his knees.*)

(*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS.)

CLEO. Where is my lord! where is he?
CHAR. There he lies,
And dead Ventidius by him.
CLEO. My fears were prophets; I am come too late.
Oh, that accursed Alexas! (*Runs to him.*)
ANT. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew, and thou
The first kind ghost that meets me?
CLEO. Help me seat him.
Send quickly, send for help!
(*They place him in a chair.*)
ANT. I am answered.
We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra:
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.
CLEO. How is it with you?
ANT. 'Tis as with a man
Removing in a hurry; all packed up,
But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the spur:
So I come back, for thee.
CLEO. Too long, you heav'ns, you have been cruel to me;
Now show your mended faith, and give me back
His fleeting life!
ANT. It will not be, my love.
I keep my soul by force.
Say but thou art not false.
CLEO. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, Alexas feigned my death;
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed
Both you and me.
ANT. And Dolabella ——
CLEO. Scarce
Esteemed before he loved; but hated now.
ANT. Enough: my life's not long enough for more.

343 *had*, would have.
350 *jades*, treats me like a worthless person.
354 *played booty*, made a bargain.

Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st
That we may part more kindly.
CLEO. I will come:
Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.
ANT. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,
My last disastrous times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
And heav'n did kindly to delay the storm,
Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years' love,
And not a moment lost, but all improved
To th' utmost joys! — What ages have we lived!
And now to die each other's; and, so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.
CLEO. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love?
ANT. No, not a minute. — This one kiss — more worth
Than all I leave to Cæsar. (*Dies.*)
CLEO. Oh, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses for that word.
My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One look! Do anything that shows you live.
IRAS. He's gone too far to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,
The leavings of a soul.
CHAR. Remember, madam,
He charged you not to grieve.
CLEO. And I'll obey him.
I have not loved a Roman not to know
What should become his wife; his wife, my Charmion,
For 'tis to that high title I aspire,
And now I'll not die less! Let dull Octavia
Survive, to mourn him dead: my nobler fate
Shall knit our spousals with a tie too strong
For Roman laws to break.
IRAS. Will you then die?
CLEO. Why shouldst thou make that question?
IRAS. Cæsar is merciful.
CLEO. Let him be so
To those that want his mercy; my poor lord
Make no such cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride?
What! to be led in triumph through the streets,
A spectacle to base plebeian eyes;
While some dejected friend of Antony's,
Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
A secret curse on her who ruined him?
I'll none of that.
CHAR. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow, ev'n to death.
IRAS. I only feared
For you; but more should fear to live without you.
CLEO. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,
Dispatch; ere this, the town's in Cæsar's hands:
My lord looks down concerned, and fears my stay,
Lest I should be surprised;
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;
With 'em, the wreath of victory I made
(Vain augury!) for him who now lies dead.
You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.
IRAS. The aspics, madam?
CLEO. Must I bid you twice?
(*Exeunt* CHARMION *and* IRAS.)
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,
To rush into the dark abode of Death,
And seize him first; if he be like my love,
He is not frightful, sure.
We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss

These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see me;
And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms. — Oh, welcome, welcome!

(*Enter* CHARMION [*and*] IRAS.)

CHAR. What must be done?
CLEO. Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him. — Only thou
Couldst triumph o'er thyself; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.
CHAR. To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?
CLEO. Dull that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my love;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnos' bank,
All sparkling, like a goddess: so adorned,
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony.
CHAR. 'Tis done.
CLEO. Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer Cæsar too, like him,
And win my share o' th' world. — Hail, you dear relics
Of my immortal love!
Oh, let no impious hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here! Let Egypt give
His death that peace, which it denied his life. —
Reach me the casket.
IRAS. Underneath the fruit
The aspic lies.
CLEO. (*putting aside the leaves*). Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
Thou best of thieves, who, with an easy key,
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Ev'n steal us from ourselves; discharging so
Death's dreadful office, better than himself;
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceived by his own image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.
SERAP. (*within*). The queen, where is she?
The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.
CLEO. He comes too late t' invade the rights of death.
Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.
(*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*)
Coward flesh,
Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him,
But bring, myself, my soul to Antony.
(*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*)
Take hence; the work is done.
SERAP. (*within*). Break ope the door,
And guard the traitor well.
CHAR. The next is ours.
IRAS. Now, Charmion, to be worthy
Of our great queen and mistress.
(*They apply the aspics.*)
CLEO. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins;
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head; my eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanished in a mist.
Where shall I find him, where? Oh, turn me to him,
And lay me on his breast! — Cæsar, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst. (*Dies.*)
(IRAS *sinks down at her feet, and dies;* CHARMION *stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.*)

(*Enter* SERAPION, *two Priests,* ALEXAS *bound, Egyptians.*)

2 PRIESTS. Behold, Serapion
What havoc death has made!
SERAP. 'Twas what I feared. —
Charmion, is this well done?

CHAR. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last
Of her great race: I follow her.
(*Sinks down: dies.*)
ALEX. 'Tis true,
She has done well: much better thus to die,
Than live to make a holiday in Rome.
SERAP. See, see how the lovers sit in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind!
Th' impression of a smile, left in her face,
Shows she died pleased with him for whom she lived,
And went to charm him in another world.
Cæsar's just ent'ring: grief has now no leisure.
Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
To grace th' imperial triumph. — Sleep, blessed pair,
Secure from human chance, long ages out,
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;

And fame to late posterity shall tell,
No lovers lived so great, or died so well.

EPILOGUE

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left — and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thundered through the pit;
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the devil this diff'rence grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose:
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat;
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears afoot:
For 'tis observed of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink or purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his writ of ease.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's pow'r the men's ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for love!
Yet if some antiquated lady say,
The last age is not copied in his play;
Heav'n help the man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with those;
For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

17 *Mr. Bayes*, laurel wreaths; literally, a character (supposed to be Dryden) in *The Rehearsal*, 1671, a burlesque of the heroic-play. Cf. the epilogue to *A School for Scandal*.
19 *sue out*, apply for. 19 *writ of ease*, certificate of discharge.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A COMEDY

By WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1700)

Audire est Operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mœchis non vultis — Hor. *Sat.* 2. l[ib]. 1.
—— Metuat doti deprensa. — *Ibid.*

WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670–1729)

William Congreve was born at Bardsey, near Leeds, in 1670, but spent his youth in Ireland, where he attended Kilkenny School and Trinity College, Dublin, the *alma mater* of three other great writers of comedy, Farquhar, Goldsmith, and Oscar Wilde. After leaving Trinity College, where he became a close friend of Swift's, he went to London and was admitted to the Middle Temple. Soon thereafter he published a novel, *Incognita*; and in 1693 he began his career as a playwright with *The Old Bachelor* and *The Double-Dealer*. Then followed *Love for Love* in 1695, *The Mourning Bride* in 1697, and his last and most famous play, *The Way of the World*, in 1700. At the age of thirty, the literary and social idol of London, Congreve retired, writing practically nothing from then on and living largely on sinecures. He was already commissioner for licensing hackney coaches. In 1705 he was made commissioner of wine licenses, and in 1714, secretary for Jamaica. To his death in 1729, he remained the gentleman of wit and pleasure, admired and respected. He was given a public funeral, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He left a substantial fortune, remembering in his will Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress, and in particular, the Duchess of Marlborough, who, the story goes, had an ivory automaton made in his likeness.

Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar are the four great masters of Restoration comedy; and among them, for sheer skill in writing, Congreve is easily the first. He lacks the solidity of Wycherley, the constructive ability of Farquhar or even of Vanbrugh, but in his style and in his ability to create atmosphere, he is inimitable. In him the spirit of Restoration comedy is incarnate.

What the spirit of temper of Restoration comedy is cannot be expressed briefly. A few hints, however, may prove helpful. The life portrayed in Restoration comedies is, in general, a life lived according to a code or system of etiquette. It is a restricted field of life where manners mean more than morals, or where the question of morality does not enter at all. It is a world in which one does not take sides with right or wrong, where one views the scene dispassionately with what Lamb calls the "middle emotions." It illustrates Walpole's famous aphorism that life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. The head is more important than the heart. To some readers, accordingly, Restoration comedy seems truly heartless.

The Way of the World was a comparative failure when it was first produced. Recent revivals of the play in London and in New York have shown, however, that the play can be as complete a success in the theater as it has been in the library, provided the audience and the actors are intelligent, and the theater small and intimate. The reader coming to the play for the first time should not be disturbed by his inability to follow the plot readily. Enjoy the characters as they come and go, the individual scenes as they unfold, the wit that arises from the dramatic con-

trast between affectation and true ability, between hypocrisy and downright honesty, awkwardness and grace; and above all, enjoy the cadence of Congreve's prose, noting the subtle effects produced by variations in the rhythm. To get the full effect of *The Way of the World*, a student should re-read the play several times; but even a first reading should leave him impressed with the glamor of Millamant's famous entrance in Act II, the humor and philosophy behind her sparkling dialogue on marriage with Mirabell, the wit and satire in the description of Lady Wishfort's toilet, or the wizardry in the creation of even such minor characters as Foible and Mincing.

Sir Edmund Gosse has written the life of Congreve for the English Men of Letters Series. The complete works have been edited by Montague Summers, London, 1923. The most convenient edition of the comedies is J. W. Krutch's in the Students' Library (Macmillan). For the Restoration period, see G. H. Nettleton, *English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century*, (1914); A. Nicoll, *A History of Restoration Drama, 1660–1700*, 1923; and B. Dobree, *Restoration Comedy*, 1924. The student should also consult C. Palmer, *The Comedy of Manners*, 1910; J. W. Krutch, *Comedy and Conscience after the Restoration*, 1924; Hazlitt, *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, and the essays on the period by Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, and Macaulay.

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS

Fainall, in love with Mrs. Marwood.
Mirabell, in love with Mrs. Millamant.
Witwoud, Petulant } followers of Mrs. Millamant.
Sir Wilfull Witwoud, half-brother to Witwoud, and nephew to Lady Wishfort.
Waitwell, servant to Mirabell.

Lady Wishfort, enemy to Mirabell, for having falsely pretended love to her.
Mrs. Millamant, a fine lady, niece to Lady Wishfort, and loves Mirabell.
Mrs. Marwood, friend to Mr. Fainall, and likes Mirabell.
Mrs. Fainall, daughter to Lady Wishfort, and wife to Fainall, formerly friend to Mirabell.
Foible, woman to Lady Wishfort.
Mincing, woman to Mrs. Millamant.
[Betty, waiting-maid at a chocolate-house.
Peg, maid to Lady Wishfort].

Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.

Scene — London.

The time equal to that of the presentation.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON

Of those few fools, who with ill stars are cursed,
Sure scribling fools, called poets, fare the worst.
For they're a sort of fools which Fortune makes,
And after she has made 'em fools, forsakes.
With Nature's oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent case,
For Fortune favors all her idiot-race:
In her own nest the cuckow-eggs we find,
O'er which she broods to hatch the changeling-kind.
No portion for her own she has to spare,
So much she dotes on her adopted care.
  Poets are bubbles, by the town drawn in,
Suffered at first some trifling stakes to win:
But what unequal hazards do they run!
Each time they write, they venture all they've won:
The squire that's buttered still, is sure to be undone.
This author, heretofore, has found your favor,
But pleads no merit from his past behavior.
To build on that might prove a vain presumption,
Should grants to poets made, admit resumption:
And in Parnassus he must lose his seat,
If that be found a forfeited estate.
  He owns, with toil, he wrought the following scenes,
But if they're naught ne'er spare him for his pains:
Damn him the more; have no commiseration
For dulness on mature deliberation.
He swears he'll not resent one hissed-off scene,
Nor, like those peevish wits, his play maintain,
Who, to assert their sense, your taste arraign.
Some plot we think he has, and some new thought;
Some humor too, no farce; but that's a fault.
Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect,
For so reformed a town, who dares correct?
To please, this time, has been his sole pretence,
He'll not instruct, lest it should give offence.
Should he by chance a knave or fool expose,
That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.
In short, our play shall (with your leave to show it,
Give you one instance of a passive poet.
Who to your judgments yields all resignation;
So save or damn, after your own discretion.

Betterton, the greatest actor of the Restoration Age.

ACT I.

SCENE — *A chocolate-house*

(MIRABELL *and* FAINALL, *rising from cards.* BETTY *waiting.*)

MIRA. You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

FAIN. Have we done?

MIRA. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

FAIN. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner: I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

MIRA. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

FAIN. Prithee, why so reserved? Something has put you out of humor.

MIRA. Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day; and you are gay; that's all.

FAIN. Confess, Millamant and you quarrelled last night, after I left you; my fair cousin has some humors that would tempt the patience of a Stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

MIRA. Witwoud and Petulant; and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to sum up all in her own name, my old Lady Wishfort came in. ——

FAIN. Oh, there it is then! — She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason. — What, then my wife was there?

MIRA. Yes, and Mrs. Marwood and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whispered one another, then complained aloud of the vapors, and after fell into a profound silence.

FAIN. They had a mind to be rid of you.

MIRA. For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose and with a constrained smile told her I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

FAIN. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

MIRA. She is more mistress of herself, than to be under the necessity of such a resignation.

FAIN. What? though half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

MIRA. I was then in such a humor, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

FAIN. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal-nights; they have 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murdered reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once proposed that all the male sex should be excepted; but somebody moved that to avoid scandal there might be one man of the community; upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enrolled members.

MIRA. And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My Lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind; and full of the vigor of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

FAIN. The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation: had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

MIRA. I did as much as man could, with

40 *vapors*, melancholy, the "blues."

84 *ratafia*, a fruit brandy.

any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a [95 lampoon, and complement her with the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when [100 she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labor. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flattered further, unless a man should endeavor downright personally to debauch her; [105 and that my virtue forbade me. But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

FAIN. What should provoke her to [110 be your enemy, without she has made you advances, which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

MIRA. She was always civil to me, [115 till of late. I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em everything, can refuse 'em nothing. 120

FAIN. You are a gallant man, Mirabell; and tho' you may have cruelty enough, not to satisfy a lady's longing, you have too much generosity, not to be tender of her honor. Yet you speak with an [125 indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

MIRA. You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, [130 and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you, than your wife.

FAIN. Fie, fie, friend, if you grow censorious I must leave you. — I'll look [135 upon the gamesters in the next room.

MIRA. Who are they?

FAIN. Petulant and Witwoud. — Bring me some chocolate. (*Exit.*)

MIRA. Betty, what says your clock? 140

BET. Turned of the last canonical hour, sir.

MIRA. How pertinently the jade answers me! Ha! almost one a clock! (*Looking on his watch.*) Oh, y'are come —— 145

(*Enter a Servant.*)

MIRA. Well, is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

SERV. Sir, there's such coupling at Pancras, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country dance. Ours [150 was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have failed before it came to our turn; so we drove round to [155 Duke's Place; and there they were riveted in a trice.

MIRA. So, so, you are sure they are married.

SERV. Married and bedded, sir: I [160 am witness.

MIRA. Have you the certificate?

SERV. Here it is, sir.

MIRA. Has the tailor brought Waitwell's clothes home, and the new liv- [165 eries?

SERV. Yes, sir.

MIRA. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye, hear, and adjourn the consummation till farther order; bid Wait- [170 well shake his ears, and Dame Partlet rustle up her feathers, and meet me at one a clock by Rosamond's Pond; that I may see her before she returns to her lady; and as you tender your ears be secret. [175

(*Exit Servant.*)

(*Re-enter* FAINALL [*and* BETTY].)

FAIN. Joy of your success, Mirabell; you look pleased.

MIRA. Ay; I have been engaged in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this [180 is not a cabal-night. I wonder, Fainall, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

148 *Pancras*, St. Pancras Church.
156 *Duke's Place*, the site of St. James's Church, noted for the hurried marriages performed there.
171 *Dame Partlet*, Pertelote, the hen in Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale*.
173 *Rosamond's Pond*, in St. James's Park, a park much frequented by lovers.

FAIN. Faith, I am not jealous. [185 Besides, most who are engaged are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

MIRA. I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more [190 the scandal: for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man that is.

FAIN. Are you jealous as often as you see Witwoud entertained by Millamant?

MIRA. Of her understanding I am, [196 if not of her person.

FAIN. You do her wrong; for to give her her due, she has wit. 199

MIRA. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

FAIN. For a passionate lover, me- [204 thinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

MIRA. And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for [209 her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she [214 once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; sifted her and separated her failings; I studied 'em, and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, [219 one day or other, to hate her heartily: to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance; 'till in a few [224 days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well. 229

FAIN. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

MIRA. Say you so? 234

FAIN. I, I, I have experience: I have a wife, and so forth.

(*Enter Messenger.*)

MESS. Is one Squire Witwoud here?

BET. Yes; what's your business?

MESS. I have a letter for him, [239 from his brother, Sir Wilfull, which I am charged to deliver into his own hands.

BET. He's in the next room, friend — that way.

(*Exit Messenger.*)

MIRA. What, is the chief of that [244 noble family in town, Sir Wilfull Witwoud?

FAIN. He is expected to-day. Do you know him?

MIRA. I have seen him; he promises to be an extraordinary person; I think [249 you have the honor to be related to him.

FAIN. Yes; he is half-brother to this Witwoud by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady Wishfort, my wife's mother. If you marry Millamant, you must [254 call cousins too.

MIRA. I had rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

FAIN. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel. 259

MIRA. For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.

FAIN. No matter for that; 'tis for the honor of England, that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages. [264

MIRA. I wonder there is not an act of Parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

FAIN. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, [269 than to be quite eaten up, with being overstocked.

MIRA. Pray, are the follies of this knight-errant, and those of the squire his brother, anything related? 274

FAIN. Not at all; Witwoud grows by the knight, like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core. 279

MIRA. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

FAIN. Sir Wilfull is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy. — But [284 when he's drunk, he's as loving as the

276 *medlar*, a European fruit which is agreeable eating when overripe. 276 *crab*, a small, sour apple.

monster in *The Tempest;* and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good nature, and does not always want wit. 289

MIRA. Not always; but as often as his memory fails him, and his commonplace of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks' wit. He is one whose conversa- [294 tion can never be approved, yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptious; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery, that he will [299 construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

FAIN. If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to [304 do it at full length. Behold the original.

(*Enter* WITWOUD.)

WIT. Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, Fainall, Mirabell, pity me.

MIRA. I do from my soul.

FAIN. Why, what's the matter? 309

WIT. No letters for me, Betty?

BET. Did not a messenger bring you one but now, sir?

WIT. Ay, but no other?

BET. No, sir. 314

WIT. That's hard, that's very hard; — a messenger, a mule, a beast of burden, he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commen- [319 datory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

MIRA. A fool, and your brother, Witwoud! 324

WIT. Ay, ay, my half-brother. My half-brother he is, no nearer upon honor.

MIRA. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

WIT. Good, good, Mirabell, *le* [329 *drôle!* Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him. — Fainall, how does your lady? Gad, I say anything in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of [334 pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage, I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world. 339

FAIN. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous.

WIT. No man in town lives well with a wife but Fainall. Your judgment, [344 Mirabell.

MIRA. You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed.

WIT. Mirabell.

MIRA. Ay. 349

WIT. My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons. — Gad I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

MIRA. I thank you heartily, heartily.

WIT. No, but prithee excuse me, — [354 my memory is such a memory.

MIRA. Have a care of such apologies, Witwoud; — for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the spleen or his memory. 359

FAIN. What have you done with Petulant?

WIT. He's reckoning his money, — my money it was; — I have no luck to-day.

FAIN. You may allow him to win [364 of you at play; — for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee: since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

MIRA. I don't find that Petulant [369 confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud.

WIT. Come, come, you are malicious now, and would breed debates. — Petulant's my friend, and a very honest [374 fellow, and a very pretty fellow, and has a smattering — faith and troth, a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: Nay, I'll do him justice. I'm his friend, I won't wrong him. — And if he had any [379 judgment in the world, — he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

FAIN. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred. 384

WIT. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own — no more breeding than a bum-baily, that I grant

286 *monster*, Sycorax. 387 *bum-baily*, a bailiff or sheriff whose office is to make attachments or seizures.

you. — 'Tis pity, faith; the fellow has fire and life.

MIRA. What, courage?

WIT. Hum, faith I don't know as to that, — I can't say as to that. — Yes, faith, in a controversy he'll contradict anybody.

MIRA. Tho' 'twere a man whom he feared, or a woman whom he loved.

WIT. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks. — We have all our failings; you're too hard upon him, [399 you are, faith. Let me excuse him, — I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't, if he were my brother, I could not acquit him. — That, indeed, I could wish were [404 otherwise.

MIRA. Ay, marry, what's that, Witwoud?

WIT. O pardon me! — Expose the infirmities of my friend? — No, my [409 dear, excuse me there.

FAIN. What I warrant, he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

WIT. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse [414 that: a wit should no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

MIRA. Maybe you think him too positive?

WIT. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

FAIN. Too illiterate.

WIT. That! that's his happiness. — [424 His want of learning gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts.

MIRA. He wants words.

WIT. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the [429 pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

FAIN. He's impudent.

WIT. No, that's not it.

MIRA. Vain.

WIT. No.

MIRA. What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion!

WIT. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it, — I mean, he [439 never speaks truth at all, — that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

(*Enter Coachman.*)

COACH. Is Master Petulant here, mistress?

BET. Yes.

COACH. Three gentlewomen in a coach would speak with him.

FAIN. O brave Petulant, three!

BET. I'll tell him.

COACH. You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon-water.

[*Exeunt* BETTY *and Coachman.*]

WIT. That should be for two fasting strumpets, and a bawd troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are.

MIRA. You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

WIT. Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but to tell [459 you a secret, these are trulls that he allows coach-hire, and something more by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

MIRA. How!

WIT. You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more company here to take notice of him. — Why this is nothing to what he used to do; — before he found out this way, I have known him call [469 for himself ——

FAIN. Call for himself? What dost thou mean?

WIT. Mean, why he would slip you out of this chocolate-house, just when you [474 had been talking to him. — As soon as your back was turned — whip he was gone; — then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and mask, slap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door [479 again in a trice; where he would send in for himself, that [is], I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

MIRA. I confess this is something extraordinary — I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a-coming. Oh, I ask his pardon!

451 *cinnamon-water*, cinnamon cordial.

(*Enter* PETULANT [*and* BETTY].)

BET. Sir, the coach stays.

PET. Well, well; I come. — 'Sbud, a man had as good be a professed midwife as a professed whoremaster, at this rate; to be knocked up and raised at all hours, and in all places! Pox on 'em, I won't come. [494 — D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come. — Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out.

FAIN. You are very cruel, Petulant.

PET. All's one, let it pass — I have a humor to be cruel.

MIRA. I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

PET. Condition, condition's a dried fig, if I am not in humor. — By this hand, if they were your — a — a — your [504 what-dee-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I want appetite.

MIRA. What-dee-call-'ems! What are they, Witwoud?

WIT. Empresses, my dear — by [509 your what-dee-call-'ems he means sultana queens.

PET. Ay, Roxolanas.

MIRA. Cry you mercy.

FAIN. Witwoud says they are ——

PET. What does he say th'are?

WIT. I — fine ladies I say.

PET. Pass on, Witwoud. — Hark 'ee, by this light his relations — two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old aunt, that loves catterwauling better than a conventicle.

WIT. Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to [521 see how the rogue would come off. — Ha, ha, ha! Gad I can't be angry with him, if he said they were my mother and my sisters.

MIRA. No!

WIT. No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear Petulant.

BET. They are gone, sir, in great anger.

PET. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

FAIN. This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to Millamant, and swear he has abandoned the whole sex for her sake.

MIRA. Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, sometime or other, Petulant, about that business.

PET. Ay, ay, let that pass — there are other throats to be cut —

MIRA. Meaning mine, sir?

PET. Not I — I mean nobody — I know nothing. — But there are uncles and nephews in the world — and they may be rivals. — What then? All's one for that ——

MIRA. How! Hark 'ee, Petulant, [548 come hither. — Explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

PET. Explain! I know nothing. — Why you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady Wishfort's?

MIRA. True.

PET. Why that's enough. — You and he are not friends; and if he should marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha?

MIRA. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

PET. All's one for that; why, then say I know something.

MIRA. Come, thou art an honest fellow, Petulant, and sha't make love to my mistress, thou sha't, faith. What hast [565 thou heard of my uncle?

PET. I, nothing I. If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I shrug and am silent.

MIRA. O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets. — What, you're a cabalist; I know you stayed at Millamant's last night, after I went. Was there any mention made [574 of my uncle, or me? Tell me; if thou hadst but good nature equal to thy wit, Petulant, Tony Witwoud, who is now thy competitor in fame, would show as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of Orient; he would no more be seen by thee, [580 than Mercury is by the sun. Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

PET. If I do, will you grant me common sense then, for the future?

MIRA. Faith, I'll do what I can for thee; and I'll pray that Heaven may grant it thee in the meantime.

489 *stays*, waits.
506 *rub off*, go away, clear out.
512 *Roxolanas*. Roxolana was queen to the Turkish Sultan Solyman the Magnificent, 1496–1566.
513 *Cry you mercy*, I beg your pardon.
520 *catterwauling*, making noises like a cat.
520 *conventicle*, religious meeting of Scotch Covenanters.
579 *whiting's*. A whiting is a kind of codfish.

PET. Well, hark'ee.

FAIN. Petulant and you both will find Mirabell as warm a rival as a lover.

WIT. Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at Petulant is plain. And for my part — but that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should — hark'ee — to tell you a secret, but let it go no further — between [595 friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

FAIN. How!

WIT. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

FAIN. I thought you had died for her.

WIT. Umh — no ——

FAIN. She has wit.

WIT. 'Tis what she will hardly allow anybody else. — Now, demme, I should hate that, if she were as handsome as Cleopatra. Mirabell is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

FAIN. Why do you think so?

WIT. We stayed pretty late there last night; and heard something of an uncle to Mirabell, who is lately come to town, — and is between him and the best part of his estate. Mirabell and he are at some distance, as my Lady Wishfort has [615 been told; and you know she hates Mirabell, worse than a Quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. Millamant or not, I cannot say; but there [620 were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and if it should come to life, poor Mirabell would be in some sort unfortunately fobbed i'faith.

FAIN. 'Tis impossible Millamant should hearken to it.

WIT. Faith, my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman and a kind of a humorist.

MIRA. And this is the sum of what you could collect last night.

PET. The quintessence. Maybe Witwoud knows more, he stayed longer. — Besides, they never mind him; they say anything before him.

MIRA. I thought you had been the greatest favorite.

PET. Ay, *tête à tête;* but not in public, because I make remarks.

MIRA. Do you?

PET. Ay, ay; pox, I'm malicious, man. Now, he's soft, you know; they are not in awe of him. — The fellow's well bred, he's what you call a — what-d'ye-call-'em. A fine gentleman, but he's silly withal.

MIRA. I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. Fainall, are you for the Mall?

FAIN. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

WIT. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park, the ladies talked of being there.

MIRA. I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother Sir Wilfull's arrival.

WIT. No, no, he comes to his aunt's, my Lady Wishfort; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

PET. Beg him for his estate; that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one trouble with you both.

WIT. O rare Petulant, thou art as quick as a fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the Mall with us; and we'll be very severe.

PET. Enough, I'm in a humor to be severe.

MIRA. Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves, — let not us be accessary to your putting the ladies out of countenance, with your senseless ribaldry, which [669 you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

PET. What, what? Then let 'em either show their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else show their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

MIRA. But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed of thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance?

PET. Not I, by this hand — I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt, or ill breeding.

MIRA. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

Where modesty's ill manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice pass for wit.

617 *parrot*, i.e., because it is talkative.
623 *fobbed*, tricked.
647 *Mall*, the avenue or walk adjoining St. James's Park.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*St. James's Park*

(*Enter* Mrs. Fainall *and* Mrs. Marwood.)

Mrs. Fain. Ay, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doting or averse. While they are lovers, if they [5 have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love, (we ought to think at least) they loath; they look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us like the ghosts of what we [10 were, and as such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love should ever die before us; and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you [15 will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous as to wish to have been born [20 old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

Mrs. Fain. Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind, only in com- [25 pliance to my mother's humor.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses, with which our sex of force must entertain themselves, apart from men. [30 We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, [35 or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. Fain. Bless me, how have I been deceived! Why, you profess a libertine.

Mrs. Mar. You see my friendship [40 by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. Fain. Never.

Mrs. Mar. You hate mankind. 5

Mrs. Fain. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your husband.

Mrs. Fain. Most transcendently; ay, though I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. Mar. Give me your hand [50 upon it.

Mrs. Fain. There.

Mrs. Mar. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. Fain. Is it possible? Dost [55 thou hate those vipers, men?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em. 60

Mrs. Fain. There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Penthesilea.

Mrs. Mar. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion further.

Mrs. Fain. How? 65

Mrs. Mar. Faith, by marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony. 70

Mrs. Fain. You would not make him a cuckold?

Mrs. Mar. No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. Fain. Why, had not you as [75 good do it?

Mrs. Mar. Oh, if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of [80 fear and jealousy.

Mrs. Fain. Ingenious mischief! Would thou wert married to Mirabell.

Mrs. Mar. Would I were.

Mrs. Fain. You change color. 85

Mrs. Mar. Because I hate him.

Mrs. Fain. So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. Mar. I never loved him; he is, [90 and always was, insufferably proud.

Mrs. Fain. By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must [95 acquit him.

Mrs. Mar. Oh, then it seems you are

39 *profess*, profess yourself. 62 *Penthesilea*, Queen of the Amazons.

one of his favorable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

MRS. FAIN. Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the sudden.

MRS. MAR. What ails you?

MRS. FAIN. My husband. Don't you see him? He turned short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

(*Enter* FAINALL *and* MIRABELL.)

MRS. MAR. Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

MRS. FAIN. For you, for he has brought Mirabell with him.

FAIN. My dear.

MRS. FAIN. My soul.

FAIN. You don't look well to-day, child.

MRS. FAIN. D'ye think so?

MIRA. He is the only man that does, madam.

MRS. FAIN. The only man that would tell me so at least; and the only man from whom I could hear it without mortification.

FAIN. O my dear, I am satisfied of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent anything from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

MRS. FAIN. Mr. Mirabell, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night: I would fain hear it out.

MIRA. The persons concerned in that affair have yet a tolerable reputation. — I am afraid Mr. Fainall will be censorious.

MRS. FAIN. He has a humor more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispence with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. Mirabell, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

(*Exeunt* MRS. FAINALL *and* MIRABELL.)

FAIN. Excellent creature! Well, sure if I should live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable man.

MRS. MAR. Ay!

FAIN. For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence, must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! Nothing remains when that day comes, but to sit down and weep like Alexander, when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

MRS. MAR. Will you not follow 'em?

FAIN. Faith, I think not.

MRS. MAR. Pray let us; I have a reason.

FAIN. You are not jealous?

MRS. MAR. Of whom?

FAIN. Of Mirabell.

MRS. MAR. If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you that I am tender of your honor?

FAIN. You would intimate, then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my wife and him.

MRS. MAR. I think she does not hate him to that degree she would be thought.

FAIN. But he, I fear, is too insensible.

MRS. MAR. It may be you are deceived.

FAIN. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

MRS. MAR. What?

FAIN. That I have been deceived, madam, and you are false.

MRS. MAR. That I am false! What mean you?

FAIN. To let you know I see through all your little arts. — Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another have made you clash till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession reddening on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

MRS. MAR. You do me wrong.

FAIN. I do not. — 'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife; that by permitting her to be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures; and take you oftener to my arms in full security. But could you think, because the nodding husband would not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

MRS. MAR. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

FAIN. With infidelity, with loving of another, with love of Mirabell.

MRS. MAR. 'Tis false. I challenge you to show an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

FAIN. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance? The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? To undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with Millamant?

MRS. MAR. My obligations to my lady urged me: I had professed a friendship to her; and could not see her easy nature so abused by that dissembler.

FAIN. What, was it conscience then? Professed a friendship! Oh, the pious friendships of the female sex!

MRS. MAR. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

FAIN. Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend too.

MRS. MAR. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her, thro' strict fidelity to you, and sacrificed my friendship to keep my love inviolate? And have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit! To you it should be meritorious, that I have been vicious: and do you reflect that guilt upon me, which should lie buried in your bosom?

FAIN. You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account you once could make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

MRS. MAR. 'Tis false, you urged it with deliberate malice — 'twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

FAIN. Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you loved, you could forgive a jealousy: but you are stung to find you are discovered.

MRS. MAR. It shall be all discovered. You too shall be discovered; be sure you shall. I can but be exposed. — If I do it myself I shall prevent your baseness.

FAIN. Why, what will you do?

MRS. MAR. Disclose it to your wife; own what has passed between us.

FAIN. Frenzy!

MRS. MAR. By all my wrongs I'll do't! — I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune. With both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honor, as indigent of wealth.

FAIN. Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestowed as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shared. Yet, had not you been false, I had e'er this repaid it. — 'Tis true. — Had you permitted Mirabell with Millamant to have stolen their marriage, my lady had been incensed beyond all means of reconcilement: Millamant had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife; — and wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you?

MRS. MAR. Deceit and frivolous pretence!

FAIN. Death, am I not married? What's pretence? Am I not imprisoned, fettered? Have I not a wife? Nay, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow; and would be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to bustle thro' the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you yet be reconciled to truth and me?

MRS. MAR. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent — I hate you, and shall forever.

FAIN. For loving you?

MRS. MAR. I loath the name of love after such usage; and next to the guilt with which you would asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewell.

FAIN. Nay, we must not part thus.

MRS. MAR. Let me go.

FAIN. Come, I'm sorry.

MRS. MAR. I care not — let me go — break my hands, do — I'd leave 'em to get loose.

FAIN. I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

MRS. MAR. Well, I have deserved it all.

FAIN. You know I love you.

MRS. MAR. Poor dissembling! — Oh, that — well, it is not yet ——

FAIN. What? What is it not? What is it not yet? It is not yet too late ——

MRS. MAR. No, it is not yet too late — I have that comfort.

FAIN. It is, to love another.

MRS. MAR. But not to loath, detest, abhor mankind, myself and the whole treacherous world.

FAIN. Nay, this is extravagance. — Come, I ask your pardon — no tears — I was to blame, I could not love you and be easy in my doubts. — Pray forbear — I believe you; I'm convinced I've done you wrong; and any way, every way will make amends; — I'll hate my wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and will retire somewhere, anywhere, to another world. I'll marry thee — be pacified. — 'Sdeath, they come, hide your face, your tears. — You have a mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way, be persuaded. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter* MIRABELL *and* MRS. FAINALL.)

MRS. FAIN. They are here yet.

MIRA. They are turning into the other walk.

MRS. FAIN. While I only hated my husband, I could bear to see him; but since I have despised him, he's too offensive.

MIRA. Oh, you should hate with prudence.

MRS. FAIN. Yes, for I have loved with indiscretion.

MIRA. You should have just so much disgust for your husband as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

MRS. FAIN. You have been the cause that I have loved without bounds, and would you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

MIRA. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where could you have fixed a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behavior have gained a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excused, who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answered to the purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your remedy.

MRS. FAIN. I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, Mirabell.

MIRA. In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

MRS. FAIN. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

MIRA. Waitwell, my servant.

MRS. FAIN. He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

MIRA. Care is taken for that. — She is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

MRS. FAIN. Who?

MIRA. Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in *The Fox*, stand upon terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

MRS. FAIN. So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

MIRA. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

MRS. FAIN. She talked last night of endeavoring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

MIRA. That was by Foible's direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

MRS. FAIN. Well, I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do anything to get a husband; and when she

383 *Mosca*, the parasite in Ben Jonson's *Volpone; or, The Fox.*

has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to anything [405 to get rid of him.

MIRA. Yes, I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, tho' 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin. 410

MRS. FAIN. Female frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decayed.

MIRA. An old woman's appetite is [415 depraved like that of a girl. — 'Tis the green-sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall; and withers in an affected bloom. 420

MRS. FAIN. Here's your mistress.

(*Enter* MRS. MILLAMANT, WITWOUD, *and* MINCING.)

MIRA. Here she comes, i'faith, full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders. — Ha, no, I cry her mercy! 425

MRS. FAIN. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

MIRA. You seem to be unattended, madam. — You used to have the *beau-monde* throng after you; and a flock of [430 gay fine perukes hovering round you.

WIT. Like moths about a candle. — I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

MILLA. Oh, I have denied myself [435 airs to-day. I have walked as fast through the croud ——

WIT. As a favorite in disgrace; and with as few followers.

MILLA. Dear Mr. Witwoud, truce [440 with your similitudes: for I am as sick of 'em ——

WIT. As a physician of a good air. — I cannot help it, madam, tho' 'tis against myself. 445

MILLA. Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

WIT. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright. 450

MRS. FAIN. But, dear Millamant, why were you so long?

MILLA. Long! Lord, have I not made violent haste? I have asked every living thing I met for you; I have enquired [455 after you, as after a new fashion.

WIT. Madam, truce with your similitudes. — No, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

MIRA. By your leave, Witwoud, [460 that were like enquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

WIT. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

MRS. FAIN. You were dressed be- [465 fore I came abroad.

MILLA. Ay, that's true — Oh, but then I had — Mincing, what had I? Why was I so long?

MINC. O mem, your lashp stayed [470 to peruse a pecquet of letters.

MILLA. Oh, ay, letters — I had letters — I am persecuted with letters — I hate letters. — Nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does [475 not know why. — They serve one to pin up one's hair.

WIT. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies. 480

MILLA. Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud. I never pin up my hair with prose. I fancy one's hair would not curl if it were pinned up with prose. I think I tried once, Mincing. 485

MINC. O mem, I shall never forget it.

MILLA. Ay, poor Mincing tift and tift all the morning.

MINC. Till I had the cremp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem. And all to no [490 purpose. But when your lashp pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips.

WIT. Indeed, so "crips"?

MINC. You're such a critic, Mr. [495 Witwoud.

MILLA. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? Oh, ay, and went away. — Now I think on't I'm angry. — No, now I think on't I'm pleased — for I [500 believe I gave you some pain.

MIRA. Does that please you?

MILLA. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

MIRA. You would affect a cruelty which

430 *beau-monde*, the fashionable world.

487 *tift*, arranged.

is not in your nature; your true van- [505
ity is in the power of pleasing.

MILLA. Oh, I ask your pardon for that. — One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power; and when one has [510 parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

MIRA. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover — and then how vain, how lost a [515 thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms — your glass is all [520 a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it: for that reflects our praises, rather than your face. 525

MILLA. Oh, the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. [530 Beauty the lover's gift — Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: and then if one pleases, [535 one makes more.

WIT. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

MILLA. One no more owes one's [540 beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo: they can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

MIRA. Yet, to those two vain [545 empty things, you owe two the greatest pleasures of your life.

MILLA. How so?

MIRA. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised; and [550 to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

WIT. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting ro- [555 tation of tongue, that an echo must wait 'till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

MILLA. Oh, fiction! Fainall, let us leave these men. 560

MIRA. Draw off Witwoud.

(*Aside to* MRS. FAINALL.)

MRS. FAIN. Immediately; I have a word or two for Mr. Witwoud.

MIRA. I would beg a little private audience too. (*Exeunt* WITWOUD *and* MRS. FAINALL.) — You had the tyranny to [566 deny me last night; tho' you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love.

MILLA. You saw I was engaged.

MIRA. Unkind. You had the lei- [571 sure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such so- [576 ciety? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable: or if they were, it should be to you as a mortification; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

MILLA. I please myself — besides, [581 sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

MIRA. Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

MILLA. Yes, the vapors; fools are [586 physic for it, next to asafœtida.

MIRA. You are not in a course of fools?

MILLA. Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom, you'll displease me. — I think I must resolve, after all, not to [591 have you. — We shan't agree.

MIRA. Not in our physic, it may be.

MILLA. And yet our distemper in all likelihood will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure [596 to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults — I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell — I'm resolved — I think — You may go — [601 ha, ha, ha! What would you give, that you could help loving me?

MIRA. I would give something that you did not know, I could not help it.

MILLA. Come, don't look grave [606 then. Well, what do you say to me?

MIRA. I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain dealing and sincerity.

MILLA. Sententious Mirabell! Prithee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

MIRA. You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for one moment to be serious.

MILLA. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha! — Well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish — Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now — Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well; — I see they are walking away.

MIRA. Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment ——

MILLA. To hear you tell me that Foible's married, and your plot like to speed? — No.

MIRA. But how you came to know it ——

MILLA. Unless by the help of the devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me. (*Exit.*)

MIRA. I have something more — Gone! — Think of you! To think of a whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquility of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned, and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct. — Oh, here come my pair of turtles! — What, billing so sweetly! Is not Valentine's Day over with you yet?

(*Enter* WAITWELL *and* FOIBLE.)

Sirrah Waitwell, why sure you think you were married for your own recreation, and not for my conveniency.

WAIT. Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful delights; but still with an eye to business, sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

MIRA. Give you joy, Mrs. Foible.

FOIB. O-las, sir, I'm so ashamed — I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

WAIT. That she did indeed, sir. It was my fault that she did not make more.

MIRA. That I believe.

FOIB. But I told my lady as you instructed me, sir. That I had a prospect of seeing Sir Rowland, your uncle; and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to show him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamored of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet and worship the original.

MIRA. Excellent Foible! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

WAIT. I think she has profited, sir. I think so.

FOIB. You have seen Madam Millamant, sir?

MIRA. Yes.

FOIB. I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

MIRA. Your diligence will merit more. — In the meantime —— (*Gives money.*)

FOIB. O dear sir, your humble servant.

WAIT. Spouse.

MIRA. Stand off, sir, not a penny. — Go on and prosper, Foible. — The lease shall be made good and the farm stocked, if we succeed.

FOIB. I don't question your generosity, sir: and you need not doubt of success. If

613 *Solomon.* Cf. 1 Kings, III, 16–28.

659 *turtles,* turtle-doves.

you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her [711 toilet, and can't dress 'till I come. — O dear, I'm sure that (*looking out*) was Mrs. Marwood that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and [716 prevent her. Your servant, sir. B'w'y, Waitwell. (*Exit* Foible.)

Wait. Sir Rowland, if you please. — The jade's so pert upon her preferment she forgets herself. 721

Mira. Come, sir, will you endeavor to forget yourself — and transform into Sir Rowland.

Wait. Why, sir; it will be impossible I should remember myself — married, [726 knighted, and attended all in one day! 'Tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my trans- [731 formation to a reformation into Waitwell. Nay, I shan't be quite the same Waitwell neither — for now I remember me, I am married, and can't be my own man again.

Ay, there's the grief; that's the sad change of life; 736
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

Scene — *A room in* Lady Wishfort's *house*

(Lady Wishfort *at her toilet,* Peg *waiting.*)

Lady [Wish.]. Merciful, no news of Foible yet?

Peg. No, madam.

Lady Wish. I have no more patience. — If I have not fretted myself till I [5 am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red — the red, do you hear, sweetheart? An errant ash color, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! Why dost thou not fetch me a little [10 red? Didst thou not hear me, Mopus?

Peg. The red ratafia does your ladyship mean, or the cherry-brandy?

Lady Wish. Ratafia, fool! No, fool. Not the ratafia, fool — grant me pa- [15 tience! I mean the Spanish paper, idiot, — complexion, darling. Paint, paint, paint, dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? Why dost thou not stir, pup- [20 pet? — thou wooden thing upon wires!

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient. — I cannot come at the paint, madam; Mrs. Foible has locked it up, and carried the key with her. 25

Lady Wish. A pox take you both! — Fetch me the cherry-brandy then. (*Exit* Peg.) I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. Qualmsick the curate's wife, that's always breeding — Wench, come, come, [30 wench, what art thou doing, sipping? tasting? Save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

(*Enter* Peg *with a bottle and china cup.*)

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

Lady Wish. A cup, save thee, and [35 what a cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a fairy, to drink out of an acorn? Why didst thou not bring thy thimble? Hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of [40 nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill. — So — again. (*One knocks.*) See who that is. — Set down the bottle first. Here, here, under the table. — What, wouldst thou go with the bottle in thy hand like [45 a tapster? As I'm a person, this wench has lived in an inn upon the road, before she came to me, like Maritornes the Asturian in *Don Quixote*. No Foible yet?

Peg. No, madam, — Mrs. Mar- [50 wood.

Lady Wish. O Marwood, let her come in. Come in, good Marwood.

(*Enter* Mrs. Marwood.)

Mrs. Mar. I'm surprised to find your ladyship in *dishabillé* at this time of [55 day.

Lady Wish. Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. Mar. I saw her but now, as I [60 came masked through the Park, in conference with Mirabell.

11 *Mopus*, stupid person. 16 *Spanish paper*, rouge.

LADY WISH. With Mirabell! You call my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the [65 confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon Foible to detect me, I'm ruined. Oh, my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if [70 I'm detected.

MRS. MAR. O madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. Foible's integrity.

LADY WISH. Oh, he carries poison in his tongue that would corrupt integrity it- [75 self. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah, dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity? — Hark! I hear her. — Go, you thing, and send [80 her in. (*Exit* PEG.) Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom. — You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you. — There are books over the chimney — [85 Quarles and Prynne, and *The Short View of the Stage*, with Bunyan's works, to entertain you. (*Exit* MARWOOD.)

(*Enter* FOIBLE.)

O Foible, where hast thou been? What hast thou been doing? 90

FOIB. Madam, I have seen the party.

LADY WISH. But what hast thou done?

FOIB. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promised. But a man so enamored — so transported! [95 Well, here it is, all that is left; all that is not kissed away. — Well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin — poor Sir Rowland, I say.

LADY WISH. The miniature has [100 been counted like — but hast thou not betrayed me, Foible? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless Mirabell? — What hadst thou to do with him in the Park? Answer me, has he got noth- [105 ing out of thee?

FOIB. [*aside*]. So, the devil has been beforehand with me, what shall I say? — Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? Was I in fault? If [110 you had heard how he used me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you would not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst, I could have borne: but he had a fling at your lady- [115 ship too; and then I could not hold: but, i' faith, I gave him his own.

LADY WISH. Me? What did the filthy fellow say?

FOIB. O madam, 'tis a shame to say [120 what he said — with his taunts and his fleers, tossing up his nose. Humh (says he), what, you are a hatching some plot (says he), you are so early abroad, or catering (says he), ferreting for some dis- [125 banded officer, I warrant — half pay is but thin subsistence (says he). — Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see (says he); what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated [130 (says he) and ——

LADY WISH. Ods my life, I'll have him, I'll have him murdered. I'll have him poisoned. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poisoned in his [135 wine. I'll send for Robin from Lockets — immediately.

FOIB. Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir Rowland and get him [140 disinherited. Oh, you would bless yourself, to hear what he said.

LADY WISH. A villain, superannuated!

FOIB. Humh (says he), I hear you are laying designs against me too (says [145 he), and Mrs. Millamant is to marry my uncle; — (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship); — but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he), I'll hamper you for that (says he), you and [150 your old frippery too (says he), I'll handle you ——

LADY WISH. Audacious villain! handle me, would he durst — Frippery? old frip-

86 *Quarles.* Francis Quarles, 1592–1644, author of *Divine Emblems* and other books of verse.
86 *Prynne.* William Prynne, 1600–1669, controversialist, author of *Histriomastix, or, A Scourge for Stage Players*, 1633.
87 *The Short View of the Stage.* Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, 1698, attacked Congreve and others.
135 *drawer*, waiter.
136 *Lockets*, a restaurant.

pery! Was there ever such a foul- [155 mouthed fellow? I'll be married to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

FOIB. The sooner the better, madam.

LADY WISH. Will Sir Rowland be here, say'st thou? When, Foible? 160

FOIB. Incontinently, madam. No new sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood, with that impatience in which Sir Rowland burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's [165 hand after dinner.

LADY WISH. Frippery? superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags, a tatterdemallion! — I hope to see him hung [170 with tatters, like a Long Lane pent-house, or a gibbet-thief. A slander-mouthed railer: I warrant the spendthrift prodigal's in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birthday. I'll [175 spoil his credit with his tailor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

FOIB. He! I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate first, and angle into Black- [180 friars for brass farthings, with an old mitten.

LADY WISH. Ay, dear Foible; thank thee for that, dear Foible. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never re- [185 compose my features to receive Sir Rowland with any economy of face. This wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decayed. Look, Foible.

FOIB. Your ladyship has frowned a [190 little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernible in the white varnish.

LADY WISH. Let me see the glass. — Cracks, say'st thou? Why, I am [195 arrantly flayed. — I look like an old peeled wall. Thou must repair me, Foible, before Sir Rowland comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

FOIB. I warrant you, madam; a [200 little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must sit for you, madam.

LADY WISH. But art thou sure Sir [205 Rowland will not fail to come? Or will a not fail when he does come? Will he be importunate, Foible, and push? For if he should not be importunate — I shall never break decorums — I shall die with [210 confusion, if I am forced to advance — Oh no, I can never advance — I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope Sir Rowland is better bred, than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her [215 forms. I won't be too coy neither. — I won't give him despair — but a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

FOIB. A little scorn becomes your ladyship. 220

LADY WISH. Yes, but tenderness becomes me best — a sort of a dyingness. — You see that picture has a sort of a — ha, Foible? A swimmingness in the eyes — Yes, I'll look so. — My niece affects [225 it; but she wants features. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Let my toilet be removed — I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surprised. I'll [230 be taken by surprise.

FOIB. By storm, madam. Sir Rowland's a brisk man.

LADY WISH. Is he! Oh, then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I shall [235 save decorums if Sir Rowland importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension of offending against decorums. Oh, I'm glad he's a brisk man! Let my things be removed, good Foible. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* MRS. FAINALL.)

MRS. FAIN. O Foible, I have been in a fright, lest I should come too late. That devil, Marwood, saw you in the Park with Mirabell, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady. 245

FOIB. Discover what, madam?

MRS. FAIN. Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole de-

171 *Long Lane*, a street given over to rag-dealers.
171 *pent-house*, a shop or stall with overhanging, pitched roof.
180 *Ludgate*, a prison.
180 *angle*, to beg for pennies in the neighboring district of Blackfriars with a glove attached to the end of a stick.
188 *fretted*, eaten away.

sign, and know that Waitwell, to whom thou wert this morning married, is to personate Mirabell's uncle, and as such, winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which Mirabell only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

FOIB. O dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. Mirabell, might have hindered his communicating this secret.

MRS. FAIN. Dear Foible, forget that.

FOIB. O dear madam, Mr. Mira- bell is such a sweet winning gentleman — but your ladyship is the pattern of generosity. — Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. Mirabell cannot choose but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success; Mrs. Marwood had told my lady, but I warrant I managed myself. I turned it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. Mirabell railed at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incensed, that she'll be contracted to Sir Rowland to-night, she says; — I warrant I worked her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a Welsh maidenhead.

MRS. FAIN. O rare Foible!

FOIB. Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him, — besides, I believe Madam Marwood watches me. — She has a month's mind; but I know Mr. Mirabell can't abide her. — (*Enter Footman.*) John — remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

MRS. FAIN. I'll go with you up the back stairs, lest I should meet her. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter* MRS. MARWOOD.)

MRS. MAR. Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the *passe-partoute*, a very master-key to everybody's strong box. My friend Fainall, have you carried it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit. Else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant, to procure for him! A pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. Fainall, you have met with your match. — O man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot, a driveler, with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend! 'Madam Marwood has a month's mind, but he can't abide her.' — 'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair, without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity, and stalk for him, till he takes his stand to aim at a fortune; he has not obliged me to that with those excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chemist upon the day of projection.

(*Enter* LADY WISHFORT.)

LADY WISH. O dear Marwood, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness? — But my dear friend is all goodness.

MRS. MAR. No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertained.

LADY WISH. As I'm a person, I am in a very chaos to think I should so forget myself — but I have such an olio of af- fairs, really I know not what to do. — (*Calls.*) — Foible! — I expect my nephew Sir Wilfull every moment too. — Why, Foible! — He means to travel for improvement.

MRS. MAR. Methinks Sir Wilfull should rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turned of forty.

LADY WISH. Oh, he's in less danger of

288 *month's mind*, great desire. 327 *day of projection*, the last process in alchemy.
335 *olio*, a miscellaneous collection of acts or pieces, as in vaudeville.

being spoiled by his travels. — I am [345 against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquired discretion to choose for himself.

MRS. MAR. Methinks Mrs. Milla- [350 mant and he would make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

LADY WISH. I promise you I have thought on't — and since 'tis your [355 judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word, I'll propose it.

(*Enter* FOIBLE.)

Come, come, Foible — I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner. — [360 I must make haste.

FOIB. Mr. Witwoud and Mr. Petulant are come to dine with your ladyship.

LADY WISH. O dear, I can't appear till I'm dressed. Dear Marwood, shall I [365 be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

(*Exeunt* LADY [WISHFORT] *and* FOIBLE.)

(*Enter* MRS. MILLAMANT *and* MINCING.)

MILLA. Sure never anything was so unbred as that odious man. — Mar- [370 wood, your servant.

MRS. MAR. You have a color; what's the matter?

MILLA. That horrid fellow, Petulant, has provoked me into a flame. — I [375 have broke my fan. — Mincing, lend me yours. — Is not all the powder out of my hair?

MRS. MAR. No. What has he done?

MILLA. Nay, he has done nothing; [380 he has only talked. — Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted everything that has been said. For my part, I thought Witwoud and he would have quarrelled. 385

MINC. I vow, mem, I thought once they would have fit.

MILLA. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I'll swear, that one has not the liberty of choosing one's acquaintance as one [390 does one's clothes.

MRS. MAR. If we had the liberty, we should be as weary of one set of acquaintance, though never so good, as we are of one suit, tho' never so fine. A fool and a [395 doily stuff would now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

MILLA. I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but fools never wear out — they are such *drap-de-* [400 *Berri* things! — without one could give 'em to one's chambermaid after a day or two.

MRS. MAR. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the play-house? A fine gay glossy fool should be given [405 there, like a new masking habit, after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair [410 with a lover of sense. If you would but appear bare-faced now, and own Mirabell, you might as easily put off Petulant and Witwoud, as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has [415 found it: the secret is grown too big for the pretence. 'Tis like Mrs. Primly's great belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, Millamant, you can no more conceal it, than my [420 Lady Strammel can her face, that goodly face, which in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea, will not be comprehended in a mask.

MILLA. I'll take my death, Mar- [425 wood, you are more censorious than a decayed beauty, or a discarded toast. — Mincing, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing. — Their folly is less provoking than your malice, the [430 town has found it. (*Exit* MINCING.) What has it found? That Mirabell loves me is no more a secret, than it is a secret that you discovered it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discovered it is a [435 secret.

MRS. MAR. You are nettled.

MILLA. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

MRS. MAR. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear

396 *doily*, a kind of woolen cloth. 401 *drap-de-Berri*, a French woolen cloth. 421 *goodly*, ample.
423 *Rhenish-wine tea*, used for reducing. 423 *comprehended*, encompassed.

another fan, if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

MILLA. O silly! Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh immoderately. Poor Mirabell! His constancy to me has quite destroyed his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear, I never enjoined it him, to be so coy. — If I had the vanity to think he would obey me, I would command him to show more gallantry. — 'Tis hardly well bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha! — though I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha!

MRS. MAR. What pity 'tis, so much fine raillery, and delivered with so significant gesture, should be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

MILLA. Hæ? Dear creature, I ask your pardon — I swear I did not mind you.

MRS. MAR. Mr. Mirabell and you both may think it a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you ——

MILLA. O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it — ha, ha, ha!

MRS. MAR. That I detest him, hate him, madam.

MILLA. O madam, why so do I — and yet the creature loves me, ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it. — I am a Sybil if I am not amazed to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer — and within a year or two as young. — If you could but stay for me, I should overtake you — but that cannot be. — Well, that thought makes me melancholy. — Now I'll be sad.

MRS. MAR. Your merry note may be changed sooner than you think.

MILLA. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolved I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

(*Enter* MINCING.)

MINC. The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you.

MILLA. Desire Mrs. —— that is in the next room to sing the song I would have learned yesterday. You shall hear it, madam — not that there's any great matter in it — but 'tis agreeable to my humor.

SONG

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I

Love's but the frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition joined;
A sickly flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

II

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy
Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierced a swain,
For whom inferior beauties sighed in vain.

III

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes:
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

(*Enter* PETULANT *and* WITWOUD.)

MILLA. Is your animosity composed, gentlemen?

WIT. Raillery, raillery, madam; we have no animosity — we hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity. — The falling out of wits is like the falling out of lovers. — We agree in the main, like treble and base. Ha, Petulant?

PET. Ay, in the main. — But when I have a humor to contradict ——

WIT. Ay, when he has a humor to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like Jews.

PET. If he says black's black — if I have a humor to say 'tis blue — let that pass — all's one for that. If I have a humor to prove it, it must be granted.

WIT. Not positively must — but it may — it may.

PET. Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

WIT. Ay, upon proof positive it must;

473 *Sybil*, prophetess of Apollo.

486 *comb*, i.e., their wigs.

but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, [530 madam.

MRS. MAR. I perceive your debates are of importance and very learnedly handled.

PET. Importance is one thing, and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, [535 that I assert.

WIT. Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

PET. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me. 540

MRS. MAR. That's a sign indeed it's no enemy to you.

PET. No, no, it's no enemy to anybody, but them that have it.

MILLA. Well, an illiterate man's [545 my aversion. I wonder at the impudence of any illiterate man, to offer to make love.

WIT. That I confess I wonder at too.

MILLA. Ah! to marry an ignorant that can hardly read or write! 550

PET. Why should a man be ever the further from being married tho' he can't read, any more than he is from being hanged? The ordinary's paid for setting the psalm, and the parish-priest for [555 reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book — so all's one for that.

MILLA. D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company, I'll be gone. 560

(*Exeunt* MILLAMANT *and* MINCING.)

WIT. In the name of Bartlemew and his fair, what have we here?

MRS. MAR. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

WIT. Not I — Yes, I think it is he [565 — I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

(*Enter* SIR WILFULL WITWOUD *in a country riding habit, and Servant to* LADY WISHFORT.)

SERV. Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company; if you please to walk in, in the meantime. 570

SIR WIL. Dressing! What, it's but morning here I warrant with you in London; we should count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in Shropshire. — Why then belike my aunt han't dined yet — ha, friend? 576

SERV. Your aunt, sir?

SIR WIL. My aunt, sir, yes, my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir. — Why, what, do'st thou [580 not know me, friend? Why, then send somebody hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, ha?

SERV. A week, sir; longer than anybody in the house, except my lady's woman. 585

SIR WIL. Why then belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou see'st her, ha, friend?

SERV. Why truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before [590 she is dressed. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

SIR WIL. Well, prithee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out, do'st hear, fellow? And tell [595 her, her nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwoud, is in the house.

SERV. I shall, sir.

SIR WIL. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear; prithee [600 who are these gallants?

SERV. Really, sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

(*Exit Servant.*)

SIR WIL. Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a' knows [605 his own name.

MRS. MAR. Mr. Witwoud, your brother is not behindhand in forgetfulness — I fancy he has forgot you too.

WIT. I hope so — the devil take [610 him that remembers first, I say.

SIR WIL. Save you, gentlemen and lady.

MRS. MAR. For shame, Mr. Witwoud; why won't you speak to him? — And you, sir. 615

WIT. Petulant, speak.

PET. And you, sir.

SIR WIL. No offence, I hope.

(*Salutes* MARWOOD.)

MRS. MAR. No, sure, sir.

554 *ordinary's*, an officer of a diocese who serves as spiritual adviser to condemned criminals.
561 *Bartlemew . . . fair*, a reference to Bartholomew Fair, held in Smithfield, outside the walls of London, on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24. Cf. Ben Jonson's play.
567 *Revolution*, i.e., of 1688.

WIT. This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence! Ha, ha, ha! To him; to him, Petulant, smoke him.

PET. It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem. (*Surveying him round.*)

SIR WIL. Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

PET. No offence, I hope, sir.

WIT. Smoke the boots, the boots; Petulant, the boots; ha, ha, ha!

SIR WIL. Maybe not, sir; there- after as 'tis meant, sir.

PET. Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

SIR WIL. Why, 'tis like you may, sir: if you are not satisfied with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may enquire further of my horse, sir.

PET. Your horse, sir! Your horse is an ass, sir!

SIR WIL. Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

MRS. MAR. The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir. — [*Aside.*] S'life, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and an ass, before they find one another out. — [*Aloud.*] You must not take anything amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends here, tho' it may be you don't know it. — If I am not mistaken, you are Sir Wilfull Witwoud.

SIR WIL. Right, lady; I am Sir Wilfull Witwoud, so I write myself; no offence to anybody, I hope; and nephew to the Lady Wishfort of this mansion.

MRS. MAR. Don't you know this gentleman, sir?

SIR WIL. Hum! What, sure 'tis not. — Yea, by'r lady, but 'tis. — 'Sheart, I know not whether 'tis or no. — Yea, but 'tis, by the Wrekin. Brother Antony! What, Tony, i'faith! What, dost thou not know me? By'r Lady, nor I thee, thou art so becravated, and so beperriwiged. — 'Sheart, why dost not speak? Art thou o'erjoyed?

WIT. Odso, brother, is it you? Your servant, brother.

SIR WIL. Your servant! Why yours, sir. Your servant again. — 'Sheart, and your friend and servant to that — and a — (*puff*) and a flap-dragon for your service, sir, and a hare's foot, and a hare's scut for your service, sir, an you be so cold and so courtly!

WIT. No offence, I hope, brother.

SIR WIL. 'Sheart, sir, but there is, and much offence. — A pox, is this your Inns o' Court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

WIT. Why, brother Wilfull of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a call of sergeants. — 'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

SIR WIL. The fashion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this. — By'r Lady, I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write in a scrap of paper gilt round the edges, no broader than a *subpœna*. I might expect this when you left off "Honored Brother," and "hoping you are in good health," and so forth — to begin with a "Rat me, knight, I'm so sick of a last night's debauch" — Od's heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a whore and a bottle, and so conclude. — You could write news before you were out of your time, when you lived with honest Pumlpe Nose, the attorney of Furnival's Inn. — You could intreat to be remembered then to your friends round the rekin.

622 *smoke*, note, ridicule.
661 *Wrekin*, a mountain in Shropshire, Sir Wilfull's county.
672 *flap-dragon*, a raisin or similar edible snatched out of burning punch in the game of flap-dragon.
673 *scut*, short tail.
679 *Inns o' Court*, societies for the study of law, four in number: Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn.
682 *Salop*, Shropshire.
706 *were out of your time*, had served your apprenticeship.
708 *Furnival's Inn*, an inn of chancery subsidiary to Lincoln's Inn, for which it prepared.
709 *rekin*. W. Archer points out that *rekin* in Shropshire means *crane, fireplace*. Some editors prefer *Wrekin* (the mountain in Shropshire).

We could have gazettes then, and [710 Dawks's Letter, and the Weekly Bill, 'till of late days.

PET. 'Slife, Witwoud, were you ever an attorney's clerk? Of the family of the Furnivals. Ha, ha, ha! 715

WIT. Ay, ay, but that was for a while. Not long, not long. Pshaw! I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that man to come to [720 London. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound prentice to a felt-maker in Shrewsbury; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts. 725

SIR WIL. 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a maker of fops; where, I suppose, you have served your time; and now you may set up for yourself.

MRS. MAR. You intend to travel, [730 sir, as I'm informed.

SIR WIL. Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

PET. And the wind serve. 735

SIR WIL. Serve or not serve, I shan't ask license of you, sir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir. 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam — Yes, I have set- [740 tled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. If an how that the peace holds, whereby that is, taxes abate.

MRS. MAR. I thought you had de- [744 signed for France at all adventures.

SIR WIL. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution, — because when I make it I keep it. I don't [749 stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French as [754 they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

MRS. MAR. Here's an academy in town for that use.

SIR WIL. There is? 'Tis like there [759 may.

MRS. MAR. No doubt you will return very much improved.

WIT. Yes, refined, like a Dutch skipper from a whale-fishing. 764

(*Enter* LADY WISHFORT *and* FAINALL.)

LADY [WISH.]. Nephew, you are welcome.

SIR WIL. Aunt, your servant.

FAIN. Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

SIR WIL. Cousin Fainall, give me [770 your hand.

LADY WISH. Cousin Witwoud, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant. — Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink anything after your journey, [775 nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almost ready.

SIR WIL. I'm very well, I thank you, aunt — however, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart, I was afraid [780 you would have been in the fashion too, and have remembered to have forgot your relations. Here's your Cousin Tony, belike, I mayn't call him brother for fear of offence. 785

LADY WISH. Oh, he's a rallier, nephew — my cousin's a wit; and your great wits always rally their best friends to choose. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better. 790

(FAIN. *and* MRS. MARWOOD *talk apart.*)

SIR WIL. Why then let him hold his tongue in the meantime; and rail when that day comes.

(*Enter* MINCING.)

MINC. Mem, I come to acquaint your laship that dinner is impatient. 795

SIR WIL. Impatient? Why then belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweetheart, can you help me to a pair of slippers? — My man's with his horses, I warrant. 800

LADY WISH. Fie, fie, nephew, you would

711 *Dawks's Letter*, a printed news-letter.
711 *Weekly Bill*, Bill of Mortality, formerly published weekly in London.
723 *felt-maker*, hat-maker.
748 *dainty*, particular.

not pull off your boots here. — Go down into the hall — dinner shall stay for you. — My nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam. — Gentlemen, [805 will you walk? Marwood?

MRS. MAR. I'll follow you, madam — before Sir Wilfull is ready.

(*Manent* MRS. MARWOOD *and* FAINALL.)

FAIN. Why then Foible's a bawd, an errant, rank, match-making bawd. [810 And I, it seems, am a husband, a rank husband; and my wife a very errant, rank wife, — all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath, to be an anticipated cuckold, a cuckold in embryo! Sure I was born with bud- [815 ding antlers like a young satyr, or a citizen's child. 'Sdeath, to be outwitted, to be out-jilted — out-matrimonied! — If I had kept my speed like a stag, 'twere somewhat, — but to crawl after, with my [820 horns like a snail, and be outstripped by my wife — 'tis scurvy wedlock.

MRS. MAR. Then shake it off, you have often wished for an opportunity to part; — and now you have it. But first pre- [825 vent their plot, — the half of Millamant's fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe, to Mirabell.

FAIN. Damn him, that had been mine — had you not made that fond discovery [830 — that had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my horns, by that increase of fortune; — I could have worn 'em tipt with gold, though my forehead had been furnished like a [835 deputy-lieutenant's hall.

MRS. MAR. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her — I dare swear she [840 had given up her game, before she was married.

FAIN. Hum! That may be. —— She might throw up her cards; but I'll be hanged if she did not put Pam in her [845 pocket.

MRS. MAR. You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than [850 you intended?

FAIN. The means, the means.

MRS. MAR. Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her. — My lady loves her, and will come to [855 any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enraged beyond bounds, and sacrifice niece, and fortune, and all at [860 that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

FAIN. Faith, this has an appearance.

MRS. MAR. I'm sorry I hinted to [865 my lady to endeavor a match between Millamant and Sir Wilfull; that may be an obstacle.

FAIN. Oh, for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that; [870 he will drink like a Dane: after dinner, I'll set his hand in.

MRS. MAR. Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

FAIN. Why, faith, I'm thinking of [875 it. — Let me see — I am married already, so that's over; — my wife has played the jade with me — well, that's over too; — I never loved her, or if I had, why that would have been over too by this time. — [880 Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her, I am, and shall be — no, there's no end of that; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now [885 for my reputation. — As to my own, I married not for it; so that's out of the question. — And as to my part in my wife's — why she had parted with hers before; so bringing none to me, she can take none [890 from me; 'tis against all rule of play, that I should lose to one who has not wherewithal to stake.

MRS. MAR. Besides, you forget, marriage is honorable. 895

FAIN. Hum! Faith, and that's well thought on; marriage is honorable, as you

808 *Manent.* "There remain."
838 *cap of maintenance*, a technical term in heraldry.
845 *Pam*, the jack of clubs, the highest trump in certain card-games.
872 *set his hand in*, get him back in practice.
835 *furnished*, i.e., with armorial decorations.

say; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discredit, being derived from so honorable a root?

MRS. MAR. Nay, I know not; if the root be honorable, why not the branches?

FAIN. So, so, why this point's clear. — Well, how do we proceed?

MRS. MAR. I will contrive a letter which shall be delivered to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act Sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand — for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I would not have Foible provoked if I could help it, — because you know she knows some passages. — Nay, I expect all will come out — but let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I'm discovered.

FAIN. If the worst come to the worst, I'll turn my wife out to grass. — I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate; which I wheedled out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

MRS. MAR. I hope you are convinced that I hate Mirabell; now you'll be no more jealous.

FAIN. Jealous, no — by this kiss — let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe; or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true; but let husbands' doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition, and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest:

All husbands must, or pain, or shame, endure;
The wise too jealous are, fools too secure. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE — *Scene continues*

(LADY WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.)

LADY [WISH.]. Is Sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, Foible? and are things in order?

FOIB. Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the equipage.

LADY WISH. Have you pulvilled the coachman and postilion, that they may not stink of the stable, when Sir Rowland comes by?

FOIB. Yes, madam.

LADY WISH. And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertained in all points with correspondence to his passion?

FOIB. All is ready, madam.

LADY WISH. And — well — and how do I look, Foible?

FOIB. Most killing well, madam.

LADY WISH. Well, and how shall I receive him? In what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit? — No, I won't sit — I'll walk — ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him. — No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie — ay, I'll lie down — I'll receive him in my little dressing-room, there's a couch — yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch. — I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way — yes and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder — yes — oh, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion. — It shows the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! There's a coach.

FOIB. 'Tis he, madam.

LADY WISH. O dear, has my nephew made his addresses to Millamant? I ordered him.

FOIB. Sir Wilfull is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlor.

LADY WISH. Ods my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go. — When they are together, then come to me, Foible, that I may not be too long alone with Sir Rowland. (*Exit.*)

9 *pulvilled*, powdered and scented.

(*Enter* MRS. MILLAMANT *and* MRS. FAINALL.)

FOIB. Madam, I stayed here, to tell your ladyship that Mr. Mirabell has waited this half-hour for an opportunity to talk with you — though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir Wilfull together. [60 Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell that you are at leisure?

MILLA. No — what would the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and would amuse myself — bid him come another time. [65 (*Repeating and walking about.*)

> There never yet was woman made,
> Nor shall, but to be cursed.

That's hard!

MRS. FAIN. You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and [70 the poets.

MILLA. He? Ay, and filthy verses — so I am.

FOIB. Sir Wilfull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away? 75

MILLA. Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away, — or send him hither, — just as you will, dear Foible. — I think I'll see him — Shall I? Ay, let the wretch come. (*Repeating.*)

> Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train.

Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilfull — thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool, thou art married, and hast patience. — I would confer with my own thoughts.

MRS. FAIN. I am obliged to you, [85 that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.

(*Enter* SIR WILFULL.)

MRS. FAIN. O Sir Wilfull, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and con- [90 templation; pursue your point, now or never.

SIR WIL. Yes; my aunt will have it so, — I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm some- [95 what wary at first, before I am acquainted. — (*This while* MILLA. *walks about repeating to herself.*) But I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind — that is, upon further acquaintance. — So for the present, [100 cousin, I'll take my leave — if so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company ——

MRS. FAIN. Oh, fie, Sir Wilfull! What, you must not be daunted. 105

SIR WIL. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that — for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all — your servant. 110

MRS. FAIN. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favorable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door. (*Exit.*)

SIR WIL. Nay, nay, cousin — I [115 have forgot my gloves. — What d'ye do? 'Sheart, a' has locked the door indeed, I think. — Nay, Cousin Fainall, open the door. — Pshaw, what a vixen trick is this? — Nay, now a' has seen me too. — [120 Cousin, I made bold to pass through as it were — I think this door's enchanted ——

MILLA. (*repeating*).

> I prithee spare me, gentle boy,
> Press me no more for that slight toy.

SIR WIL. Anan? Cousin, your [125 servant.

MILLA.

> That foolish trifle of a heart ——

Sir Wilfull!

SIR WIL. Yes — your servant. No offence, I hope, cousin. 130

MILLA. (*repeating*).

> I swear it will not do its part,
> Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art.

Natural, easy Suckling!

SIR WIL. Anan? Suckling? No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: [135 I thank Heaven, I'm no minor.

MILLA. Ah, rustic, ruder than Gothic!

SIR WIL. Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin; in the

68 . . . *be cursed*, the opening lines of a poem by Suckling.
80 . . . *inspired train*, by Edmund Waller.
124 . . . *slight toy*, by Suckling.

meanwhile I must answer in plain English.

MILLA. Have you any business with me, Sir Wilfull?

SIR WIL. Not at present, cousin. — Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

MILLA. A walk? What then?

SIR WIL. Nay, nothing — only for the walk's sake, that's all ——

MILLA. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loath the country and everything that relates to it.

SIR WIL. Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may. — Here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like; that must be confessed indeed ——

MILLA. *Ah l'étourdie!* I hate the town too.

SIR WIL. Dear heart, that's much. — Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country, — 'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

MILLA. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may. — You have nothing further to say to me?

SIR WIL. Not at present, cousin. — 'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private, — I may break my mind in some measure — I conjecture you partly guess. — However, that's as time shall try, — but spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

MILLA. If it is of no great importance, Sir Wilfull, you will oblige me to leave me: I have just now a little business ——

SIR WIL. Enough, enough, cousin: yes, yes, all a case. — When you're disposed, when you're disposed. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that, — yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold as they say. — Cousin, your servant. — I think this door's locked.

MILLA. You may go this way, sir.

SIR WIL. Your servant, then with your leave I'll return to my company.

MILLA. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha!

Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.

(*Enter* MIRABELL.)

MIRA.

Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crowned, for you can fly no further?

MILLA. Vanity! No — I'll fly and be followed to the last moment, though I am upon the very verge of matrimony. I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

MIRA. What, after the last?

MILLA. Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIRA. But do not you know, that when favors are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

MILLA. It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIRA. Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

MILLA. Ah, don't be impertinent. — My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My

161 *l'étourdie*, madcap, blunderer.

194 . . . *am'rous boy*, by Waller.

faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h, adieu — my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye [240 *douceurs*, ye *someils du matin*, adieu? — I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible — positively, Mirabell, I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please.

MIRA. Then I'll get up in a morn- [245 ing as early as I please.

MILLA. Ah! Idle creature, get up when you will — And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names. 250

MIRA. Names!

MILLA. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar — I [255 shall never bear that. — Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis: nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to pro- [260 voke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play [265 together, but let us be very strange and well bred: let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

MIRA. Have you any more condi- [270 tions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MILLA. Trifles, — as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without in- [275 terrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because [280 they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. [285 To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door [290 before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIRA. Your bill of fare is some- [295 thing advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions — that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband? 300

MILLA. You have free leave, propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIRA. I thank you. *Inprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn con- [305 fidant, or intimate of your own sex; no she-friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop — scrambling to [310 the play in a mask — then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out — and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had, to pick me up [315 and prove my constancy.

MILLA. Detestable *inprimis!* I go to the play in a mask!

MIRA. *Item*, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall; [320 and while it passes current with me, that you endeavor not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled-skins and I know not [325 what — hog's bones, hare's gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in what-d'ye-call-it Court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all bauds with [330 baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc. — *Item*, when you shall be breeding ——

MILLA. Ah! name it not.

MIRA. Which may be presumed, [335 with a blessing on our endeavors ——

241 *douceurs*, comforts, delights. 241 *someils du matin*, morning naps.
332 *atlases*, Oriental silks.

MILLA. Odious endeavors!

MIRA. I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf; and [340 instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit, — but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and sim- [345 ple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee, as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk — such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth — but [350 that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange- [355 brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary, — but for cowslip-wine, poppy water, and all dormitives, those I allow. — These [360 provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MILLA. O horrid provisos! filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos. 365

MIRA. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

(*Enter* MRS. FAINALL.)

MILLA. Fainall, what shall I do? [370 Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

MRS. FAIN. Ay, ay, take him, take him, what should you do?

MILLA. Well then — I'll take my [375 death, I'm in a horrid fright — Fainall, I shall never say it — well — I think — I'll endure you.

MRS. FAIN. Fie, fie! have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms: for I [380 am sure you have a mind to him.

MILLA. Are you? I think I have — and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too. — Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you — I won't be kissed, nor I [385 won't be thanked — here, kiss my hand though. — So, hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

MRS. FAIN. Mirabell, there's a necessity for your obedience; — you have [390 neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming; and in my conscience, if she should see you, would fall into fits, and maybe not recover time enough to return to Sir Rowland, who, as Foible tells [395 me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the backstairs, where Foible waits to consult you.

MILLA. Ay, go, go. In the mean- [400 time I suppose you have said something to please me.

MIRA. I am all obedience.

(*Exit* MIRA.)

MRS. FAIN. Yonder Sir Wilfull's drunk; and so noisy that my mother has been [405 forced to leave Sir Rowland to appease him; but he answers her only with singing and drinking. — What they may have done by this time I know not; but Petulant and he were upon quarrelling as I came by. [410

MILLA. Well, if Mirabell should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing; — for I find I love him violently.

MRS. FAIN. So it seems; when you mind not what's said to you. — If you [415 doubt him, you had best take up with Sir Wilfull.

MILLA. How can you name that superannuated lubber? foh!

(*Enter* WITWOUD *from drinking.*)

MRS. FAIN. So, is the fray made [420 up, that you have left 'em?

WIT. Left 'em? I could stay no longer — I have laughed like ten christ'nings — I am tipsy with laughing. — If I had stayed any longer I should have burst, — I [425 must have been let out and pieced in the sides like an unfixed camlet. — Yes, yes, the fray is composed; my lady came in like a *noli prosequi* and stopped the proceedings. 430

MILLA. What was the dispute?

357 *Barbadoes waters*, a strong orange-cordial.
427 *camlet*, camel's-hair cloth.
427 *unfixed*, unstiffened.
429 *noli prosequi*, a law term meaning "Don't prosecute."

WIT. That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roasting apples.

(*Enter* PETULANT *drunk.*)

WIT. Now, Petulant, all's over, all's well. Gad, my head begins to whim it about. —Why dost thou not speak? Thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

PET. Look you, Mrs. Millamant — if you can love me, dear nymph — say it — and that's the conclusion — pass on, or pass off, — that's all.

WIT. Thou hast uttered volumes, folios, in less than *decimo sexto*, my dear Lacedemonian. Sirrah Petulant, thou art an epitomizer of words.

PET. Witwoud — you are an annihilator of sense.

WIT. Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions — thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of shorthand.

PET. Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass; and Baldwin yonder, thy half-brother, is the rest. — A gemini of asses split, would make just four of you.

WIT. Thou dost bite, my dear mustard seed; kiss me for that.

PET. Stand off — I'll kiss no more males, — I have kissed your twin yonder in a humor of reconciliation, till he (*hiccup*) rises upon my stomach like a radish.

MILLA. Eh! filthy creature! — what was the quarrel?

PET. There was no quarrel — there might have been a quarrel.

WIT. If there had been words enow between 'em to have expressed provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

PET. You were the quarrel.

MILLA. Me!

PET. If I have a humor to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises. — If you are not handsome, what then, if I have a humor to prove it? — If I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself. — I'll go sleep.

WIT. Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream revenge — and hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge — I'll carry it for thee.

PET. Carry your mistress's monkey a spider — go flea dogs, and read romances! — I'll go to bed to my maid. (*Exit.*)

MRS. FAIN. He's horridly drunk. — How came you all in this pickle?

WIT. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight, — your husband's advice; but he sneaked off.

(*Enter* LADY [WISHFORT] *and* SIR WILFULL, *drunk.*)

LADY [WISH.]. Out upon't, out upon't, at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

SIR WIL. No offence, aunt.

LADY WISH. Offence? As I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you. — Fogh! how you stink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio! you're an absolute Borachio.

SIR WIL. Borachio!

LADY WISH. At a time when you should commence an amour and put your best foot foremost ——

SIR WIL. 'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill. — Give me more drink, and take my purse. (*Sings.*)

Prithee fill me the glass
Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a lass,
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin, — say the word, and I'll do't — Wilfull will do't, that's the word — Wilfull

445 *decimo sexto*, 16mo, a small book, the pages of which are formed by folding a full sheet into sixteen parts.
446 *Lacedemonian.* The Spartan was proverbially terse in his speech.
456 *Baldwin*, the ass in the medieval Reynard the Fox.
497 *rantipole*, boisterous.
502 *Borachio*, one of the villains in *Much Ado About Nothing;* Spanish for *drunkard.*
508 *grutch*, begrudge. 509 *make a bill*, draw up a legal agreement.

will do't, that's my crest — my motto I have forgot.

LADY WISH. My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin — but 'tis with drinking your health. — O my word you are obliged to him ——

SIR WIL. *In vino veritas*, aunt. — If I drunk your health to-day, cousin, I am a Borachio. But if you have a mind to be married, say the word, and send for the piper, Wilfull will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round. — Tony, 'odsheart, where's Tony. — Tony's an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault. (*Sings.*)

We'll drink and we'll never ha' done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys,
Let Apollo's example invite us;
For he's drunk every night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

The sun's a good pimple, an honest soaker; he has a cellar at your Antipodes. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your Antipodes. — Your Antipodes are a good rascally sort of topsy-turvy fellows. — If I had a bumper, I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em. — A match or no match, cousin with the hard name? — Aunt, Wilfull will do't. If she has her maidenhead, let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own counsel in the meantime, and cry out at the nine months' end.

MILLA. Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer — Sir Wilfull grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, cousin. (*Ex.* MILLA. *and* MRS. FAIN.)

LADY WISH. Smells! he would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him. — Travel, quoth a; ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the Saracens, or the Tartars, or the Turks — for thou art not fit to live in a Christian commonwealth, thou beastly pagan.

SIR WIL. Turks, no; no Turks, aunt: your Turks are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your Mahometan, your Mussulman, is a dry stinkard — no offence, aunt. My map says that your Turk is not so honest a man as your Christian. — I cannot find by the map that your Mufti is orthodox — whereby it is a plain case, that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and (*hiccup*) Greek for claret. (*Sings.*)

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And be damned over tea-cups and coffee.
But let British lads sing,
Crown a health to the king,
And a fig for your sultan and sophy.

Ah, Tony!

(*Enter* FOIBLE *and whispers* LADY [WISHFORT].)

LADY WISH. Sir Rowland impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbril? — Go lie down and sleep, you sot — or as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinadoed with broom-sticks. Call up the wenches. (*Ex.* FOIB.)

SIR WIL. Ahey! Wenches, where are the wenches?

LADY WISH. Dear Cousin Witwoud, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation. — You will oblige me to all futurity.

WIT. Come, knight. — Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him. — Will you go to a cock-match?

SIR WIL. With a wench, Tony? Is she a shake-bag, sirrah? Let me bite your cheek for that.

WIT. Horrible! He has a breath like a bagpipe. — Ay, ay; come, will you march, my Salopian?

SIR WIL. Lead on, little Tony — I'll follow thee, my Anthony, my Tantony. Sirrah, thou sha't be my Tantony; and I'll be thy pig.

526 *in vino veritas*. "In wine there's truth."
571 *Mufti*, a Mohammedan priest.
582 *Sophy*, Persian king.
586 *tumbril*, heavy cart.
605 *Salopian*, citizen of Shropshire.
607 *Tantony*, St. Anthony, who is regularly portrayed with a pig.

— And a fig for your sultan and sophy.

(*Exit singing with* WITWOUD.)

LADY WISH. This will never do. It will never make a match. — At least before he has been abroad.

(*Enter* WAITWELL, *disguised as for* SIR ROWLAND.)

Dear Sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my [615 own rudeness, — I have more pardons to ask than the pope distributes in the year of jubilee. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance, we may unbend the severity of decorum, and dispense [620 with a little ceremony.

WAIT. My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; — and till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantalized on a rack; and do but [625 hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

LADY WISH. You have excess of gallantry, Sir Rowland; and press things to a conclusion, with a most prevailing vehemence. — But a day or two for de- [630 cency of marriage ——

WAIT. For decency of funeral, madam. The delay will break my heart — or if that should fail, I shall be poisoned. My nephew will get an inkling of my de- [635 signs, and poison me — and I would willingly starve him before I die — I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction. — That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be [640 revenged on that unnatural viper.

LADY WISH. Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the accomplishment of your revenge. — Not that I respect [645 myself, though he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

WAIT. Perfidious to you!

LADY WISH. O Sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet, the [650 tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances, and the tremblings, the ardors and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings, and [655 the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes! Oh, no memory can register!

WAIT. What, my rival! is the rebel my rival? a' dies. 660

LADY WISH. No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland; starve him gradually inch by inch.

WAIT. I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be bare-foot; in a month out at knees [665 with begging an alms; — he shall starve upward and upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a stink like a candle's end upon a save-all.

LADY WISH. Well, Sir Rowland, [670 you have the way, — you are no novice in the labyrinth of love — you have the clue. — But as I am a person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widow- [675 hood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence. — I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials. ——

WAIT. Far be it from me —— 680

LADY WISH. If you do, I protest I must recede — or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums, but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance ——

WAIT. I esteem it so —— 686

LADY WISH. Or else you wrong my condescension ——

WAIT. I do not, I do not ——

LADY WISH. Indeed you do. 690

WAIT. I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

LADY WISH. If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient ——

WAIT. Dear madam, no. You are all camphor and frankincense, all chas- [695 tity and odor.

LADY WISH. Or that ——

(*Enter* FOIBLE.)

FOIB. Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands. 700

LADY WISH. Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? Think favorably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honor's

669 *save-all*, a dish or pan for saving waste-ends.

cause, dear Sir Rowland, and will wait [705 on you incessantly. (*Exit.*)

WAIT. Fie, fie! — What a slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any cordial? — I want spirits.

FOIB. What a washy rogue art [710 thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady!

WAIT. Oh, she is the antidote to desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't — I shall have no appetite to iteration of [715 nuptials — this eight and forty hours. — By this hand I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days — than act Sir Rowland 'till this time to-morrow.

(*Enter* LADY [WISHFORT] *with a letter.*)

LADY WISH. Call in the dancers. [720 — Sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. (*Dance.*)

Now with your permission, Sir Rowland, I will peruse my letter — I would open it in your presence, because I would not [725 make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy I would burn it — speak if it does — but you may see by the superscription it is like a woman's hand.

FOIB. [*aside to* WAITWELL]. By [730 heaven! Mrs. Marwood's, I know it; — my heart aches — get it from her ——

WAIT. A woman's hand? No, madam, that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That's somebody whose throat must [735 be cut.

LADY WISH. Nay, Sir Rowland, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make you a return, by a frank communication. — [740 You shall see it — we'll open it together — look you here.

(*Reads.*) "Madam, though unknown to you," — Look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know — "I have that honor for [745 your character, that I think myself obliged to let you know you are abused. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a cheat and a rascal ——" Oh heavens! what's this?

FOIB. [*aside*]. Unfortunate, all's [751 ruined.

WAIT. How, how, let me see, let me see! (*Reading,*) "A rascal, and disguised and suborned for that imposture," — O villainy! O villainy! — "by the con- [756 trivance of ——"

LADY WISH. I shall faint, I shall die, I shall die, oh!

FOIB. [*aside to* WAITWELL]. Say 'tis your nephew's hand. — Quickly, his plot, [761 swear, swear it.

WAIT. Here's a villain! Madam, don't you perceive it, don't you see it?

LADY WISH. Too well, too well. I have seen too much. 766

WAIT. I told you at first I knew the hand. — A woman's hand? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand, your Roman hand. — I saw there was a throat to be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is [771 my nephew, I'd pistol him ——

FOIB. O treachery! But are you sure, Sir Rowland, it is his writing?

WAIT. Sure? am I here? do I live? do I love this pearl of India? I have [776 twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the same character.

LADY WISH. How!

FOIB. Oh, what luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this junc- [781 ture! This was the business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguised to Madam Millamant this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his face. 786

LADY WISH. How, how! — I heard the villain was in the house indeed, and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly, when Sir Wilfull was to have made his addresses. 791

FOIB. Then, then, madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her chamber, but I would not tell your ladyship to discompose you when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

WAIT. Enough, his date is short. 796

FOIB. No, good Sir Rowland, don't incur the law.

WAIT. Law! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause — my [800 lady shall be satisfied of my truth and innocence, though it cost me my life.

LADY WISH. No, dear Sir Rowland, don't fight; if you should be killed I must

717 *chairman*, carrier of a Sedan-chair.

769 *Roman*, round, large.

never show my face; or hanged — Oh, consider my reputation, Sir Rowland! — No, you shan't fight. — I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir Rowland, by all your love, not to fight.

WAIT. I am charmed, madam, I obey. But some proof you must let me give you; — I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

LADY WISH. Ay, dear Sir Rowland, that will be some comfort; bring the black box.

WAIT. And may I presume to bring a contract to be signed this night? May I hope so far?

LADY WISH. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. Oh, this is a happy discovery!

WAIT. Dead or alive I'll come — and married we will be in spight of treachery; ay, and get an heir that shall defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my abandoned nephew. Come, my buxom widow:

E'er long you shall substantial proof receive
That I'm an arrant knight ——

FOIB. [*aside*]. Or arrant knave.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE — *Scene continues*

(LADY WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.)

LADY [WISH.]. Out of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent, that I have fostered! thou bosom traitress, that I raised from nothing! — begone, begone, begone, go, go! — that I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chafing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traverse rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage — go, go, starve again, do, do!

FOIB. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

LADY WISH. Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again! — do, drive a trade, do, with your threepenny worth of small ware, flaunting upon a packthread, under a brandy-feller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a ballad-monger! Go, hang out an old Frisoneer gorget, with a yard of yel- low colberteen again! do! an old gnawed mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace with the beads broken, and a quilted nightcap with one ear! Go, go, drive a trade! — These were your commodities, you treacherous trull, this was the merchandise you dealt in, when I took you into my house, placed you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family! You have forgot this, have you, now you have feathered your nest?

FOIB. No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience — I'll confess all. Mr. Mirabell seduced me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue; your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, — then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promised me, and how he assured me your ladyship should come to no damage! — Or else the wealth of the Indies should not have bribed me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

LADY WISH. No damage? What, to betray me, to marry me to a cast serving-man; to make me a receptacle, an hospital for a decayed pimp? No damage? O thou frontless impudence, more than a bigbellied actress!

FOIB. Pray, do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyship, madam. — No indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was married to me first, to secure your ladyship. He could not have bedded your ladyship; for if he had consummated with your ladyship, he must have run the risk of the law, and been put upon his clergy. — Yes indeed, I inquired of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

9 *traverse rag*, tattered curtain hung crosswise as a screen.
17 *packthread*, twine.
18 *bulk*, framework in front of a building or shop.
18 *dead*, flat, unbroken.
20 *Frisoneer gorget*, woollen ruff.
21 *colberteen*, cheap lace.

LADY WISH. What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems — while you [65 were catering for Mirabell, I have been broker for you! What, have you made a passive bawd of me? — This exceeds all precedent; I am brought to find uses, to become a botcher of second-hand mar- [70 riages between Abigails and Andrews! I'll couple you! Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your Philander! I'll Duke's Place you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already; you shall coo in the [75 same cage, if there be constable or warrant in the parish. (*Exit.*)

FOIB. Oh, that ever I was born! Oh, that I was ever married! — A bride, ay, I shall be a Bridewell-bride. Oh! 80

(*Enter* MRS. FAINALL.)

MRS. FAIN. Poor Foible, what's the matter?

FOIB. O madam, my lady's gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to Bridewell to beat hemp! Poor [85 Waitwell's gone to prison already.

MRS. FAIN. Have a good heart, Foible; Mirabell's gone to give security for him. This is all Marwood's and my husband's doing. 90

FOIB. Yes, yes; I know it, madam; she was in my lady's closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady; and that missing effect, Mr. Fainall laid this plot to ar- [95 rest Waitwell, when he pretended to go for the papers; and in the meantime Mrs. Marwood declared all to my lady.

MRS. FAIN. Was there no mention made of me in the letter? — My mother [100 does not suspect my being in the confederacy? I fancy Marwood has not told her, though she has told my husband.

FOIB. Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part; we stifled the letter be- [105 fore she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. Fainall of your ladyship then?

MRS. FAIN. Ay, all's out, my affair with Mirabell, everything discovered. This is the last day of our living together, [111 that's my comfort.

FOIB. Indeed, madam, and so 'tis a comfort if you knew all; — he has been even with your ladyship, which I could [115 have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will. I had rather bring friends together than set 'em at distance. But Mrs. Marwood and he are nearer related than [120 ever their parents thought for.

MRS. FAIN. Say'st thou so, Foible? Canst thou prove this?

FOIB. I can take my oath of it, madam, so can Mrs. Mincing; we have had [125 many a fair word from Madam Marwood, to conceal something that passed in our chamber one evening when you were at Hyde Park; — and we were thought to have gone a-walking, but we went up [130 unawares, — though we were sworn to secrecy too. Madam Marwood took a book and swore us upon it; but it was but a book of poems. — So long as it was not a Bible oath, we may break it with a [135 safe conscience.

MRS. FAIN. This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish. Now Mincing?

(*Enter* MINCING.)

MINC. My lady would speak with [140 Mrs. Foible, mem. Mr. Mirabell is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. Foible, and would have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, till my old lady's anger is abated. Oh, my old lady is in a [145 perilous passion at something Mr. Fainall has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be [150 divorced.

MRS. FAIN. Does your lady and Mirabell know that?

MINC. Yes, mem, they have sent me to see if Sir Wilfull be sober, and to bring [155 him to them. My lady is resolved to have

71 *Abigails and Andrews*, maids and men-servants.
73 *Philander*, suitor; a lover in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.
80 *Bridewell-bride*. Bridewell was a house of correction.

him I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pound. Oh, come Mrs. Foible, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. Fain. Foible, you must tell [160 Mincing that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foib. Yes, yes, madam.

Minc. Oh, yes, mem, I'll vouch anything for your ladyship's service, be [165 what it will. (*Exeunt* Minc. *and* Foib.)

(*Enter* Lady [Wishfort] *and* [Mrs.] Marwood.)

Lady [Wish.]. Oh, my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have received from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false [170 vows of Mirabell; to you I owe the detection of the impostor Sir Rowland. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honor of my house, and compound for the frailties of my [175 daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes; and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear Marwood, let us leave [180 the world, and retire by ourselves and be shepherdesses.

Mrs. Mar. Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement after- [185 wards. — Here is one who is concerned in the treaty.

Lady Wish. Oh daughter, daughter, is it possible thou should'st be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and [190 as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the most minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mold of virtue? I have not [195 only been a mold but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.

Mrs. Fain. I don't understand your ladyship. 200

Lady Wish. Not understand? Why, have you not been naught? Have you not been sophisticated? Not understand? Here I am ruined to compound for your caprices and your cuckoldoms. I [205 must pawn my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough ——

Mrs. Fain. I am wronged and abused, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, as false as hell, as false as your friend [210 there, ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

Mrs. Mar. My friend, Mrs. Fainall? Your husband my friend! what do you mean? 215

Mrs. Fain. I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

Mrs. Mar. I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would [220 look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I med- [225 dle no more with an affair in which I am not personally concerned.

Lady Wish. O dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns! — [*To* Mrs. Fainall.] You [230 ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature! she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish. — [*To* Mrs. Marwood.] Oh, don't leave me destitute in this perplexity! — no, [235 stick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. Fain. I tell you, madam, you're abused. — Stick to you? ay, like a leech, to suck your best blood — she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you sha' [240 not pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare [244 stand by a trial. (*Exit.*)

Lady Wish. Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wronged after all, ha? I don't know what to think — and I promise you, her education has been unexceptionable — I may say it; for I chiefly [250 made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young

175 *compound*, settle.
238 *abused*, deceived.
202 *naught*, naughty.
242 *brass counter*, a substitute for a coin.

odium and aversion to the very sight of men — ay, friend, she would ha' [255 shrieked if she had but seen a man, till she was in her teens. As I'm a person, 'tis true. — She was never suffered to play with a male-child, though but in coats; nay, her very babies were of the fem- [260 inine gender. — Oh, she never looked a man in the face but her own father, or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments, and his sleek face, till [265 she was going in her fifteen.

MRS. MAR. 'Twas much she should be deceived so long.

LADY WISH. I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been cate- [270 chised by him; and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing, and such debaucheries; and going to filthy plays, and profane music-meetings, where the lewd trebles squeek nothing but [275 bawdy, and the bases roar blasphemy. Oh, she would have swooned at the sight or name of an obscene play-book — and can I think, after all this, that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore? And [280 thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a play-house. O my dear friend, I can't believe it, no, no! As she says, let him prove it, let him prove it!

MRS. MAR. Prove it, madam? What, and have your name prostituted in a [286 public court! yours and your daughter's reputation worried at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers? To be ushered in with an "O yez" of scandal; and have your [290 case opened by an old fumbling lecher in a quoif like a man midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters, and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a [295 rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record, not even in Doomsday Book; to discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin; [300 while the good judge, tickled with the proceeding, simpers under a grey beard, and fidgets off and on his cushion as if he had swallowed cantharides, or sat upon cowitch! 305

LADY WISH. Oh, 'tis very hard!

MRS. MAR. And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like 'prentices at a conventicle; and after, talk it over again in Commons, or before [310 drawers in an eating-house.

LADY WISH. Worse and worse!

MRS. MAR. Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here, 'twere well. But it must after this be consigned by the short- [315 hand writers to the public press; and from thence be transferred to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's, or the woman that [320 cries grey-pease; and this you must hear till you are stunned; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

LADY WISH. Oh, 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear friend, make it up, make [325 it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all, — anything, everything for composition.

MRS. MAR. Nay, madam, I advise [330 nothing; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniencies which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall. If he will be satisfied to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must [335 think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

(*Enter* FAINALL.)

LADY WISH. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood; no, no, I do not doubt it.

FAIN. Well, madam; I have suf- [340 fered myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady your friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life, on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such [345 penalty as I think convenient.

LADY WISH. Never to marry?

260 *babies*, dolls. 292 *quoif*, skull-cap formerly worn by English sergeants at law.
308 *Temple*, law-students from the Inns of Court. See note, Act III, line 679.
309 *'prentices at a conventicle*. Apprentices were often made to take notes of a sermon.
310 *Commons*, the dining-hall of a school or college.
311 *drawers*, waiters. 320 *flounder-man's*, a popular fish-seller of the day.
321 *grey-pease*, a species of peas.

FAIN. No more Sir Rowlands, — the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

MRS. MAR. That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienced the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to [355 our pastoral solitude we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

LADY WISH. Ay, that's true; but in case of necessity, as of health, or some such emergency ——

FAIN. Oh, if you are prescribed marriage, you shall be considered; I will only reserve to myself the power to choose for you. If your physic be wholesome, it matters not who is your apothecary. [365 Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already, and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

LADY WISH. This is most inhu- [370 manly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a Muscovite husband.

FAIN. I learned it from his Czarish majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, [375 amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practised in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endowed, in right of [380 my wife, with that six thousand pounds, which is the moiety of Mrs. Millamant's fortune in your possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceased hus- [385 band, Sir Jonathan Wishfort) by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge; and by refusing the offered match with Sir Wilfull Witwoud, which you, like a careful aunt, [390 had provided for her.

LADY WISH. My nephew was *non compos*, and could not make his addresses.

FAIN. I come to make demands, — I'll hear no objections.

LADY WISH. You will grant me time to consider?

FAIN. Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand till more sufficient deeds can be perfected: [400 which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the meanwhile, I will go for the said instrument, and till my return you may balance this matter in your own discretion. (*Exit* FAIN.)

LADY WISH. This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; must I be subject to this merciless villain?

MRS. MAR. 'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you should smart for your daughter's wantonness.

LADY WISH. 'Twas against my consent that she married this barbarian, but she would have him, though her year was not out. — Ah! her first husband, my son [415 Languish, would not have carried it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is matched now with a witness. — I shall be mad, dear friend, — is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated [420 at this rebel-rate? — Here comes two more of my Egyptian plagues too.

(*Enter* MILLAMANT *and* SIR WILFULL.)

SIR WIL. Aunt, your servant.

LADY WISH. Out, caterpillar, call not me aunt! I know thee not!

SIR WIL. I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say, — 'sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What would you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt — and if I did I am willing to make satisfac- [430 tion; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke anything, I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you [435 I'm willing to marry my cousin. So pray let's all be friends; she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

LADY WISH. How's this, dear niece? Have I any comfort? Can this be [440 true?

MILLA. I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinformed, I have laid my com- [445 mands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this

374 *Czarish . . . retinue.* Peter the Great had visited England three years before.
427 *in disguise,* in liquor; intoxicated.

flower of knighthood; and for the contract that passed between Mirabell and me, I have obliged him to make a resigna- [450 tion of it in your ladyship's presence; — he is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

Lady Wish. Well, I'll swear I am something revived at this testimony of [455 your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor, — I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon; if I see him, I fear I shall turn to stone, petrify incessantly. 460

Milla. If you disoblige him, he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

Lady Wish. Are you sure it will be [465 the last time? — If I were sure of that — shall I never see him again?

Milla. Sir Wilfull, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, the gentleman's [470 a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why, we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers. — We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I. — He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been [475 over-seas once already; and with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company. — 'Sheart, I'll call him in, — an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll [480 hinder him. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Mar. [*aside*]. This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

Lady Wish. O dear Marwood, you [485 are not going?

Mar. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately. (*Exit.*)

(*Re-enter* Sir Wilfull *and* Mirabell.)

Sir Wil. Look up, man, I'll stand by you; 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't [490 kill you; — besides — hark'ee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own; 'sheart, an she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream-cheese; but mum for that, [495 fellow-traveller.

Mira. If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offered to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance [500 of compassion, I am too happy. — Ah, madam, there was a time — but let it be forgotten — I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet; nay, kill me not, by [505 turning from me in disdain — I come not to plead for favor, — nay, not for pardon; I am a suppliant only for pity — I am going where I never shall behold you more —— 510

Sir Wil. How, fellow-traveller! — You shall go by yourself then.

Mira. Let me be pitied first; and afterwards forgotten — I ask no more.

Sir Wil. By'r Lady, a very rea- [515 sonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt. — Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt; why you must, an you are a Christian.

Mira. Consider, madam, in reality [520 you could not receive much prejudice; it was an innocent device; though I confess it had a face of guiltiness, it was at most an artifice which love contrived — and errors which love produces have ever been [525 accounted venial. At least think it is punishment enough, that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear, that to your cruel indignation I have offered up this beauty, and with her my peace and [530 quiet; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir Wil. An he does not move me, would I may never be o' the quorum! — an it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again, I would I might [535 never take shipping! — Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no further than a little mouth glue, and that's hardly dry; — one doleful sigh more from my fellow- [540 traveller and 'tis dissolved.

Lady Wish. Well, nephew, upon your account. — Ah, he has a false insinuating

459 *Gorgon*, one of the three female monsters whose glance turned one to stone. Medusa was the most famous of them.

474 *Pylades and Orestes*. Orestes, Iphigenia's brother, and Pylades are famous for their devoted friendship.

533 *o' the quorum*, a justice of the peace.

536 *shipping*, voyage.

tongue! — Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment at my nephew's request. — I will endeavor what I can to forget, — but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

MIRA. It is in writing and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

LADY WISH. [*aside*]. Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue! — When I did not see him, I could have bribed a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have so long lain smothered in my breast. ——

(*Enter* FAINALL *and* MRS. MARWOOD.)

FAIN. Your date of deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument; are you prepared to sign?

LADY WISH. If I were prepared, I am not impowered. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having matched herself by my direction to Sir Wilfull.

FAIN. That sham is too gross to pass on me, — though 'tis imposed on you, madam.

MILLA. Sir, I have given my consent.

MIRA. And, sir, I have resigned my pretensions.

SIR WIL. And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an instrument, sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, sir! It shall not be sufficient for a mittimus or a tailor's measure; therefore, withdraw your instrument, sir, or by'r Lady I shall draw mine.

LADY WISH. Hold, nephew, hold!

MILLA. Good Sir Wilfull, respite your valor!

FAIN. Indeed? Are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I'm prepared for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use, as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant. — I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, Sir Wilfull, your right. — You may draw your fox if you please, sir, and make a bear-garden flourish somewhere else; for here it will not avail. This, my Lady Wishfort, must be subscribed, or your darling daughter's turned adrift, like a leaky hulk to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

LADY WISH. Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence, to my daughter's fortune?

FAIN. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

MIRA. But that you would not accept of a remedy from my hands — I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; or else perhaps I could advise ——

LADY WISH. O what? what? to save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to anything to come, to be delivered from this tyranny.

MIRA. Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have disposed of her, who only could have made me a compensation for all my services; — but be it as it may, I am resolved I'll serve you, — you shall not be wronged in this savage manner!

LADY WISH. How! Dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last! But it is not possible. Hark'ee, I'll break my nephew's match, you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

MIRA. Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

LADY WISH. Ay, ay, anybody, anybody!

MIRA. Foible is one, and a penitent.

(*Enter* MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE, *and* MINCING.)

MRS. MAR. (*to* FAIN.). O my shame! these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me.

(MIRA. *and* LADY [WISHFORT] *go to* MRS. FAIN. *and* FOIBLE.)

576 *fox*, sword. 579 *mittimus*, a writ of committment.

FAIN. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it; 'tis but the way of the world. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

FOIB. Yes, indeed, madam, I'll take my Bible oath of it.

MINC. And so will I, mem.

LADY WISH. O Marwood, Marwood, art thou false? my friend deceive me? Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

MRS. MAR. Have you so much ingratitude and injustice, to give credit against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

MINC. Mercenary, mem? I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalinas's poems. Mercenary? No, if we would have been mercenary, we should have held our tongues; you would have bribed us sufficiently.

FAIN. Go, you are an insignificant thing! — Well, what are you the better for this! Is this Mr. Mirabell's expedient? I'll be put off no longer. — You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this! I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy shame; your body shall be naked as your reputation.

MRS. FAIN. I despise you, and defy your malice! — You have aspersed me wrongfully — I have proved your falsehood. — Go you and your treacherous — I will not name it — but starve together — perish!

FAIN. Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear. Madam, I'll be fooled no longer.

LADY WISH. Ah, Mr. Mirabell, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

MIRA. Oh, in good time. — Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

(*Enter* WAITWELL *with a box of writings.*)

LADY WISH. O Sir Rowland! — Well, rascal!

WAIT. What your ladyship pleases. — I have brought the black box at last, madam.

MIRA. Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise.

LADY WISH. Ay, dear sir.

MIRA. Where are the gentlemen?

WAIT. At hand, sir, rubbing their eyes, — just risen from sleep.

FAIN. 'Sdeath, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

(*Enter* PETULANT *and* WITWOUD.)

PET. How now? what's the matter? whose hand's out?

WIT. Hey day! what, are you all got together, like players at the end of the last act?

MIRA. You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

WIT. Ay, I do, my hand I remember — Petulant set his mark.

MIRA. You wrong him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear. — You do not remember, gentlemen, anything of what that parchment contained?

(*Undoing the box.*)

WIT. No.

PET. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

MIRA. Very well, now you shall know. — Madam, your promise.

LADY WISH. Ay, ay, sir, upon my honor.

MIRA. Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you should know that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune ——

FAIN. Sir! pretended!

MIRA. Yes, sir. I say that this lady while a widow, having, it seems, received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own partial opinion and fondness of you she could never have suspected — she did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends and of sages learned in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses

661 *Messalinas's poems.* Mincing's misunderstanding of *Miscellany Poems*, a very common title for a collection of verse. Cf. Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, 1693, in which some of Congreve's translations from the classics appeared.

within mentioned. You may read if you please (*holding out the parchment*) — though perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

FAIN. Very likely, sir. What's [740 here? Damnation! (*Reads.*) "A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust to Edward Mirabell." — Confusion!

MIRA. Even so, sir; 'tis the way [745 of the world, sir, — of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtained from your lady.

FAIN. Perfidious fiend! then thus [750 I'll be revenged. ——

(*Offers to run at* MRS. FAIN.)

SIR WIL. Hold, sir! now you may make your bear-garden flourish somewhere else, sir.

FAIN. Mirabell, you shall hear of [755 this, sir, be sure you shall. — Let me pass, oaf. (*Exit.*)

MRS. FAIN. Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment. You had better give it vent. 760

MRS. MAR. Yes, it shall have vent — and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt. (*Exit.*)

LADY WISH. O daughter, daughter! 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's [765 prudence.

MRS. FAIN. Thank Mr. Mirabell, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

LADY WISH. Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise — and I must [770 perform mine. — First, I pardon for your sake Sir Rowland there and Foible; — the next thing is to break the matter to my nephew — and how to do that ——

MIRA. For that, madam, give your- [775 self no trouble; — let me have your consent. — Sir Wilfull is my friend; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engaged a volunteer in this action, for our service, and now designs to prosecute [780 his travels.

SIR WIL. 'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolu- [785 tion is to see foreign parts — I have set on't — and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spared.

PET. For my part, I say little — I [790 think things are best off or on.

WIT. I' gad, I understand nothing of the matter, — I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing-school.

LADY WISH. Well, sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you. 796

MILLA. Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

MIRA. Ay, and over and over again; for I would have you as often as pos- [801 sibly I can. (*Kisses her hand.*) Well, Heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

SIR WIL. 'Sheart, you'll have time [805 enough to toy after you're married; or if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the meantime, that we who are not lovers may have some other employment besides looking on. 810

MIRA. With all my heart, dear Sir Wilfull. What shall we do for music?

FOIB. O sir, some that were provided for Sir Rowland's entertainment are [814 yet within call. (*A dance.*)

LADY WISH. As I am a person, I can hold out no longer; — I have wasted my spirits so to-day already, that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my [820 son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

MIRA. Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that [826 in me lies to a reunion; in the meantime, madam (*to* MRS. FAIN.), let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust. It may be a means, well man- [830 aged, to make you live easily together.

From hence let those be warned, who mean to wed;
Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:
For each deceiver to his cost may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE

After our epilogue this crowd dismisses,
I'm thinking how this play'll be pulled to pieces.
But pray consider, ere you doom its fall,
How hard a thing 'twould be, to please you all.
There are some critics so with spleen diseased,
They scarcely come inclining to be pleased:
And sure he must have more than mortal skill,
Who pleases any one against his will.
Then, all bad poets we are sure are foes,
And how their number's swelled the town well knows:
In shoals, I've marked 'em judging in the pit;
Though they're on no pretence for judgment fit,
But that they have been damned for want of wit.
Since when, they by their own offences taught,
Set up for spies on plays and finding fault.
Others there are whose malice we'd prevent;
Such who watch plays with scurrilous intent
To mark out who by characters are meant.
And though no perfect likeness they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the copied face.
These with false glosses feed their own ill-nature,
And turn to libel what was meant a satire.
May such malicious fops this fortune find,
To think themselves alone the fools designed:
If any are so arrogantly vain,
To think they singly can support a scene,
And furnish fool enough to entertain.
For well the learned and the judicious know,
That satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
As any one abstracted fop to show.
For, as when painters form a matchless face,
They from each fair one catch some different grace,
And shining features in one portrait blend,
To which no single beauty must pretend;
So poets oft do in one piece expose
Whole *belles assemblées* of coquettes and beaux.

Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous Restoration actress, a friend of Congreve's.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL[1]

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

(1777)

[1] The text follows the version printed in the Riverside College Classics, collated and edited by Hanson Hart Webster.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751–1816)

Richard Brinsley Sheridan came of a literary family. His father's father was the intimate friend of Jonathan Swift, a classical scholar, and a wit. His father was a playwright, an actor, and a lexicographer. His mother, likewise, was a novelist and a playwright. He was born in Dublin, October 30, 1751. After his parents came to London, he was sent to Harrow, where he remained until he was seventeen. He then continued his studies under the direction of his father and a tutor. In 1770, his father retired to Bath, a fashionable watering-place, to work upon his dictionary. Here young Sheridan met Elizabeth Linley, the beautiful daughter of the composer, who, although only sixteen, had already made a reputation singing her father's songs. After an elopement to France, a secret marriage, two duels fought with one of her many suitors, Sheridan finally won her father's consent, and they were married openly in April, 1773.

In January, 1775, after a poor opening performance, Sheridan's first play, *The Rivals*, won a tremendous success. During the same year he produced a farce, *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, and an opera, *The Duenna*, for which his father-in-law wrote the score. This was the best comic opera since Gay's inimitable *Beggars' Opera* in 1728.

In June, 1776, David Garrick, the dramatic dictator of the time, retired from the stage and sold his share in Drury Lane Theater to Sheridan, Linley, and a friend of theirs. Sheridan assumed the managership, and in February, 1777, put on his first production, a version of Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, which he called *A Trip to Scarborough*. In May of the same year, he brought out his masterpiece, *The School for Scandal*, and two years later his last original play, *The Critic*, a genial satire of theatrical conditions and dramatic criticism. Then, at twenty-eight, the foremost dramatist of his day, Sheridan retired as a playwright.

In 1780 he was elected to Parliament, where he represented various boroughs until 1812. He soon won a deserved reputation as an effective speaker and debater, even in competition with such remarkable orators as Fox, Burke, and the younger Pitt. His long speech at the trial of Warren Hastings was regarded by those who heard it as one of the greatest orations delivered in their day.

While in Parliament, Sheridan did little with Drury Lane. In 1791 the building had to be rebuilt. In 1798 he produced *The Stranger*, and in 1799 *Pizarro*, both adaptations from the prolific and popular German playwright Kotzebue. In 1809 Drury Lane was destroyed by fire. Sheridan's affairs grew steadily worse. In 1813, when he was no longer immune as an M.P., he was arrested for debt. Worn out by worry and poor health, he died on July 7, 1816, and was buried with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

Sheridan was the outstanding dramatist of his day, and *The School for Scandal* is, when all things are considered, the best play written in the eighteenth century. It is the culmination of the artificial comedy of the Restoration. In it Sheridan combines Farquhar's skill in plot-making with something of Congreve's ability in writing dialogue. Few comedies in English have been so adroitly constructed, with such novel situations, like the justly famous screen-scene in Act IV, where Sheridan handles a crisis which might easily have become tragic or cynical, keeping it always on the side of comedy and good nature. We must not forget, however, that with all his skill in plotting and in innovating, Sheridan was using types and dramatic motifs that had been developed in Restoration days, that he was writing the play directly for the admirable group of actors that Garrick had gathered together at Drury Lane Theater, and that he spent many years polishing the play in the light of experience in his own theater.

The School for Scandal is not great literature. In its class, however, it is supreme, one of the most effective plays theatrically in the whole range of British drama; and in its day, along with *The Rivals*, did much toward killing the sentimental play that had been fostered earlier in the century by Colley Cibber and Richard Steele.

The latest and best biography of Sheridan is Walter Sichel, *The Life of R. B. Sheridan*, two volumes, 1909. Texts of the plays may be found in the editions of Brander Matthews, A. W. Pollard, and W. Fraser Rae, as well as in the Everyman's Library. For the dramatic history of the century, see A. Nicoll, *A History of Early Eighteenth Century Drama, 1700–1750*, 1925, and *A History of Late Eighteenth Century Drama, 1750–1800*, 1929; E. Bernbaum, *The Drama of Sensibility*, 1915; and G. H. Nettleton, *English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century*, 1914.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir Peter Teazle
Sir Oliver Surface
Joseph Surface
Charles
Crabtree
Sir Benjamin Backbite
Rowley
Moses
Trip
Snake
Careless
Sir Harry Bumper

Lady Teazle
Maria
Lady Sneerwell
Mrs. Candour

A PORTRAIT

Addressed to Mrs. Crewe, with the Comedy of The School for Scandal

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Tell me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule,
Lives there no character, so tried, so known,
So deck'd with grace, and so unlike your own,
That even you assist her fame to raise,
Approve by envy, and by silence praise?
Attend! — a model shall attract your view —
Daughters of calumny, I summon you!
You shall decide if this a portrait prove,
Or fond creation of the Muse and Love.
Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,
Ye matron censors of this childish age,
Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare
A fixed antipathy to young and fair;
By cunning, cautious; or by nature, cold,
In maiden madness, virulently bold!
Attend! ye skilled to coin the precious tale,
Creating proof, where innuendos fail!
Whose practised memories, cruelly exact,
Omit no circumstance, except the fact!
Attend all ye who boast — or old or young
The living libel of a slanderous tongue!
So shall my theme as far contrasted be,
As saints by fiends, or hymns by calumny.
Come, gentle Amoret (for 'neath that name,
In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame);
Come — for but thee who seeks the Muse? and while
Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile,
With timid grace and hesitating eye,
The perfect model, which I boast, supply.
Vain Muse! couldst thou the humblest sketch create
Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate —
Could thy blest strain in kindred colors trace
The faintest wonder of her form and face —
Poets would study the immortal line,
And *Reynolds* own *his* art subdued by thine;
That art, which well might added lustre give
To Nature's best, and Heaven's superlative:
On *Granby's* cheek might bid new glories rise,
Or point a purer beam from *Devon's* eyes!
Hard is the task to shape that beauty's praise,

Mrs. Crewe, the brilliant friend of Sheridan, Fox, Burke, and other prominent men of the day.
25 *Amoret*, Mrs. Crewe's nickname. 26 *worthier verse*. By Fox.
36 *Reynolds*, the well-known English painter, 1723–92. 39 *Granby*, the Marchioness of Granby.
40 *Devon's*, the Duchess of Devonshire.

Whose judgment scorns the homage flattery pays!
But praising Amoret we cannot err,
No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her!
Yet she by Fate's perverseness — she alone
Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise her own!
Adorning Fashion, unadorn'd by dress,
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness;
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild:
No state has *Amoret!* no studied mien;
She frowns no *goddess*, and she moves no *queen*.
The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise;
It justly suits th' expression of her face —
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace!
On her pure cheek the native hue is such,
That form'd by Heav'n to be admired so much,
The hand divine, with a less partial care,
Might well have fix'd a fainter crimson there,
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast —
Inshrined Modesty! — supply the rest.
But who the peril of her lips shall paint?
Strip them of smiles — still, still all words are faint!
But moving Love himself appears to teach
Their action, though denied to rule her speech;
And thou who seest her speak and dost not hear,
Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear;
Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pretence
To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense:
Cloth'd with such grace, with such expression fraught,
They move in meaning, and they pause in thought!
But dost thou farther watch, with charm'd surprise,
The mild irresolution of her eyes,
Curious to mark how frequent they repose,
In brief eclipse and momentary close —
Ah! seest thou not an ambush'd Cupid there,
Too tim'rous of his charge, with jealous care
Veils and unveils those beams of heav'nly light,
Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight?
Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,
In pard'ning dimples hope a safe retreat.
What though her peaceful breast should ne'er allow
Subduing frowns to arm her alter'd brow,
By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,
More fatal still the mercy of her smiles!
Thus lovely, thus adorn'd, possessing all
Of bright or fair that can to woman fall.
The height of vanity might well be thought
Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.
Yet gentle *Amoret*, in mind supreme
As well as charms, rejects the vainer theme;
And half mistrustful of her beauty's store,

She barbs with wit those darts too keen before: —
Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,
Though *Greville*, or the *Muse*, should deign to teach,
Fond to improve, nor tim'rous to discern
How far it is a woman's grace to learn;
In *Millar's* dialect she would not prove
Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love,
Graced by those signs, which truth delights to own,
The timid blush, and mild submitted tone:
Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout,
Displays the tender hue of female doubt;
Deck'd with that charm, how lovely wit appears,
How graceful *science*, when that robe she wears!
Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,
As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined,
A taste for mirth, by contemplation school'd,
A turn for ridicule, by candour ruled,
A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide;
An awe of talent, which she owns with pride!
  Peace! idle Muse, no more thy strain prolong,
But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong;
Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise
Thy feeble voice, behold th' acknowledged praise
Has spread conviction through the envious train,
And cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign!
And lo! each pallid hag, with blister'd tongue,
Mutters assent to all thy zeal has sung —
Owns all the colors just — the outline true;
Thee my inspirer, and my *model* — CREWE!

96 *Greville*, Mrs. Fulke Greville, the mother of Mrs. Crewe.
99 *Millar*, Lady Millar, who conducted poetic competitions at her gatherings.

PROLOGUE

Written by Mr. Garrick

A School for Scandal! tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now, the knowing think;
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapors
Distress our fair ones — let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit;
Crave what you will — there's *quantum sufficit.*
"Lord!" cries my Lady *Wormwood* (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing
Strong tea and scandal — "Bless me, how refreshing!
"Give me the papers, *Lisp* — how bold and free! (*sips*)
"*Last night Lord L.* (*sips*) *was caught with Lady D.*
"For aching heads what charming *sal volatile!* (*sips.*)
"*If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,*
"*We hope she'll* DRAW, *or we'll* UNDRAW *the curtain.*
"Fine satire, poz — in public all abuse it,
"But, by ourselves (*sips*), our praise we can't refuse it.
"Now, *Lisp*, read you — there, at that dash and star."
"Yes, ma'am — *A certain lord had best beware,*
"*Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;*
"*For should he Lady W. find willing,*
"*Wormwood is bitter*" — "Oh, that's me, the villain!
"Throw it behind the fire, and never more
"Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?
Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging:
Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To show his gratitude he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.
For your applause all perils he would through —
He'll fight — that's write — a cavalliero true,
Till every drop of blood — that's ink — is spilt for you.

Garrick, the well-known actor, manager, and playwright.
8 *quantum sufficit*, enough to satisfy.
20 *dash and star.* In scandal sheets names are merely suggested.
22 *Grosvenor Square*, an aristocratic section of London.
5 *vapors*, depression.
18 *poz*, positively.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

ACT I.

Scene I. Lady Sneerwell's *House.*

(*Discovered* Lady Sneerwell *at the dressing-table;* Snake *drinking chocolate.*)

Lady Sneer. The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

Snake. They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

Lady Sneer. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

Snake. That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four-and-twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady Sneer. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *tête-à-tête* in the *Town and Country Magazine*, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady Sneer. She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

Snake. 'Tis very true. She generally designs well, has a free tongue, and a bold invention; but her coloring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

Lady Sneer. You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least; everybody allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most labored detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady Sneer. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

Snake. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

Lady Sneer. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbor, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

Snake. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of; the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character: the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship, and apparently your favorite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady Sneer. Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that

27 *Town and Country Magazine*, a magazine that specialized in scandal.

76 *city knight.* The City, the old part of London lying to the east of Temple Bar, is the main business district. Hence, "city knight" suggests trade and wealth, as well as sudden rise in social distinction.

love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

SNAKE. No!

LADY SNEER. His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favored rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

SNAKE. Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

LADY SNEER. How dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice everything?

SNAKE. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent; but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

LADY SNEER. For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious; in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

SNAKE. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England; and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

LADY SNEER. True; and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought Sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERV. Mr. Surface.

LADY SNEER. Show him up.

(*Exit Servant.*)

(*Enter* JOSEPH SURFACE.)

JOSEPH S. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

LADY SNEER. Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

JOSEPH S. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

LADY SNEER. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria; or, what is more material to me, your brother.

JOSEPH S. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

LADY SNEER. Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you; but do your brother's distresses increase?

JOSEPH S. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed anything I have ever heard of.

LADY SNEER. Poor Charles!

JOSEPH S. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves ——

LADY SNEER. O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

JOSEPH S. Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter; however, it certainly is a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

SNAKE. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming; I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

(*Exit* SNAKE.)

JOSEPH S. Sir, your very devoted. Lady

153 *execution*, seizure of goods.

Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any further confidence in that fellow.

LADY SNEER. Why so?

JOSEPH S. I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

LADY SNEER. And do you think he would betray us?

JOSEPH S. Nothing more likely; take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany. Ah! Maria!

(*Enter* MARIA.)

LADY SNEER. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

MARIA. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

LADY SNEER. Is that all?

JOSEPH S. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

LADY SNEER. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you would avoid him so?

MARIA. Oh, he has done nothing; but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

JOSEPH S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him; for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle's as bad.

LADY SNEER. Nay, but we should make allowance; Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

MARIA. For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

JOSEPH S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

LADY SNEER. Pshaw! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

JOSEPH S. To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

MARIA. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERV. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

LADY SNEER. Beg her to walk in. (*Exit Servant.*) Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

MARIA. Yes, with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

JOSEPH S. I' faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

LADY SNEER. Hush! here she is!

(*Enter* MRS. CANDOUR.)

MRS. CAN. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface, what news do you hear? though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

JOSEPH S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

MRS. CAN. Oh, Maria! child, what, is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume; the town talks of nothing else.

MARIA. Indeed! I am very sorry, ma'am, the town is not better employed.

MRS. CAN. True, true, child; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your [280 guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

MARIA. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so. 285

MRS. CAN. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk; there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt. But, Lord! there's [290 no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

MARIA. Such reports are highly scandalous.

MRS. CAN. So they are, child; [295 shameful! shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say [300 her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing-master.

MARIA. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report. 305

MRS. CAN. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear: no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was [310 never rightly cleared up.

JOSEPH S. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

MARIA. 'Tis so; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable. 316

MRS. CAN. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers; 'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said be- [320 fore? How will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise [325 hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed that Lord [330 Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir H. Boquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, Lord, do you think I would report [335 these things? No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

JOSEPH S. Ah Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature? 340

MRS. CAN. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By- [345 the-bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

JOSEPH S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

MRS. CAN. Ah! I heard so; but [350 you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way — Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit — all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is un- [355 done, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

JOSEPH S. Doubtless, ma'am; a very great one. 360

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERV. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

(*Exit Servant.*)

LADY SNEER. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape. 365

(*Enter* CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.)

CRABT. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too; [370 isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

SIR BENJ. B. O fie, uncle!

CRABT. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best

rhymer in the kingdom. Has your [375 ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come [380 now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and ——

SIR BENJ. B. Uncle, now — pr'y-thee —— 385

CRABT. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

LADY SNEER. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

SIR BENJ. B. To say truth, ma'am, [391 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, [396 I have some love elegies, which, when favored with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

CRABT. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! You will be handed [401 down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

SIR BENJ. B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat [406 rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. 'Fore Gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

CRABT. But, ladies, that's true. Have you heard the news? 411

MRS. CAN. What, sir, do you mean the report of ——

CRABT. No, ma'am, that's not it. Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman. 416

MRS. CAN. Impossible!

CRABT. Ask Sir Benjamin.

SIR BENJ. B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke. 421

CRABT. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

LADY SNEER. Why I have heard something of this before.

MRS. CAN. It can't be, and I won- [426 der any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

SIR BENJ. B. O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so re- [431 served, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

MRS. CAN. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is gener- [436 ally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny, sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

SIR BENJ. B. True, madam, there [441 are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection. 446

MRS. CAN. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

CRABT. That they do, I'll be sworn, [451 ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge? Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

SIR. BENJ. B. Oh, to be sure! The [456 most whimsical circumstance.

LADY SNEER. How was it, pray?

CRABT. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova [461 Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it, for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins. What! cries the [466 Lady Dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins? This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next [471 morning everywhere reported, and in a few

380 *conversazione*, a meeting for discussing art and literature.
402 *Laura*, the lady to whom the Italian poet Petrarch, 1304–74, addressed his sonnets.
403 *Sacharissa*, Lady Dorothy Sidney, to whom Edmund Waller, 1606–87, addressed many of his poems.
454 *Tunbridge*, Tunbridge Wells, a watering place south of London.

days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some [476 people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

LADY SNEER. Strange, indeed! 480

CRABT. Matter of fact, I assure you. O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

JOSEPH S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir. 485

CRABT. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on! 490

JOSEPH S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

SIR BENJ. B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so [496 utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

CRABT. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe [502 Charles would be an alderman. No man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health [507 in all the synagogues.

SIR BENJ. B. Yet no man lives in greater splendor. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; [512 have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

JOSEPH S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very [517 little regard to the feelings of a brother.

MARIA. Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. (*Exit* MARIA.)

MRS. CAN. O dear! she changes color very much. 523

LADY SNEER. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want assistance.

MRS. CAN. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows [527 what her situation may be! (*Exit.*)

LADY SNEER. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

SIR BENJ. B. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious. 533

CRABT. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humor. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, [537 I'll assist you.

SIR BENJ. B. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

CRABT. O Lud, ay! undone as ever man was. Can't raise a guinea! 543

SIR BENJ. B. And everything sold, I'm told, that was movable.

CRABT. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some [547 empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

SIR BENJ. B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [552 (*Going.*)

CRABT. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

SIR BENJ. B. But, however, as he's your brother —— (*Going.*)

CRABT. We'll tell you all another [557 opportunity. (*Ex*[*eunt*] CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN.)

LADY SNEER. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

JOSEPH S. And I believe the [562 abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

LADY SNEER. I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so [567 you may as well dine where you are, and

502 *Old Jewry*, a street off Cheapside where Jews resided in early times.

505 *tontine*, a system by which a number of people contribute a certain amount towards an annuity, the dividends to each member increasing as the subscribers die off. Cf. the arrangement in Stevenson's *The Wrong Box*. In the 1770's several tontines were promoted by the Irish Parliament.

we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the mean time, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. SIR PETER'S *House.*

(*Enter* SIR PETER.)

SIR PETER T. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men; and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution — a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors: yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

(*Enter* ROWLEY.)

ROWLEY. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant; how is it with you, sir?

SIR PETER T. Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

ROWLEY. What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

SIR PETER T. A good question to a married man!

ROWLEY. Nay, I'm sure your lady, Sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

SIR PETER T. Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

ROWLEY. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

SIR PETER T. But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

ROWLEY. Indeed!

SIR PETER T. Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

ROWLEY. You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

SIR PETER T. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the *sentiments* he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

ROWLEY. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his

fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter T. What! let me hear.

Rowley. Sir Oliver *is* arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter T. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley. I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter T. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis fifteen years since we met. We have had many a day to- [106 gether; but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions. 111

Sir Peter T. Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits; he shall have his way. But, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley. Yes, and will soon wish [116 you joy.

Sir Peter T. What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, and he has been steady [121 to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though! I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree. 126

Rowley. By no means.

Sir Peter T. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple. 131

Rowley. I understand you; but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter T. Egad, and so we must, and that's impossible. Ah! Master Row- [136 ley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves — no — the crime carries its punishment along with it. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

Scene I. [Sir Peter's *House.*]

(*Enter* Sir Peter *and* Lady Teazle.)

Sir Peter T. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and [5 what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married. 10

Sir Peter T. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure, if you wanted authority over me, you [15 should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter T. Old enough! ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, [20 I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter T. No, no, madam, you [25 shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and [30 give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady T. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm [35 sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Peter T. Oons! madam; if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what [41 your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

30 *Pantheon*, a fashionable dance- and concert-hall built in 1772.
31 *fête champêtre*, garden-party.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, madam; you [46 were then in somewhat a humbler style: the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambor, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys [51 at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily [56 occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Peter T. Yes, yes, ma'am, [61 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the [66 curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter T. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these [71 were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington [76 Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse?

Lady T. No; I swear I never did that. I deny the butler and the coach-horse. [81

Sir Peter T. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife. 86

Lady T. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is ——

Sir Peter T. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem! 91

Sir Peter T. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; [95 however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant [100 expense?

Sir Peter T. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you [105 have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter T. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me? 109

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter T. Ay, there again; taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me! 115

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have [119 finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter T. Ah, there's another precious circumstance; a charming set of acquaintance you have made there. 124

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter T. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should [130 have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation. 135

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter T. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society. [139

50 *tambor*, embroidery frame.
66 *Pope Joan*, a card game.
73 *vis-à-vis*, arranged so that the occupants can sit facing each other.
76 *cats*, horses, cobs.
77 *Kensington Gardens*, a park between Kensington Palace and Hyde Park.
133 *hurdle*, cart that carried criminals to execution.

LADY T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner [145 with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

SIR PETER T. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

LADY T. Then indeed you must [151 make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye to ye.

(*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.)

SIR PETER T. So, I have gained much by my intended expostulation; yet, with what a charming air she contradicts [156 everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never ap- [161 pears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. *At* LADY SNEERWELL'S.

(*Enter* LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE.)

LADY SNEER. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

JOSEPH S. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

SIR BENJ. B. O plague on't, uncle! [5 'tis mere nonsense.

CRABT. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

SIR BENJ. B. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstances. [10 You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies, upon which I took out my [15 pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong, 20
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

CRABT. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

JOSEPH S. A very Phœbus mounted, indeed, Sir Benjamin. 25

SIR. BENJ. B. O dear sir! trifles, trifles.

(*Enter* LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA.)

MRS. CAN. I must have a copy.

LADY SNEER. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

LADY T. I believe he'll wait on [30 your ladyship presently.

LADY SNEER. Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall set down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

MARIA. I take very little pleasure in [35 cards; however, I'll do as you please.

LADY T. [*aside*]. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. [40

MRS. CAN. Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

LADY T. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour? 44

MRS. CAN. They'll not allow our friend, Miss Vermilion, to be handsome.

LADY SNEER. O surely she is a pretty woman.

CRABT. I'm very glad you think so, ma'am. 50

MRS. CAN. She has a charming fresh color.

LADY T. Yes, when it is fresh put on.

MRS. CAN. O fie! I'll swear her [54 color is natural; I have seen it come and go.

LADY T. I dare swear you have, ma'am; it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning. 59

13 *Hyde Park*, then, as now, the fashionable place to drive and ride. The Ring is its famous drive, and Rotten Row its bridle path.

13 *duodecimo*, tiny; literally, a small page made by folding a full sheet into twelve parts.

19 *macaronies*, dandies.

SIR BENJ. B. True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes, but what's more, egad! her maid can fetch and carry it.

MRS. CAN. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, [64 her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

CRABT. Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour.

MRS. CAN. Now, positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the ut- [69 most; and I don't think she looks more.

SIR BENJ. B. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

LADY SNEER. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen *does* take some pains to repair the [75 ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity, and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

SIR BENJ. B. Nay, now, Lady Sneer- [80 well, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill, but when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connois- [85 seur sees at once that the head's modern though the trunk's antique.

CRABT. Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew.

MRS. CAN. Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh, but I vow I hate you for it. [90 What do you think of Miss Simper?

SIR BENJ. B. Why, she has very pretty teeth.

LADY T. Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing [95 (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it on a jar, as it were — thus — (*Shows her teeth.*)

MRS. CAN. How can you be so ill-natured? 100

LADY T. Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words ap- [105 pear to slide out edgewise, as it were thus, *How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.*

LADY SNEER. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

LADY T. In defence of a friend it [110 is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

(*Enter* SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

SIR PETER T. Ladies, your most obedient. [*Aside.*] Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every [115 word, I suppose.

MRS. CAN. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious; and Lady Teazle as bad as any one. 119

SIR PETER T. It must be very distressing to *you*, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

MRS. CAN. O, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy. 124

LADY T. What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

MRS. CAN. Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect [129 on her.

LADY SNEER. That's very true, indeed.

LADY T. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pullies; and often in the hottest [134 noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

MRS. CAN. I thank you, Lady [139 Teazle, for defending her.

SIR PETER T. Yes, a good defence, truly!

MRS. CAN. Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow. 144

CRABT. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious — an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

MRS. CAN. Positively you shall not [149 be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass [154 for a girl at six-and-thirty.

LADY SNEER. Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in

133 *small*, weak. 133 *whey*, the yellowish liquid that separates from curdled milk.
137 *drummer's*, as drummers in the army wore theirs.

her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Can. True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she had never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

Sir Benj. B. Ah! you are both of you too good natured!

Sir Peter T. [*aside*]. Yes, damned good natured! This their own relation! mercy on me!

Mrs. Can. For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter T. No, to be sure!

Sir Benj. B. Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady T. Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruits one cracks for mottoes — made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Can. Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabt. O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benj. B. So she has, indeed — an Irish front —

Crabt. Caledonian locks —

Sir Benj B. Dutch nose —

Crabt. Austrian lips —

Sir Benj. B. Complexion of a Spaniard —

Crabt. And teeth *à la Chinois*.

Sir Benj. B. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation —

Crabt. Or a congress at the close of a general war — wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Can. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter T. [*aside*]. Mercy on my life! — a person they dine with twice a week.

Lady Sneer. Go, go; you are a couple of provoking toads.

Mrs. Can. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle ——

Sir Peter T. Madam, madam, I beg your pardon; there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! But you are a cruel creature — too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter T. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady T. True, Sir Peter. I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benj. B. Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady T. But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by Parliament.

Sir Peter T. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an Act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneer. O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter T. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Can. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter T. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases

199 *à la Chinois*, like the Chinese. 201 *Spa*, a town in Belgium frequented for its mineral springs.
257 *merchant*, an adjective; i.e., commercial law.

of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come [260 on any of the indorsers.

CRABT. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

SIR PETER T. O, nine out of ten [265 of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation.

LADY SNEER. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

(*Enter a Servant, who whispers* SIR PETER.)

SIR PETER T. I'll be with them directly. [*Aparl.*] I'll get away unperceived. 271

LADY SNEER. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

SIR PETER T. Your ladyship must ex- [275 cuse me; I'm called away by par- ticular business. But I leave my character behind me. (*Exit* SIR PETER.)

SIR BENJ. B. Well; certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being; I could tell you some stories [280 of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

LADY T. O, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them.

(*Joins the rest of the company going into the next room.*)

JOSEPH S. Maria, I see you have [285 no satisfaction in this society.

MARIA. How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or [290 humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

JOSEPH S. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are; they have no malice at heart. 295

MARIA. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the interference of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind. 300

JOSEPH S. Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, [305 feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

MARIA. Why will you distress me by renewing the subject? 310

JOSEPH S. Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favored rival.

MARIA. Ungenerously urged! But [315 whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother. 320

JOSEPH S. Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown; by all that's honest, I swear [*kneels*] ——

[*Re-enter* LADY TEAZLE, *behind.*]

[*Aside.*] Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle! [*Aloud to* MARIA.] You must not; no, [325 you shall not; for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle ——

MARIA. Lady Teazle!

JOSEPH S. Yet were Sir Peter to suspect —— 330

LADY T. [*coming forward*]. What is this, pray? Do you take her for me? Child, you are wanted in the next room. (*Exit* MARIA.) What is all this, pray?

JOSEPH S. O, the most unlucky cir- [335 cumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I had for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavoring to reason with her [340 when you came in.

LADY T. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning; do you usually argue on your knees?

JOSEPH S. O, she's a child, and I [345 thought a little bombast —— But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

LADY T. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I [350 admit you as a lover no farther than fashion sanctions.

JOSEPH S. True, a mere platonic cicisbeo — what every wife is entitled to.

353 *cicisbeo*, gallant, lover.

LADY T. Certainly, one must not [355 be out of the fashion. However, I have so much of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humor may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to —— 360

JOSEPH S. The only revenge in your power. Well; I applaud your moderation.

LADY T. Go; you are an insinuating wretch. But we shall be missed; let us join the company. 365

JOSEPH S. But we had best not return together.

LADY T. Well, don't stay; for Maria sha'n't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. 370

(*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.)

JOSEPH S. A curious dilemma my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, be- [375 come her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. 380

(*Exit.*)

SCENE III. SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

(*Enter* ROWLEY *and* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.)

SIR OLIVER S. Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey? — a young wife out of the country. Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last. [5

ROWLEY. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

SIR OLIVER S. Then he has been [10 just half a year on the stool of repentance! Poor Peter! But you say he has entirely given up Charles; never sees him, hey?

ROWLEY. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly in- [15 creased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighborhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas [20 the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favorite.

SIR OLIVER S. Ay, I know there is a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder charac- [25 ters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you. No, no; if Charles has [30 done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

ROWLEY. Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned [35 against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

SIR OLIVER S. What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were [40 neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

ROWLEY. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a [45 credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

SIR OLIVER S. Egad, so he does. Mercy on me! he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look! One [50 may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

(*Enter* SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

SIR PETER T. Ha! Sir Oliver, my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times! 55

SIR OLIVER S. Thank you — thank you, Sir Peter! and i' faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

SIR PETER T. Oh! 'tis a long time since we met — fifteen years, I doubt, Sir [60 Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

SIR OLIVER S. Ay, I have had my share. But what! I find you are married, hey? Well, well, it can't be helped; and so [65 — I wish you joy with all my heart.

SIR PETER T. Thank you, thank you, Sir

32 *compound*, settle.

Oliver. Yes, I have entered into — the happy state; but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir Oliver S. True, true, Sir Peter; [70 old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting; no, no, no.

Rowley. Take care, pray, sir.

Sir Oliver S. Well; so one of my nephews is a wild fellow, hey? 75

Sir Peter T. Wild! Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends. Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. [80 Everybody in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliver S. I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to [85 knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter T. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, if he has merit [90 enough to deserve them.

Sir Peter T. Well, well; you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments. 95

Sir Oliver S. Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend [100 Charles's errors; but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose. 105

Rowley. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir Peter T. Oh! my life on Joseph's honor.

Sir Oliver S. Well — come, give [110 us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

Sir Peter T. *Allons*, then!

Sir Oliver S. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. [115 Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little; for my part I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the [120 tree.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

Scene I. Sir Peter Teazle's.

(*Enter* Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Oliver Surface, *and* Rowley.)

Sir Peter T. Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards; but how is this, Master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

Rowley. Why, sir, this Mr. Stan- [5 ley, who I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, to Mr. Surface and [10 Charles; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do, and he is, at this time, endeavoring to [15 raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! he is my brother's son. 20

Sir Peter T. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to ——

Rowley. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his [25 friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, [30 sir, you will find in the youngest brother one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it, "a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity." 35

Sir Peter T. Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well, make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought [40

113 *Allons.* Let us go. 4 *jet*, point, idea. 35 . . . *charity.*" 2 *Henry IV*, IV, iv, 31–32.

for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

Rowley. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, [45 to do him justice, has done everything in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir Peter T. Pray let us have him in.

Rowley (*apart to Servant*). Desire [50 Mr. Moses to walk upstairs.

Sir Peter T. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

Rowley. Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering [55 certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived, so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests. I have also another evidence in my power — [60 one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall speedily produce him to remove some of your prejudices.

Sir Peter T. I have heard too [65 much on that subject.

Rowley. Here comes the honest Israelite.

(*Enter* Moses.)

This is Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver S. Sir, I understand [70 you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

Moses. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance. 75

Sir Oliver S. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Moses. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was [80 some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir Oliver S. Unfortunate, indeed! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

Moses. Yes, he knows that. This [85 very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

Sir Peter T. What! one Charles has [90 never had money from before?

Moses. Yes; Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir Peter T. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me! Charles, you say, does not [95 know Mr. Premium?

Moses. Not at all.

Sir Peter T. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing [100 tale of a poor relation. Go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir Oliver S. Egad, I like this [105 idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as Old Stanley.

Sir Peter T. True, so you may.

Rowley. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure. [110 However, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Moses. You may depend upon me. This is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir Oliver S. I'll accompany you [115 as soon as you please, Moses. But hold! I have forgot one thing — how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Moses. There's no need — the principal is Christian. 120

Sir Oliver S. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then, again, a'n't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender?

Sir Peter T. Not at all; 'twould [125 not be out of character if you went in your own carriage — would it, Moses?

Moses. Not in the least.

Sir Oliver S. Well, but how must I talk? There's certainly some cant of [130 usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir Peter T. O! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands [135 — hey, Moses?

Moses. Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir Oliver S. I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least. 140

93 *Crutched Friars*, an old London street.

MOSES. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

SIR OLIVER S. Hey! what the plague! How much, then?

MOSES. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

SIR PETER T. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

SIR OLIVER S. Truly, I think so; and not unprofitable.

MOSES. Then, you know, you hav'n't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of an old friend.

SIR OLIVER S. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

MOSES. And your friend is an unconscionable dog; but you can't help that.

SIR OLIVER S. My friend an unconscionable dog?

MOSES. Yes, and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

SIR OLIVER S. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

SIR PETER T. I' faith, Sir Oliver — Mr. Premium, I mean — you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses! would not you have him run out a little against the Annuity Bill? That would be in character, I should think.

MOSES. Very much.

ROWLEY. And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

MOSES. Ay, great pity!

SIR PETER T. And abuse the public for allowing merit to an Act, whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

SIR OLIVER S. So, so; Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

SIR PETER T. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

SIR OLIVER S. O! never fear; my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

(*Exeunt* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.)

SIR PETER T. So now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced. You are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

ROWLEY. No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

SIR PETER T. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently. I see Maria, and want to speak with her. (*Exit* ROWLEY.) I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph. I am determined I will do it; he will give me his opinion sincerely.

(*Enter* MARIA.)

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

MARIA. No, sir; he was engaged.

SIR PETER T. Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

MARIA. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely; you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

SIR PETER T. So, here's perverseness! No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

MARIA. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him. I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

175 *Annuity Bill*, an act of Parliament protecting minors in contracts affecting their annuity inheritance.

SIR PETER T. Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your [240 heart and hand to a worthier object.

MARIA. Never to his brother!

SIR PETER T. Go, perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority [245 of a guardian is. Don't compel me to inform you of it.

MARIA. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound [250 to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable.

(*Exit* MARIA.)

SIR PETER T. Was ever man so crossed as I am? everything conspiring to [255 fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. But here [260 comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humor. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

(*Enter* LADY TEAZLE.)

LADY T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope [265 you hav'n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill humored when I am not by.

SIR PETER T. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me [270 good humored at all times.

LADY T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good humored now, and let me have two [275 hundred pounds, will you?

SIR PETER T. Two hundred pounds! What, a'n't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I [280 could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

LADY T. O no — there. My note of hand will do as well. (*Offering her hand.*)

SIR PETER T. And you shall no [285 longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you. But shall we always live thus, hey?

LADY T. If you please. I'm sure I [290 don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

SIR PETER T. Well, then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging. [295

LADY T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in [300 your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing — didn't you?

SIR PETER T. Yes, yes; and you [305 were as kind and attentive ——

LADY T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule. 310

SIR PETER T. Indeed!

LADY T. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I [315 have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

SIR PETER T. And you prophesied [320 right; and we shall now be the happiest couple ——

LADY T. And never differ again?

SIR PETER T. No, never! Though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady [325 Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

LADY T. I beg your pardon, my [330 dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

SIR PETER T. Now see, my angel! take care; contradicting isn't the way to keep friends. 335

LADY T. Then don't you begin it, my love!

SIR PETER T. There, now! you — you are going on. You don't perceive, my life,

that you are just doing the very thing [340 which you know always makes me angry.

LADY T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear ——

SIR PETER T. There! now you want to quarrel again. 345

LADY T. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish ——

SIR PETER T. There now! who begins first?

LADY T. Why you, to be sure. I [350 said nothing; but there's no bearing your temper.

SIR PETER T. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

LADY T. Ay, you are just what my [355 cousin Sophy said you would be.

SIR PETER T. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

LADY T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations. 360

SIR PETER T. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

LADY T. So much the better.

SIR PETER T. No, no, madam; 'tis [365 evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you — a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

LADY T. And I am sure I was a [370 fool to marry you; an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

SIR PETER T. Ay, ay, madam; but [375 you were pleased enough to listen to me; you never had such an offer before.

LADY T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is [380 just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

SIR PETER T. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end to everything. [385 I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are — not without grounds —— 390

LADY T. Take care, Sir Peter; you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

SIR PETER T. Very well, madam! [395 very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam. 400

LADY T. Agreed, agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know — ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, [405 and shall only interrupt you; so, bye — bye. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER T. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not [410 bear her presuming to keep her temper; no! she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. CHARLES SURFACE'S *House.*

(*Enter* TRIP, MOSES, *and* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.)

TRIP. Here, Master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether — what's the gentleman's name?

SIR OLIVER S. Mr. Moses, what is my name? 5

MOSES. Mr. Premium.

TRIP. Premium — very well.

(*Exit* TRIP, *taking snuff.*)

SIR OLIVER S. To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what! — sure, this was [10 my brother's house?

MOSES. Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c., just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him. 16

SIR OLIVER S. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

(*Enter* TRIP.)

TRIP. My master says you must [20 wait gentlemen; he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

Sir Oliver S. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

Trip. Yes, yes, sir; he knows you are [26 here. I did not forget little Premium; no, no, no.

Sir Oliver S. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name? 30

Trip. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir Oliver S. Well, then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

Trip. Why, yes; here are three or [35 four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear — and not very great either — but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets. 40

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes!

Trip. And, *à propos*, Moses; have you been able to get me that little bill discounted? 45

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. Wants to raise money too! mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns.

Moses. 'Twas not to be done, in- [50 deed, Mr. Trip.

Trip. Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name on the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash. 55

Moses. No! 'twouldn't do.

Trip. A small sum; but twenty pounds. Hark'ee Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. An annu- [60 ity! ha! ha! a footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad!

Moses. Well, but you must insure your place.

Trip. O with all my heart! I'll in- [65 sure my place, and my life, too, if you please.

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. It is more than I would your neck.

Moses. But is there nothing you [70 could deposit?

Trip. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemp- [75 tion before November; or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver: these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security; hey, my little fellow? 81

Moses. Well, well. (*Bell rings.*)

Trip. Egad, I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know. 87

Sir Oliver S. If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene III.

(Charles Surface, [Sir Harry Bumper,] Careless, *&c.*, *&c.* [*discovered*] *at a table with wine, &c.*).

Charles S. 'Fore heaven, 'tis true! there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink. 5

Careless. It is so indeed, Charles! they give in to all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O certainly society suffers by it intolerably; for now, instead of the [10 social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulence of Champagne, without the [15 spirit of flavor.

1st Gent. But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

Careless. True; there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under [20 a hazard regimen.

Charles S. Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I am never so suc- [25 cessful as when I am a little merry; let

39 *bags*. Silk bags or nets were used to enclose the back of wigs.
78 *post-obit*, a note given on the expectation of an inheritance.
11 *mantle*, spread. 21 *hazard*, a dice game.

me throw on a bottle of Champagne, and I never lose; at least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

2ND GENT. Ay, that I believe.

CHARLES S. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, [35 and she that floats atop is the maid that has bewitched you.

CARELESS. Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favorite.

CHARLES S. Why, I have withheld [40 her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible — on earth.

CARELESS. Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals or heathen god- [45 desses that will do, I warrant!

CHARLES S. Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!

SIR HARRY B. Maria who?

CHARLES S. O damn the surname; [50 'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar; but now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

CARELESS. Nay, never study, Sir Harry; we'll stand to the toast, though your [55 mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

SIR HARRY B. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

SONG

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen; 60
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus. Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass, 65
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.
Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c. 71

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry. 75
Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together. 80
Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

ALL. Bravo! bravo!

(*Enter* TRIP, *and whispers* CHARLES SURFACE.)

CHARLES S. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair. will you? 85

CARELESS. Nay, pr'ythee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

CHARLES S. No, faith! To tell you the truth 'tis a Jew and a broker, who [90 are come by appointment.

CARELESS. O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

1ST GENT. Ay, and the broker too, by all means. 95

2ND GENT. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

CHARLES S. Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in; though there's one of them a stranger, I can [100 tell you.

CARELESS. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious. 104

CHARLES S. O hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities, and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

(*Enter* TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, *and* MOSES.)

CHARLES S. So, honest Moses, walk in; walk in, pray, Mr. Premium — that's [110 the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

MOSES. Yes, sir.

CHARLES S. Set chairs, Trip — sit down, Mr. Premium — glasses, Trip — sit down, Moses. Come, Mr. Premium, I'll [115 give you a sentiment; here's *Success to*

42 *round of her peers*, toast to her equals.

54 *study*, doubt, hesitate.

usury! Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

MOSES. *Success to usury!*

CARELESS. Right, Moses; usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to [121 succeed.

SIR OLIVER S. Then, *here's all the success it deserves!*

CARELESS. No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the [126 toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

1ST GENT. A pint bumper, at least.

MOSES. O pray, sir, consider; Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

CARELESS. And therefore loves good wine. 132

2ND GENT. Give Moses a quart glass; this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

CARELESS. Here, now for't! I'll [136 see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

SIR OLIVER S. Nay, pray, gentlemen; I did not expect this usage.

CHARLES S. No, hang it, you sha'n't! Mr. Premium's a stranger. 142

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Odd! I wish I was well out of their company.

CARELESS. Plague on 'em, then! if they don't drink, we'll not sit down with [146 them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room. Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen!

CHARLES S. I will! I will! (*Exeunt*). Careless!

CARELESS (*returning*). Well!

CHARLES S. Perhaps I may want [154 you.

CARELESS. O, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. (*Exit.*)

MOSES. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honor and secresy; and always performs what he [161 undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is ——

CHARLES S. Pshaw! have done. Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Pre- [166 mium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give [171 fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further [176 ceremony.

SIR OLIVER S. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

CHARLES S. Oh no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best. 182

SIR OLIVER S. Sir, I like you the better fo. it; however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; [186 but then he's an unconscionable dog, isn't he, Moses?

MOSES. But you can't help that.

SIR OLIVER S. And must sell stock to accommodate you — mustn't he, [191 Moses?

MOSES. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie!

CHARLES S. Right. People that [196 speak truth generally do: but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't!

SIR OLIVER S. Well; but what se- [201 curity could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

CHARLES S. Not a molehill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window! 206

SIR OLIVER S. Nor any stock, I presume?

CHARLES S. Nothing but live stock, and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections? 212

SIR OLIVER S. Why, to say truth, I am.

CHARLES S. Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom [217 I have the greatest expectations?

205 *bough-pots*, flower-pots.

SIR OLIVER S. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell. 222

CHARLES S. O no! there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

SIR OLIVER S. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it. 228

CHARLES S. Yes, yes, 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

MOSES. O yes! I'll swear to't.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. [233

CHARLES S. Now, I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so lib- [237 eral to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear that anything had happened to him.

SIR OLIVER S. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you [242 mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me, for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

CHARLES S. Oh yes, you would; the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, [247 you would come on me for the money.

SIR OLIVER S. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

CHARLES S. What! I suppose [252 you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

SIR OLIVER S. No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in [257 Christendom.

CHARLES S. There again now you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told, [262 and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him.

SIR OLIVER S. No! ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him! ha! ha! ha! egad — [267 ha! ha! ha!

CHARLES S. Ha! ha! you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

SIR OLIVER S. No, no, I'm not.

CHARLES S. Yes, yes, you are — [272 ha! ha! ha! You know that mends your chance.

SIR OLIVER S. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over? Nay, some say he is actually arrived? 277

CHARLES S. Pshaw! Sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on't, he's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

MOSES. O yes, certainly. 282

SIR OLIVER S. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?

MOSES. Yes, most undoubted! 287

SIR OLIVER S. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

CHARLES S. How do you mean?

SIR OLIVER S. For instance, now, I [292 have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massive old plate?

CHARLES S. O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Good lack! [297 all the family race-cups and corporation-bowls! — Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact ——

CHARLES S. Yes, yes, so it was — [302 vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Mercy upon [307 me! Learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! — Pray, what are become of the books?

CHARLES S. You must enquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I [312 don't believe even Moses can direct you.

MOSES. I know nothing of books.

SIR OLIVER S. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

CHARLES S. Not much, indeed; [317 unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

SIR OLIVER S. Hey! what the [322

299 *corporation-bowls*, loving cups presented by the corporation of a city.

devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

CHARLES S. Every man of them to the best bidder.

SIR OLIVER S. What! your great [327 uncles and aunts?

CHARLES S. Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Now I give him up. — What the plague, have you no [332 bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

CHARLES S. Nay, my little broker, [337 don't be angry: what need you care if you have your money's worth?

SIR OLIVER S. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvas. —— [*Aside.*] Oh, I'll never [342 forgive him this! never!

(*Enter* CARELESS.)

CARELESS. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

CHARLES S. I can't come yet: i'faith we are going to have a sale above stairs; [347 here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

CARELESS. O, burn your ancestors!

CHARLES S. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, [352 we want you; egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

CARELESS. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. [I can] handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! 357

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Oh, the profligates!

CHARLES S. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like [362 the business?

SIR OLIVER S. O yes, I do, vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction — ha! ha! — [*Aside.*] O the prodigal! 367

CHARLES S. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance if he can't make free with his own relations? (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Picture Room at* CHARLES'S.

(*Enter* CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS.)

CHARLES S. Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in. Here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

SIR OLIVER S. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection. 5

CHARLES S. Ay, ay; these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting; no *volontièr*[*e*] *grace* and expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet [10 contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness — all stiff and awkward as the originals, [15 and like nothing in human nature besides.

SIR OLIVER S. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

CHARLES S. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic [20 character I am. Here I set of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose. 25

CARELESS. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

CHARLES S. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? O, our [30 genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree, for you, you rogue; this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their [35 own pedigree.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. What an unnatural rogue! an *ex post facto* parricide!

CARELESS. Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this [40 is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin, — A-going, a-going, a-going! 45

8 *volontière grace*, gratuitous elegance. 38 *ex post facto*, retrospective.

CHARLES S. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut [50 over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him; there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipp'd captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as [55 a general should be. What do you bid?

MOSES. Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

CHARLES S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's [60 not dear for a staff-officer.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! — Well, sir, I take him at that.

CHARLES S. Careless, knock down [65 my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding [70 her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten; the sheep are worth the money.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Ah! poor Deborah; a woman who set such a value on herself! — Five pounds ten; she's mine. [75

CHARLES S. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done sometime ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies [80 their own hair.

SIR OLIVER S. Yes, truly, headdresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

CHARLES S. Well, take that couple [85 for the same.

MOSES. 'Tis good bargain.

CHARLES S. Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother, a learned judge, well known on the Western Circuit. [90 What do you rate him at, Moses?

MOSES. Four guineas.

CHARLES S. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for [95 the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

SIR OLIVER S. By all means.

CARELESS. Gone!

CHARLES S. And there are two [100 brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold. 105

SIR OLIVER S. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

CARELESS. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty. 110

CHARLES S. Here's a jolly fellow; I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester. Take him at eight pounds.

SIR OLIVER S. No, no; six will do for the mayor. 115

CHARLES S. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

SIR OLIVER S. They're mine.

CHARLES S. Careless, knock down [120 the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner. Do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the [125 family in the lump.

CARELESS. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

SIR OLIVER S. Well, well, anything to accommodate you — they are mine. [130 But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

CARELESS. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

SIR OLIVER S. Yes, sir, I mean [135 that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

CHARLES S. What, that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India. 140

CARELESS. Your uncle Oliver! Gad,

51 *Malplaquet*, where the English, Austrians, and Dutch, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeated the French in 1709.

68 *Kneller*, Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1646–1723, English portrait painter.

96 *woolsack*, the law, judges; literally, the chair-cushion of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords.

116 *guineas*. A guinea is a shilling more than a pound.

then, you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw — an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting counte- [145 nance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. Upon my soul, sir, I do not. I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. [150 But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep [155 his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. The rogue's my nephew after all! — But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles S. I'm sorry for't, for [160 you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. I forgive him everything! — But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value [165 money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker. I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it. 170

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. How like his father the dog is! — Well, well, I have done. — [*Aside.*] I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. — Here is a draft for [175 your sum.

Charles S. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir Oliver S. You will not let Sir Oliver go? 180

Charles S. Zounds! no! I tell you once more.

Sir Oliver S. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bar- [185 gain; you are an honest fellow, Charles. I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles S. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, [190 you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But, hold; do now [194 send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver S. I will, I will; for all but Oliver. 199

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver S. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver S. [*aside*]. A dear ex- [204 travagant rogue! — Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who calls him profligate!

(*Exeunt* Sir Oliver Surface *and* Moses.)

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw! 209

Charles S. Egad! he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. Ha! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments. 214

Careless. I will; but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows. 219

Charles S. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

Careless. Nothing else.

Charles S. Ay, ay, never fear. (*Exit* Careless.) So! this was an odd old [224 fellow, indeed. Let me see; two-thirds of this is mine by right, five hundred and thirty odd pounds. 'Fore heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for! Ladies and [229 gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

(*Enter* Rowley.)

Ha! old Rowley; egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance. 234

Rowley. Yes, I heard they were a-going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Charles S. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I [239 can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that

I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure 'tis [244 very affecting; but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

ROWLEY. There's no making you serious a moment.

CHARLES S. Yes, faith, I am so now. [249 Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

ROWLEY. A hundred pounds! Consider only —— 254

CHARLES S. Gad's life, don't talk about it; poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money. 259

ROWLEY. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb ——

CHARLES S. "Be just before you're generous." Why, so I would if I could; [264 but Justice is an old, lame, hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

ROWLEY. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection —— 269

CHARLES S. Ay, ay, it's all very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by heaven, I'll give; so damn your economy, and now for hazard. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *The Parlor.*

(*Enter* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.)

MOSES. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

SIR OLIVER S. True, but he would not sell my picture. 6

MOSES. And loves wine and women so much.

SIR OLIVER S. But he would not sell my picture.

MOSES. And games so deep. 11

SIR OLIVER S. But he would not sell my picture. O, here's Rowley.

(*Enter* ROWLEY.)

ROWLEY. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase ——

SIR OLIVER S. Yes, yes; our young [16 rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

ROWLEY. And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money. I mean, though, in your ne- [21 cessitous character of old Stanley.

MOSES. Ah! there is the pity of it all; he is so damned charitable.

ROWLEY. And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't [26 be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

SIR OLIVER S. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too. But now I am no more a broker, and you shall [31 introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

ROWLEY. Not yet a while; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

(*Enter* TRIP.)

TRIP. O, gentlemen, I beg pardon [36 for not showing you out; this way. Moses, a word.

(*Exeunt* TRIP *and* MOSES.)

SIR OLIVER S. There's a fellow for you! Would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and [41 wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

ROWLEY. Indeed!

SIR OLIVER S. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah! Mas- [46 ter Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now, they have their vices, like their birthday clothes, with the gloss on. 51

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *A Library.*

([*Discovered*] JOSEPH SURFACE *and a Servant.*)

JOSEPH S. No letter from Lady Teazle?

SERV. No, sir.

JOSEPH S. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. [5

51 *birthday*, holiday, as for the celebration of the king's birthday.

Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favor.

(*Knocking heard without.*)

SERV. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

JOSEPH S. Hold! See whether it is or not before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

SERV. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

JOSEPH S. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window — that will do; my opposite neighbor is a maiden lady of so anxious a temper. (*Servant draws the screen, and exit.*) I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret — at least, till I have her more in my power.

(*Enter* LADY TEAZLE.)

LADY T. What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? O Lud! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

JOSEPH S. O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

LADY T. Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know, Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too; that's the best of the story, isn't it?

JOSEPH S. [*aside*]. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up.

LADY T. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced. Don't you, Mr. Surface?

JOSEPH S. [*aside*]. Indeed I do not. — Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

LADY T. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.

JOSEPH S. Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance — without foundation. Yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

LADY T. No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody — that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart! indeed 'tis monstrous!

JOSEPH S. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honor of her sex to outwit him.

LADY T. Indeed! so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

JOSEPH S. Undoubtedly; for your husband should never be deceived in you; and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

LADY T. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence ——

JOSEPH S. Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? Why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your own conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? Why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous of his suspicions? Why, the consciousness of your innocence.

LADY T. 'Tis very true!

JOSEPH S. Now, my dear Lady Teazle,

if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humor and agree with your husband.

LADY T. Do you think so?

JOSEPH S. Oh! I'm sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

LADY T. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation?

JOSEPH S. Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

LADY T. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

JOSEPH S. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

LADY T. Why, if my understanding were once convinced ——

JOSEPH S. O, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes; heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honor to desire it.

LADY T. Don't you think we may as well leave *honor* out of the question?

JOSEPH S. Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

LADY T. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your *honorable logic*, after all.

JOSEPH S. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of — (*Taking her hand.*)

Enter Servant.

'Sdeath, you blockhead! What do you want?

SERV. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

JOSEPH S. Sir Peter! Oons — the devil!

LADY T. Sir Peter! O Lud, I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

SERV. Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

LADY T. Oh, I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic. Oh! he's on the stairs. I'll get behind here; and if ever I'm so imprudent again ——

(*Goes behind the screen.*)

JOSEPH S. Give me that book.

(*Sits down. Servant pretends to adjust his hair.*)

(*Enter* SIR PETER.)

SIR PETER T. Ay, ever improving himself. Mr. Surface! Mr. Surface!

JOSEPH S. Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon. (*Gaping, throws away the book*). I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

SIR PETER T. 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge; hung, I perceive, with maps.

JOSEPH S. O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

SIR PETER T. I dare say, you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

JOSEPH S. (*aside*). Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry, either.

SIR PETER T. Well, I have a little private business —

JOSEPH S. (*to the Servant*). You need not stay.

SERV. No, sir. (*Exit.*)

JOSEPH S. Here's a chair, Sir Peter. I beg ——

SIR PETER T. Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you — a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my dear friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

JOSEPH S. Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

SIR PETER T. Ay, 'tis too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

JOSEPH S. Indeed! you astonish me!

SIR PETER T. Yes; and, between [205 ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

JOSEPH S. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

SIR PETER T. Ay, my dear friend, I [210 knew you would sympathize with me!

JOSEPH S. Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

SIR PETER T. I am convinced of it. [215 Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

JOSEPH S. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

SIR PETER T. Oh, no! What say [221 you to Charles?

JOSEPH S. My brother! impossible!

SIR PETER T. Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself. [226

JOSEPH S. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

SIR PETER T. True; but your [230 brother has no sentiment; you never hear him talk so.

JOSEPH S. Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

SIR PETER T. Ay; but what is [235 principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

JOSEPH S. That's very true.

SIR PETER T. And there's, you know, the difference of our ages makes it [240 very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl. [245

JOSEPH S. That's true, to be sure; they would laugh.

SIR PETER T. Laugh — ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me. 250

JOSEPH S. No; you must never make it public.

SIR PETER T. But then again — that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly. 256

JOSEPH S. Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

SIR PETER T. Ay, I, that was, in a [260 manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him — my advice.

JOSEPH S. O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such [265 baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine. I disclaim kindred with him; [270 for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society. 274

SIR PETER T. What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

JOSEPH S. Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honor.

SIR PETER T. I am sure I wish to [279 think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she [284 should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and if I were [289 to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of the two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a [294 year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

JOSEPH S. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. — [*Aside.*] I wish it may not corrupt my pupil. 300

SIR PETER T. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

JOSEPH S. [*aside*]. Nor I, if I could [305 help it.

SIR PETER T. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

JOSEPH S. (*softly*). O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

SIR PETER T. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

JOSEPH S. [*softly*]. I beg you will [315 not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! — [*Aside*]. 'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way.

SIR PETER T. And though you are [319 so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

JOSEPH S. Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected [324 by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is intrusted with his friend's distresses can never ——

(*Enter Servant.*)

Well, sir?

SERV. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

JOSEPH S. 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within; I'm out for the day.

SIR PETER T. Stay — hold — a thought has struck me: you shall be at home.

JOSEPH S. Well, well, let him up.

(*Exit Servant.*)

[*Aside.*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

SIR PETER T. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere; then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may [344 satisfy me at once.

JOSEPH S. O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick? — to trepan my brother, too?

SIR PETER T. Nay, you tell me you [349 are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me; here, behind this screen [354 will be — Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener there already. I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

JOSEPH S. Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir [359 Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner — a silly rogue [364 that plagues me — and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

SIR PETER T. Ah! you rogue! But egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

JOSEPH S. O, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

SIR PETER T. No; then, faith, let her hear it out. Here's a closet will do as well.

JOSEPH S. Well, go in there.

SIR PETER T. Sly rogue! sly rogue!

(*Going into the closet.*)

JOSEPH S. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

LADY T. (*peeping*). Couldn't I steal off?

JOSEPH S. Keep close, my angel!

SIR PETER T. (*peeping*). Joseph, tax him home.

JOSEPH S. Back, my dear friend!

LADY T. [*peeping*]. Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

JOSEPH S. Be still, my life!

SIR PETER T. (*peeping*). You're [389 sure the little milliner won't blab?

JOSEPH S. In, in, my good Sir Peter. [*Aside.*] 'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

(*Enter* CHARLES SURFACE.)

CHARLES S. Holloa! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would [395 not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

JOSEPH S. Neither, brother, I assure you.

CHARLES S. But what has made [400 Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

JOSEPH S. He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

CHARLES S. What! was the old [405

363 *Joseph*, who refused the attentions of Potiphar's wife, Genesis, XXXIX.

gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

JOSEPH S. No, sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

CHARLES S. Yes, they tell me I do [411 that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?

JOSEPH S. To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavoring to [415 gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

CHARLES S. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word. Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he? Or, what is [420 worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

JOSEPH S. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh ——

CHARLES S. True, true, as you were [425 going to say — then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honor.

JOSEPH S. [*raising his voice*]. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction [430 to hear this.

CHARLES S. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement; besides, you know my attachment to Maria. 436

JOSEPH S. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you ——

CHARLES S. Why, look'ee, Joseph, [440 I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonorable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way; and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father —— 445

JOSEPH S. Well ——

CHARLES S. Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, [450 by naming *me* with Lady Teazle? for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favorite.

JOSEPH S. O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish. 455

CHARLES S. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances ——

JOSEPH S. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

CHARLES S. Egad, I'm serious. Don't you remember one day when I called [460 here ——

JOSEPH S. Nay, prithee, Charles ——

CHARLES S. And found you together ——

JOSEPH S. Zounds, sir! I insist ——

CHARLES S. And another time [466 when your servant ——

JOSEPH S. Brother, brother a word with you! —— [*Aside.*] Gad, I must stop him.

CHARLES S. Informed, I say, that ——

JOSEPH S. Hush! I beg your par- [471 don, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

CHARLES S. How, Sir Peter! Where is he? 476

JOSEPH S. Softly; there!

(*Points to the closet.*)

CHARLES S. O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

JOSEPH S. No, no —— 480

CHARLES S. I say, Sir Peter, come into court. (*Pulls in* SIR PETER.) What! my old guardian! What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog? 484

SIR PETER T. Give me your hand, Charles. I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph; 'twas my plan!

CHARLES S. Indeed! 489

SIR PETER T. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did. What I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

CHARLES S. Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more; [*apart to* [495 JOSEPH] wasn't it, Joseph?

SIR PETER T. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

CHARLES S. Ay, ay, that was a joke.

SIR PETER T. Yes, yes, I know his honor too well. 501

CHARLES S. But you might as well have suspected *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that; [*apart to* JOSEPH] mightn't he, Joseph?

SIR PETER T. Well, well, I believe [505 you.

JOSEPH S. [*aside*]. Would they were both well out of the room!

(*Enter Servant, and whispers* JOSEPH SURFACE.)

SIR PETER T. And in future perhaps we may not be such strangers.

JOSEPH S. Gentlemen, I beg pardon, I must wait on you downstairs; here is a person come on particular business.

CHARLES S. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

JOSEPH S. [*aside*]. They must not be left together. — I'll send this man away, and return directly. [*Apart to* SIR PETER.] Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

SIR PETER T. [*Apart to* JOSEPH.] I! not for the world — [*Exit* JOSEPH.] Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

CHARLES S. Pshaw! he is too moral by half, and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

SIR PETER T. No, no; come, come; you wrong him. No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either in that respect. — [*Aside.*] I have a great mind to tell him; we should have a laugh at Joseph.

CHARLES S. Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

SIR PETER T. Hark'ee; you must not abuse him; he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

CHARLES S. Why, you won't tell him?

SIR PETER T. No — but — this way. [*Aside.*] Egad, I'll tell him. — Hark'ee; have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

CHARLES S. I should like it of all things.

SIR PETER T. Then, i'faith, we will; I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

CHARLES S. What! Joseph? you jest.

SIR PETER T. Hush! a little French milliner, and the best of the jest is, she's in the room now.

CHARLES S. The devil she is!

SIR PETER T. Hush! I tell you! (*Points.*)

CHARLES S. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

SIR PETER T. No, no — he's coming — you sha'n't, indeed!

CHARLES S. O, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

SIR PETER T. Not for the world; Joseph will never forgive me ——

CHARLES S. I'll stand by you ——

SIR PETER T. Odds, here he is.

(JOSEPH SURFACE *enters just as* CHARLES SURFACE *throws down the screen.*)

CHARLES S. Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

SIR PETER T. Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

CHARLES S. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too? Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! Well, though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another, so I'll leave you to yourselves. (*Going.*) Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness. Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment! (*Exit* CHARLES.)

(*They stand for some time looking at each other.*)

JOSEPH S. Sir Peter — notwithstanding — I confess — that appearances are against me — if you will afford me your patience — I make no doubt — but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

SIR PETER T. If you please, sir.

JOSEPH S. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria — I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper — and knowing my friendship to the family — She, sir, I say — called

here — in order that — I might explain these pretensions — but on your coming — being apprehensive — as I said — of [606 your jealousy — she withdrew — and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

SIR PETER T. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it. 612

LADY T. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

SIR PETER T. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie? 616

LADY T. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

SIR PETER T. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

JOSEPH S. [*aside to* LADY TEAZLE]. [621 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

LADY T. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

SIR PETER T. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better [626 story than you, without prompting.

LADY T. Hear me, Sir Peter! I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced [631 by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honor to his baseness.

SIR PETER T. Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed! 636

JOSEPH S. The woman's mad!

LADY T. No, sir, she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means. Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me, but the tender- [641 ness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated so to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for [647 that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honorable addresses to his ward, I behold him now [651 in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

(*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.)

JOSEPH S. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows —— 656

SIR PETER T. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

JOSEPH S. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to —— 661

(*Exeunt* SIR PETER *and* SURFACE *talking.*)

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Library* [*in* JOSEPH SURFACE'S *House*].

(*Enter* JOSEPH SURFACE *and Servant.*)

JOSEPH S. Mr. Stanley? and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

SERV. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door [5 with him.

JOSEPH S. Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations! Well, why don't you show the fellow up? 10

SERV. I will, sir. Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady ——

JOSEPH S. Go, fool! (*Exit Servant.*) Sure Fortune never played man of my [15 policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humor to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'n't be able to bestow even a be- [20 nevolent sentiment on Stanley. So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* ROWLEY.)

SIR OLIVER S. What! does he avoid us? That was he, was it not? 26

ROWLEY. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him. 31

SIR OLIVER S. O, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a

man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

ROWLEY. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is sel- [40 dom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

SIR OLIVER S. Yet has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

ROWLEY. Or rather at his tongue's [45 end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in, as that "Charity begins at home."

SIR OLIVER S. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs [50 abroad at all?

ROWLEY. I doubt you'll find it so; but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and, you know, immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your [55 arrival in your real character.

SIR OLIVER S. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

ROWLEY. Without losing a moment.

(*Exit.*)

SIR OLIVER S. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

(*Enter* JOSEPH SURFACE.)

JOSEPH S. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting. Mr. Stanley, I presume.

SIR OLIVER S. At your service.

JOSEPH S. Sir, I beg you will do me the honor to sit down. I entreat you, sir!

SIR OLIVER S. Dear sir, there's no occasion. — [*Aside.*] Too civil by half!

JOSEPH S. I have not the pleasure of [70 knowing you, Mr. Stanley, but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

SIR OLIVER S. I was, sir; so nearly, that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

JOSEPH S. Dear sir, there needs no [79 apology; he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

SIR OLIVER S. If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

JOSEPH S. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

SIR OLIVER S. I should not need one — my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

JOSEPH S. My dear sir, you were [94 strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have [100 thought otherwise, and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

SIR OLIVER S. What! has he never transmitted you bullion — rupees — pagodas?

JOSEPH S. O, dear sir, nothing of [105 the kind. No, no; a few presents, now and then — china, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers; little more, believe me.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Here's grati- [110 tude for twelve thousand pounds! Avadavats and Indian crackers!

JOSEPH S. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother; there are very few would [115 credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Not I, for one!

JOSEPH S. The sums I have lent him! Indeed I have been exceedingly to [121 blame; it was an amiable weakness; however, I don't pretend to defend it; and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Dissembler! — Then, sir, you can't assist me?

JOSEPH S. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the

104 *rupees — pagodas.* Rupees and pagodas are Indian coins.
108 *avadavats*, song birds of India. 108 *Indian crackers*, firecrackers.

ability, you may depend upon hearing [131 from me.

SIR OLIVER S. I am extremely sorry ——

JOSEPH S. Not more than I, believe me; to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be [136 denied.

SIR OLIVER S. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

JOSEPH S. You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door. 142

SIR OLIVER S. O, dear sir, no ceremony.

JOSEPH S. Your very obedient.

SIR OLIVER S. Sir, your most obsequious.

JOSEPH S. You may depend upon [147 hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

SIR OLIVER S. Sweet sir, you are too good!

JOSEPH S. In the mean time I wish you health and spirits. 153

SIR OLIVER S. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

JOSEPH S. Sir, yours as sincerely.

SIR OLIVER S. [*aside*]. Charles, [157 you are my heir! (*Exit.*)

JOSEPH S. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputa- [162 tion of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of [167 it, makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

(*Enter* ROWLEY.)

ROWLEY. Mr. Surface, your servant. I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you. [173

JOSEPH S. Always happy to see Mr. Rowley. (*Reads the letter.*) Sir Oliver Surface! My uncle arrived!

ROWLEY. He is, indeed; we have [177 just parted — quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

JOSEPH S. I am astonished! William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone. 182

ROWLEY. Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

JOSEPH S. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

ROWLEY. I thought you had particular business; but I must be gone to inform [188 your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

JOSEPH S. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming. — [193 [*Aside.*] Never, to be sure, was anything so damned unlucky.

ROWLEY. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

JOSEPH S. Ah! I'm rejoiced to hear it. —— [*Aside.*] Just at this time! 199

ROWLEY. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

JOSEPH S. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot [203 express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him. (*Exit* ROWLEY.) Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruelest piece of ill fortune! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

(*Enter* MRS. CANDOUR *and Maid.*)

MAID. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

MRS. CAN. Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour?

MAID. Yes, ma'am; but she begs you [5 will excuse her.

MRS. CAN. Do go again; I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. (*Exit Maid.*) Dear heart, how pro- [10 voking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses. 15

(*Enter* SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.)

Oh, Sir Benjamin, you have heard, I suppose ——

SIR BENJ. B. Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface ——

MRS. CAN. And Sir Peter's dis- [20 covery ——

SIR BENJ. B. O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

MRS. CAN. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for [25 all parties, indeed.

SIR BENJ. B. Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all; he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

MRS. CAN. Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas [30 with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

SIR BENJ. B. No, no, I tell you; Mr. Surface is the gallant.

MRS. CAN. No such thing! Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought [35 Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

SIR BENJ. B. I tell you I had it from one ——

MRS. CAN. And I have it from one —

SIR BENJ. B. Who had it from one, [40 who had it —

MRS. CAN. From one immediately — but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

(*Enter* LADY SNEERWELL.)

LADY SNEER. So, my dear Mrs. [45 Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend, Lady Teazle.

MRS. CAN. Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought ——

LADY SNEER. Well, there is no trust- [50 ing appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

MRS. Can. To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was young! 55

LADY SNEER. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

MRS. CAN. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

LADY SNEER. No; but everybody says that Mr. Surface —— 61

SIR BENJ. B. Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

MRS. CAN. No, no; indeed the assignation was with Charles. 65

LADY SNEER. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

MRS. CAN. Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer. 70

SIR BENJ. B. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not ——

MRS. CAN. Sir Peter's wound! O, [75 mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

LADY SNEER. Nor I, a syllable.

SIR BENJ. B. No! what, no mention of the duel? 80

MRS. CAN. Not a word.

SIR BENJ. B. O, yes; they fought before they left the room.

LADY SNEER. Pray, let us hear.

MRS. CAN. Ay, do oblige us with [85 the duel.

SIR BENJ. B. "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

MRS. CAN. Ay, to Charles. 90

SIR BENJ. B. No, no, to Mr. Surface — "a most ungrateful fellow; and, old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction." 94

MRS. CAN. Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

SIR BENJ. B. Gad's life, ma'am, not at all. "Giving me satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter [100 in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords.

(*Enter* CRABTREE.)

CRABT. With pistols, nephew — pistols. I have it from undoubted authority. 106

MRS. CAN. O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

CRABT. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded — [110

SIR BENJ. B. By a thrust in second quite through his left side ——

CRABT. By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

MRS. CAN. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter! 115

103 *hartshorn*, smelling salts, formerly made from deers' horns.
111 *thrust in second*, second position in fencing, a parry.

CRABT. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

MRS. CAN. I knew Charles was the person.

SIR BENJ. B. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

CRABT. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

SIR BENJ. B. That I told you, you know —

CRABT. Do, nephew, let me speak! and insisted on immediate —

SIR BENJ. B. Just as I said —

CRABT. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too. A pair of [130 pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols [135 were left charged.

SIR BENJ. B. I heard nothing of this.

CRABT. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot took effect [140 as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, grazed out of the window, at a right angle, and wound- [145 ed the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

SIR BENJ. B. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe [150 mine is the true one, for all that.

LADY SNEER. [*aside*]. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information.

(*Exit* LADY SNEERWELL.)

SIR BENJ. B. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

CRABT. Yes, yes, they certainly do say; but that's neither here nor there.

MRS. CAN. But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

CRABT. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

MRS. CAN. I believe so, and Lady [164 Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

CRABT. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

SIR BENJ. B. Hey, who comes here?

CRABT. O, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

MRS. CAN. O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

(*Enter* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.)

CRABT. Well, doctor, what hopes?

MRS. CAN. Ah, doctor, how's your [174 patient?

SIR BENJ. B. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small sword?

CRABT. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred!

SIR OLIVER S. Doctor! a wound [180 with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

SIR BENJ. B. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

SIR OLIVER S. Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

CRABT. Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

SIR OLIVER S. Not a word!

CRABT. Not of his being dangerously wounded?

SIR OLIVER S. The devil he is!

SIR BENJ. B. Run through the body ——

CRABT. Shot in the breast ——

SIR BENJ. B. By one Mr. Surface ——

CRABT. Ay, the younger.

SIR OLIVER S. Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir [200 Peter is dangerously wounded.

SIR BENJ. B. O, yes, we agree there.

CRABT. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

SIR OLIVER S. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

(*Enter* SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

Odds heart, Sir Peter, you are come in [210 good time. I promise you; for we had just given you over.

133 *Salthill*, near Eton, where Etonians used to beg, every third year, to pay the expenses of senior scholars. The custom was called "progressus ad montem."

147 *double*, overweight.

SIR BENJ. B. Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

SIR OLIVER S. Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

SIR PETER T. A small sword, and a bullet!

SIR OLIVER S. Ay, these gentle- [220 men would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

SIR PETER T. Why, what is all this?

SIR BENJ. B. We rejoice, Sir Peter, [225 that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

SIR PETER T. [*aside*]. So, so; all over the town already. 230

CRABT. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

SIR PETER T. Sir, what business is that of yours? 235

MRS. CAN. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

SIR PETER T. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it. 240

SIR BENJ. B. However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

SIR PETER T. Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house. 245

CRABT. 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

SIR PETER T. I insist on being left to myself; without ceremony. I insist on your leaving my house directly. 250

MRS. CAN. Well, well, we are going, and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER T. Leave my house!

CRABT. And tell how hardly you've [255 been treated. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER T. Leave my house!

SIR BENJ. B. And how patiently you bear it. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER T. Fiends! vipers! furies! [260 Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

SIR OLIVER S. They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter. 264

(*Enter* ROWLEY.)

ROWLEY. I heard high words; what has ruffled you, sir?

SIR PETER T. Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations? 269

ROWLEY. Well, I'm not inquisitive.

SIR OLIVER S. Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

SIR PETER T. A precious couple they are! 275

ROWLEY. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

SIR OLIVER S. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all. 280

ROWLEY. Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

SIR OLIVER S. And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

ROWLEY. It certainly is edification [285 to hear him talk.

SIR OLIVER S. Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age! But how's this, Sir Peter? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected. [290

SIR PETER T. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

ROWLEY. What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life? [295

SIR PETER T. Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you! 299

ROWLEY. Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you. 305

SIR PETER T. And does Sir Oliver know all this?

SIR OLIVER S. Every circumstance.

SIR PETER T. What, of the closet and the screen, hey? 310

SIR OLIVER S. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

SIR PETER T. 'Twas very pleasant.

SIR OLIVER S. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you. Ha! ha! ha!

SIR PETER T. O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

ROWLEY. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments; ha! ha! ha!

SIR PETER T. Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

SIR OLIVER S. Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet: ha! ha! ha!

SIR PETER T. Ha! ha! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

SIR OLIVER S. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha!

SIR PETER T. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

SIR OLIVER S. But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

SIR PETER T. O pray don't restrain your mirth on my account; it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. O yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S—, Lady T—, and Sir P—, will be so entertaining!

ROWLEY. Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools; but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room. I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

SIR OLIVER S. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

SIR PETER T. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

ROWLEY. We'll follow.

(*Exit* SIR OLIVER.)

SIR PETER T. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

ROWLEY. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

SIR PETER T. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

ROWLEY. Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

SIR PETER T. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles?

ROWLEY. A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

SIR PETER T. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

ROWLEY. Certainly.

SIR PETER T. Though when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

ROWLEY. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

SIR PETER T. I'faith, so I will! And if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

ROWLEY. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion ——

SIR PETER T. Hold, Master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, let me never hear you utter anything like a sentiment. I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *The Library* [*in* JOSEPH SURFACE'S *House*].

(*Enter* JOSEPH SURFACE *and* LADY SNEERWELL.)

LADY SNEER. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course, no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

JOSEPH S. Can passion furnish a remedy?

LADY SNEER. No, nor cunning neither. O! I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

JOSEPH S. Lady Sneerwell, I am [10 the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

LADY SNEER. Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart; your interest only attached you to Maria. [15 Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

JOSEPH S. But why should your re- [20 proaches fall on me for this disappointment?

LADY SNEER. Are you not the cause of it? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and [25 supplanting your brother, but you must endeavor to seduce his wife? I hate such an avarice of crimes; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

JOSEPH S. Well, I admit I have been [30 to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

LADY SNEER. No!

JOSEPH S. You tell me you have [35 made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

LADY SNEER. I do believe so.

JOSEPH S. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and [40 prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honor to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support?

LADY SNEER. This, indeed, might [45 have assisted.

JOSEPH S. Come, come; it is not too late yet. (*Knocking at the door.*) But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver; retire to that room, we'll consult farther [50 when he is gone.

LADY SNEER. Well, but if *he* should find you out too?

JOSEPH S. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his [55 own credit's sake; and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

LADY SNEER. I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one [60 roguery at a time. (*Exit* LADY SNEERWELL.)

JOSEPH S. I will, I will. So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly [66 — hey! — what! — this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now. I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here — and —— 71

(*Enter* SIR OLIVER SURFACE.)

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

SIR OLIVER S. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he [76 has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

JOSEPH S. Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg — come any [80 other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

SIR OLIVER S. No; Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

JOSEPH S. Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly. 86

SIR OLIVER S. Nay, sir ——

JOSEPH S. Sir, I insist on't; here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment; this [90 is such insolence!

(*Going to push him out.*)

(*Enter* CHARLES SURFACE.)

CHARLES S. Hey day! what's the matter now! What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. What's [95 the matter, my little fellow?

JOSEPH S. So! he has been with you too, has he?

CHARLES S. To be sure he has. Why he's as honest a little —— But sure, [100 Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

JOSEPH S. Borrowing! no! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every —— 105

CHARLES S. O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure.

JOSEPH S. Yet Mr. Stanley insists ——

CHARLES S. Stanley! why his name's Premium.

JOSEPH S. No, sir, Stanley.

CHARLES S. No, no, Premium.

JOSEPH S. Well, no matter which — but ——

CHARLES S. Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.

(*Knocking.*)

JOSEPH S. 'Sdeath, here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley ——

CHARLES S. Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium ——

SIR OLIVER S. Gentlemen ——

JOSEPH S. Sir, by heaven you shall go!

CHARLES S. Ay, out with him, certainly!

SIR OLIVER S. This violence ——

JOSEPH S. Sir, 'tis your own fault.

CHARLES S. Out with him, to be sure. (*Both forcing* SIR OLIVER *out.*)

(*Enter* SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE, MARIA, *and* ROWLEY.)

SIR PETER T. My old friend, Sir Oliver; hey! What in the name of wonder; here are dutiful nephews; assault their uncle at a first visit!

LADY T. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue, you.

ROWLEY. Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

SIR OLIVER S. Nor of Premium either: the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and now, egad, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

JOSEPH S. Charles!

CHARLES S. Joseph!

JOSEPH S. 'Tis now complete!

CHARLES S. Very!

SIR OLIVER S. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too — look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him; judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of faith, charity, and gratitude.

SIR PETER T. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.

LADY T. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

SIR PETER T. Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

CHARLES S. [*aside*]. If they talk this way to honesty, what will they say to me, by and by?

SIR OLIVER S. As for that prodigal, his brother, there ——

CHARLES S. [*aside*]. Ay, now comes my turn; the damned family pictures will ruin me.

JOSEPH S. Sir Oliver; uncle, will you honor me with a hearing?

CHARLES S. [*aside*]. Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little.

SIR PETER T. [*to* JOSEPH]. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely.

JOSEPH S. I trust I could.

SIR OLIVER S. Well, sir! and you could justify yourself too, I suppose?

CHARLES S. Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

SIR OLIVER S. What! Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

CHARLES S. True, sir; but they were *family* secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

ROWLEY. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

SIR OLIVER S. Odd's heart, no more can I; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know the rogue bargained with me for

119 *A. B.* Meetings at coffee-houses were often arranged, and letters received, under assumed names or initials.

all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

CHARLES S. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you — and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not — that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

SIR OLIVER S. Charles, I believe you; give me your hand again; the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

CHARLES S. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

LADY T. Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

SIR OLIVER S. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right — that blush ——

SIR PETER T. Well, child, speak your sentiments!

MARIA. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me — whatever claim I had to his affection, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

CHARLES S. How, Maria!

SIR PETER T. Hey day! what's the mystery now? While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

MARIA. His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

CHARLES S. Lady Sneerwell!

JOSEPH S. Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.

(*Opens the door.*)

(*Enter* LADY SNEERWELL.)

SIR PETER T. So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room of the house, I suppose.

LADY SNEER. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

CHARLES S. Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

JOSEPH S. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

SIR PETER T. And that person, I amagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

ROWLEY. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

(*Enter* SNAKE.)

I thought his testimony might be wanted; however, it happens unluckily that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

LADY SNEER. A villain! Treacherous to me at last! Speak, fellow; have you too conspired against me?

SNAKE. I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons; you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

SIR PETER T. Plot and counter-plot, egad!

LADY SNEER. The torments of shame and disappointment on you all.

LADY T. Hold, Lady Sneerwell; before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they gave her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

LADY SNEER. You too, madam — provoking — insolent. May your husband live these fifty years. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER T. Oons! what a fury!

LADY T. A malicious creature, indeed!

SIR PETER T. Hey! Not for her last wish?

LADY T. O no!

SIR OLIVER S. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

JOSEPH S. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say; however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. (*Exit.*)

SIR PETER T. Moral to the last drop!

SIR OLIVER S. Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can. Oil and vinegar, egad! you'll do very well together.

ROWLEY. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present?

SNAKE. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

SIR PETER T. Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

SNAKE. But I must requestof the company that it shall never be known.

SIR PETER T. Hey! What the plague! Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

SNAKE. Ah, sir! consider; I live by the badness of my character. I have nothing but my infamy to depend on! and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

SIR OLIVER S. Well, well; we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear. (*Exit* SNAKE.)

SIR PETER T. There's a precious rogue!

LADY T. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

SIR OLIVER S. Ay, ay, that's as it should be, and egad we'll have the wedding tomorrow morning.

CHARLES S. Thank you, dear uncle!

SIR PETER T. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

CHARLES S. Oh, I have done that a long time — a minute ago — and she has looked yes.

MARIA. For shame, Charles! I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

SIR OLIVER S. Well, then, the fewer the better. May your love for each other never know abatement!

SIR PETER T. And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

CHARLES S. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me; and I suspect that I owe you much.

SIR OLIVER S. You do indeed, Charles.

ROWLEY. If my efforts to serve you had not succeeded, you would have been in my debt for the attempt: but deserve to be happy, and you overpay me.

SIR PETER T. Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

CHARLES S. Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor — my gentle guide. Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst wave
thy beauty's sway,
Thou still must rule, because I will obey:
An humble fugitive from Folly view,
No sanctuary near but Love and you.
(*To the audience.*)
You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,
For even Scandal dies if you approve.

EPILOGUE

By Mr. Colman

Spoken by Lady Teazle

I, who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one dull rusty weathercock — my spouse!
So wills our virtuous bard — the motley Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays!
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives:
Each bring his dear to town, all faults upon her,
London will prove the very source of honor.
Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my case; and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er.
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money — when I just knew how to waste it!
Leave London — just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early crowing cock,
The melancholy ticking of a clock;
In a lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curate can I now retire
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire),
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main! Dear sound that must expire,
Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd head, the cushioned tête,
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!
The spirit-stirring drum! card drums I mean,
Spadille — odd trick — pam — basto — king and queen!
And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,
The welcome visitors' approach denote;
Farewell all quality of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town!
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er!

Colman, George Colman, the elder, playwright and manager of the Haymarket, who fought sentimentality in the theatre.

5 *Bayes*, a stock name for a dramatist; literally, a character in *The Rehearsal*, 1671, a burlesque of the heroic-play.

23 *pounded*, in pound; imprisoned. 28 *loo*, a card-game. 28 *vole*, in cards, a sweep or slam.
29 *main*, the number or point; in dice, the number which must be thrown in order to win.
30 *hot cockles*, a country game, a variation of blindman's buff.
32 *Farewell* . . . a parody of *Othello*, III, iii, 348 ff. 35 *card drums*, card-parties.
36 *spadille*. Spadille, pam, and basto are the names of certain cards in ombre.

All this I told our bard; he smiled, and said 'twas clear,
I ought to play deep tragedy next year;
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away: —
"Blest were the fair like you! her faults who stopp'd,
And closed her follies when the curtain dropp'd!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage."

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

By OSCAR WILDE

(1892)

OSCAR WILDE (1850–1900)

The author of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Oscar O'Flahertie Fingal Wills Wilde, was born in Dublin on October 15, 1850. Like Sheridan, he had brilliant parents, both of whom adored wit and society, and both of whom had solid accomplishments to their credit, his father as a physician, specialist in the treatment of the eye, his mother as a writer. Oscar first attended Trinity College, Dublin, but in 1874 he entered Magdalen College, Oxford. He was a precocious and brilliant student, specializing in the classics. At Oxford, in 1878, he won the Newdigate Prize for an original poem. At Oxford, too, he began the affectations which he cultivated throughout his life. In London, with his wit and his love of beauty — and with his knee breeches, flowing tie, and lily in his hand — he became the leader among the Æsthetes, whom Du Maurier ridiculed in *Punch*, and Gilbert and Sullivan satirized in *Patience*. His manner was aped by many, and his *bons mots* were repeated everywhere. In 1892 Wilde visited the United States, where, besides entertaining audiences with his eccentricities and with his paradoxes, he did something in spreading Ruskin's gospel of the need of art in everyday life. A few years later he was convicted of criminal immorality and was imprisoned for two years. After his release, stripped of his reputation, ruined financially, broken in health, he went to Paris. There, on November 30, 1900, he died in obscurity and was buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise.

Oscar Wilde's literary works divide themselves naturally into three groups. In the first group are his magazine articles, his poems, his two volumes of delightful fairy stories, his famous novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, 1891, and three strange plays, *Vera, or, The Nihilists*, 1883, *The Duchess of Padua*, 1891, and *Salome*, 1892. *Vera* is almost childish melodrama. *The Duchess of Padua*, while it displays flashes of true poetry in its blank verse, is too reminiscent of *Macbeth* and of Webster's tragedies of blood. *Salome*, written in French and acted in Paris two years later, is, despite its decadence, powerful, especially when played to the accompaniment of Strauss's music. The second group, covering four scant years, is composed of the four artificial comedies of manners upon which Wilde's reputation as a dramatist rests. They are *Lady Windermere's Fan*, 1892; *A Woman of No Importance*, 1893; *An Ideal Husband*, 1895; and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, 1895. Alone in the third division stands the moving poem, *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, 1898, Oscar Wilde's most sincere piece of writing.

Lady Windermere's Fan, like *The School for Scandal*, is a literary descendant of Restoration comedy. It is a comedy of manners and of wit. Sheridan, we have seen, introduced into this type of artificial comedy a certain amount of sentiment, even though he was fighting the growing sentimentality of the drama; and he sur-

passed most Restoration playwrights in making his plot compact. Wilde went even further. Many situations in *Lady Windermere's Fan* are downright emotional, only kept within bounds by his skill in leading up to, and retreating from, the scene; and his skillfully articulated plot is one of the most brilliant examples of sheer craftsmanship in the British theater. In addition, Wilde gave this comedy the air of a "problem play," of a "play with ideas," by introducing, in most cases naturally, epigrams and comments upon life. But it is Wilde's wit and especially his technique, after all, rather than his treatment of social problems, that make this play memorable.

A brief account of Oscar Wilde may be found in A. Henderson, *European Dramatists.* The fullest and most outspoken biography is Frank Harris, *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions*, 1918. There is no adequate account of English drama in the nineteenth century. For the early years, *The Cambridge History of English Literature* is useful. For the Victorian period, consult A. Filon, *The English Stage*, 1897; C. Scott, *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day*, two volumes, 1899; and W. Archer, *English Dramatists of To-day*, 1882.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LORD WINDERMERE
LORD DARLINGTON
LORD AUGUSTUS LORTON
MR. CECIL GRAHAM
MR. DUMBY
MR. HOPPER
PARKER, *butler*
LADY WINDERMERE
THE DUCHESS OF BERWICK
LADY AGATHA CARLISLE
LADY PLYMDALE
LADY JEDBURGH
LADY STUTFIELD
MRS. COWPER-COWPER
MRS. ERLYNNE
ROSALIE, *maid*

THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

ACT I. MORNING-ROOM IN LORD WINDERMERE'S HOUSE
ACT II. DRAWING-ROOM IN LORD WINDERMERE'S HOUSE
ACT III. LORD DARLINGTON'S ROOMS
ACT IV. SAME AS ACT I

TIME — The Present
PLACE — London

The action of the play takes place within twenty-four hours, beginning on a Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, and ending the next day at 1.30 P.M.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

ACT I.

SCENE — *Morning-room of* LORD WINDERMERE'S *house in Carlton House Terrace. Doors* C. *and* R. *Bureau with books and papers* R. *Sofa with small tea-table* L. *Window opening on to terrace* L. *Table* R.

LADY WINDERMERE *is at table* R. *Arranging roses in a blue bowl.*

(*Enter* PARKER.)

PARKER. Is your ladyship at home this afternoon?

LADY W. Yes — who has called?

PARKER. Lord Darlington, my lady.

LADY W. (*hesitates for a moment*). [5 Show him up — and I'm at home to any one who calls.

PARKER. Yes, my lady. (*Exit* C.)

LADY W. It's best for me to see him before to-night. I'm glad he's come. [10

(*Enter* PARKER C.)

PARKER. Lord Darlington.

(*Enter* LORD D. C. *Exit* PARKER.)

LORD D. How do you do, Lady Windermere?

LADY W. How do you do, Lord Darlington? No, I can't shake hands with you. [15 My hands are all wet with these roses. Aren't they lovely? They came up from Selby this morning.

LORD D. They are quite perfect. (*Sees a fan lying on the table.*) And what a [20 wonderful fan! May I look at it?

LADY W. Do. Pretty, isn't it! It's got my name on it, and everything. I have only just seen it myself. It's my husband's birthday present to me. You know to-day is [25 my birthday?

LORD D. No? Is it really?

LADY W. Yes; I'm of age to-day. Quite an important day in my life, isn't it? That is why I am giving this party to-night. [30 Do sit down. (*Still arranging flowers.*)

LORD D. (*sitting down*). I wish I had known it was your birthday, Lady Windermere. I would have covered the whole street in front of your house with flow- [35 ers to walk on. They are made for you.

(*A short pause.*)

LADY W. Lord Darlington, you annoyed me last night at the Foreign Office. I am afraid you are going to annoy me again.

LORD D. I, Lady Windermere? 40

(*Enter* PARKER *and* FOOTMAN C. *with tray and tea-things.*)

LADY W. Put it there, Parker. That will do. (*Wipes her hands with her pocket-handkerchief, goes to tea-table* L. *and sits down.*) Won't you come over, Lord Darlington?

(*Exit* PARKER C.)

LORD D. (*takes chair and goes across* L. C.). I am quite miserable, Lady Win- [46 dermere. You must tell me what I did.

(*Sits down at table* L.)

LADY W. Well, you kept paying me elaborate compliments the whole evening.

LORD D. (*smiling*). Ah, nowadays we are all of us so hard up, that the only pleas- [51 ant things to pay *are* compliments. They're the only thing we *can* pay.

LADY W. (*shaking her head*). No, I am talking very seriously. You mustn't laugh, I am quite serious. I don't like compli- [56 ments, and I don't see why a man should think he is pleasing a woman enormously when he says to her a whole heap of things that he doesn't mean. 60

LORD D. Ah, but I did mean them.

(*Takes tea which she offers him.*)

LADY W. (*gravely*). I hope not. I should be sorry to have to quarrel with you, Lord Darlington. I like you very much, you know that. But I shouldn't like you at all if I thought you were what most other [66 men are. Believe me, you are better than

most other men, and I sometimes think you pretend to be worse.

LORD D. We all have our little vanities, Lady Windermere. 71

LADY W. Why do you make that your special one?

(*Still seated at table* L.)

LORD D. (*still seated* L. C.). Oh, nowadays so many conceited people go about Society pretending to be good, that I [76 think it shows rather a sweet and modest disposition to pretend to be bad. Besides, there is this to be said. If you pretend to be good, the world takes you very seriously. If you pretend to be bad, it doesn't. [81 Such is the astounding stupidity of optimism.

LADY W. Don't you *want* the world to take you seriously, then, Lord Darlington?

LORD D. No, not the world. Who [86 are the people the world takes seriously? All the dull people one can think of, from the bishops down to the bores. I should like *you* to take me very seriously, Lady Windermere, *you* more than any one else in life.

LADY W. Why — why me? 92

LORD D. (*after a slight hesitation*). Because I think we might be great friends. Let us be great friends. You may want a friend some day. 96

LADY W. Why do you say that?

LORD D. Oh! — we all want friends at times.

LADY W. I think we're very good friends already, Lord Darlington. We can al- [101 ways remain so as long as you don't —

LORD D. Don't what?

LADY W. Don't spoil it by saying extravagant, silly things to me. You think I am a Puritan, I suppose? Well, I have [106 something of the Puritan in me. I was brought up like that. I am glad of it. My mother died when I was a mere child. I lived always with Lady Julia, my father's eldest sister, you know. She was stern [111 to me, but she taught me, what the world is forgetting, the difference that there is between what is right and what is wrong. *She* allowed of no compromise. *I* allow of none.

LORD D. My dear Lady Windermere!

LADY W. (*leaning back on the sofa*). [117 You look on me as being behind the age. — Well, I am! I should be sorry to be on the same level as an age like this. 120

LORD D. You think the age very bad?

LADY W. Yes. Nowadays people seem to look on life as a speculation. It is not a speculation. It is a sacrament. Its ideal is Love. Its purification is sacrifice. 125

LORD D. (*smiling*). Oh, anything is better than being sacrificed!

LADY W. (*leaning forward*). Don't say that.

LORD D. I do say it. I feel it — I know it. 131

(*Enter* PARKER C.)

PARKER. The men want to know if they are to put the carpets on the terrace for tonight, my lady?

LADY W. You don't think it will rain, Lord Darlington, do you? 136

LORD D. I won't hear of its raining on your birthday!

LADY W. Tell them to do it at once, Parker. (*Exit* PARKER C.)

LORD D. (*still seated*). Do you think [141 then — of course I am only putting an imaginary instance — do you think, that in the case of a young married couple, say about two years married, if the husband suddenly becomes the intimate friend [146 of a woman of — well, more than doubtful character, is always calling upon her, lunching with her, and probably paying her bills — do you think that the wife should not console herself? 151

LADY W. (*frowning*). Console herself?

LORD D. Yes, I think she should — I think she has the right.

LADY W. Because the husband is vile should the wife be vile also? 156

LORD D. Vileness is a terrible word, Lady Windermere.

LADY W. It is a terrible thing, Lord Darlington. 160

LORD D. Do you know I am afraid that good people do a great deal of harm in this world. Certainly the greatest harm they do is that they make badness of such extraordinary importance. It is absurd to divide people into good and bad. [166 People are either charming or tedious. I take the side of the charming, and you,

Lady Windermere, can't help belonging to them. 170

LADY W. Now, Lord Darlington. (*Rising and crossing* R., *front of him.*) Don't stir, I am merely going to finish my flowers. (*Goes to table* R. C.)

LORD D. (*rising and moving chair*). And I must say I think you are very hard on modern life, Lady Windermere. Of [176 course there is much against it, I admit. Most women, for instance, nowadays, are rather mercenary.

LADY W. Don't talk about such people.

LORD D. Well, then, setting mer- [181 cenary people aside, who, of course, are dreadful, do you think seriously that women who have committed what the world calls a fault should never be forgiven?

LADY W. (*standing at table*). I think [186 they should never be forgiven.

LORD D. And me? Do you think that there should be the same laws for men as there are for women? 190

LADY W. Certainly!

LORD D. I think life too complex a thing to be settled by these hard and fast rules.

LADY W. If we had "these hard and fast rules," we should find life much more simple. 196

LORD D. You allow of no exceptions?

LADY W. None!

LORD D. Ah, what a fascinating Puritan you are, Lady Windermere! 200

LADY W. The adjective was unnecessary, Lord Darlington.

LORD D. I couldn't help it. I can resist everything except temptation.

LADY W. You have the modern affectation of weakness. 206

LORD D. (*looking at her*). It's only an affectation, Lady Windermere.

(*Enter* PARKER C.)

PARKER. The Duchess of Berwick and Lady Agatha Carlisle. 210

(*Exit* PARKER C.)

(*Enter the* DUCHESS OF B. *and* LADY A. C. C.)

DUCHESS OF B. (*coming down* C. *and shaking hands*). Dear Margaret, I am so pleased to see you. You remember Agatha, don't you? (*Crossing* L. C.) How do you do, Lord Darlington? I won't let you know my daughter, you are far too wicked. [216

LORD D. Don't say that, Duchess. As a wicked man I am a complete failure. Why, there are lots of people who say I have never really done anything wrong in the whole course of my life. Of course [221 they only say it behind my back.

DUCHESS OF B. Isn't he dreadful? Agatha, this is Lord Darlington. Mind you don't believe a word he says. (LORD DARLINGTON *crosses* R. C.) No, no tea, [226 thank you, dear. (*Crosses and sits on sofa.*) We have just had tea at Lady Markby's. Such bad tea, too. It was quite undrinkable. I wasn't at all surprised. Her own son-in-law supplies it. Agatha is look- [231 ing forward so much to your ball to-night, dear Margaret.

LADY W. (*seated* L. C.) Oh, you mustn't think it is going to be a ball, Duchess. It is only a dance in honor of my birthday. [236 A small and early.

LORD D. (*standing* L. C.). Very small, very early, and very select, Duchess.

DUCHESS OF B. (*On sofa* L.) Of course it's going to be select. But we know [241 *that*, dear Margaret, about *your* house. It is really one of the few houses in London where I can take Agatha, and where I feel perfectly secure about poor Berwick. I don't know what Society is coming to. [246 The most dreadful people seem to go everywhere. They certainly come to my parties — the men get quite furious if one doesn't ask them. Really, some one should make a stand against it. 251

LADY W. *I* will, Duchess, I will have no one in my house about whom there is any scandal.

LORD D. (R. C.). Oh, don't say that, Lady Windermere. I should never be admitted! (*Sitting.*)

DUCHESS OF B. Oh, men don't [257 matter. With women it is different. We're good. Some of us are, at least. But we are positively getting elbowed into the corner. Our husbands would really forget our [261 existence if we didn't nag at them from time to time, just to remind them that we have a perfect legal right to do so.

LORD D. It's a curious thing, Duchess,

about the game of marriage — a game, [266 by the way, that is going out of fashion — the wives hold all the honors, and invariably lose the odd trick.

DUCHESS OF B. The odd trick? Is that the husband, Lord Darlington? 271

LORD D. It would be rather a good name for the modern husband.

DUCHESS OF B. Dear Lord Darlington, how thoroughly depraved you are! 275

LADY W. Lord Darlington is trivial.

LORD D. Ah, don't say that, Lady Windermere.

LADY W. Why do you *talk* so trivially about life, then? 280

LORD D. Because I think that life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about it. (*Moves up* C.)

DUCHESS OF B. What does he mean? Do, as a concession to my poor wits, Lord Darlington, just explain to me what you really mean? 287

LORD D. (*coming down back of table*). I think I had better not, Duchess. Nowadays to be intelligible is to be found out. Good-bye! (*Shakes hands with* DUCHESS.) And now (*goes up stage*), Lady Winder- [292 mere, good-bye. I may come to-night, mayn't I? Do let me come.

LADY W. (*standing up stage with* LORD D.). Yes, certainly. But you are not [296 to say foolish, insincere things to people.

LORD D. (*smiling*). Ah, you are beginning to reform me. It is a dangerous thing to reform any one, Lady Windermere.

(*Bows, and exit* C.)

DUCHESS OF B. (*who has risen, goes* C.). What a charming, wicked creature! I [302 like him so much. I'm quite delighted he's gone! How sweet you're looking! Where *do* you get your gowns? And now I must tell you how sorry I am for you, dear [306 Margaret. (*Crosses to sofa and sits with* LADY W.) Agatha, darling!

LADY A. Yes, mamma. (*Rises.*)

DUCHESS OF B. Will you go and look over the photograph album that I see there?

LADY A. Yes, mamma. (*Goes to table* L.)

DUCHESS OF B. Dear girl! She is so [313 fond of photographs of Switzerland. Such a pure taste, I think. But I really am so sorry for you, Margaret. 316

LADY W. (*smiling*). Why, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF B. Oh, on account of that horrid woman. She dresses so well, too, which makes it much worse, sets such a dreadful example. Augustus — you know my disreputable brother — such a trial [322 to us all — well, Augustus is completely infatuated about her. It is quite scandalous, for she is absolutely inadmissible into society. Many a woman has a past, but I am told that she has at least a dozen, [327 and that they all fit.

LADY W. Whom are you talking about, Duchess? 330

DUCHESS OF B. About Mrs. Erlynne.

LADY W. Mrs. Erlynne? I never heard of her, Duchess. And what *has* she to do with me?

DUCHESS OF B. My poor child! Agatha, darling! 336

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. Will you go out on the terrace and look at the sunset?

LADY A. Yes, mamma. 340

(*Exit through window* L.)

DUCHESS OF B. Sweet girl! So devoted to sunsets! Shows such refinement of feeling, does it not? After all, there is nothing like nature, is there?

LADY W. But what is it, Duchess? Why do you talk to me about this person? [346

DUCHESS OF B. Don't you really know? I assure you we're all so distressed about it. Only last night at dear Lady Fansen's every one was saying how extraordinary it was that, of all men in London, Win- [351 dermere should behave in such a way.

LADY W. My husband — what has *he* to do with any woman of that kind?

DUCHESS OF B. Ah, what indeed, dear? That is the point. He goes to see her [356 continually, and stops for hours at a time, and while he is there she is not at home to any one. Not that many ladies call on her, dear, but she has a great many disreputable men friends — my own brother in par- [361 ticular, as I told you — and that is what makes it so dreadful about Windermere. We looked upon *him* as being such a model husband, but I am afraid there is no doubt about it. My dear nieces — you know [366 the Saville girls, don't you? — such nice

domestic creatures — plain, dreadfully plain, but so good — well, they're always at the window doing fancy work, and making ugly things for the poor, which I [371 think so useful of them in these dreadful socialistic days, and this terrible woman has taken a house in Curzon Street, right opposite them — such a respectable street, too. I don't know what we're coming to! [376 And they tell me that Windermere goes there four and five times a week — they *see* him. They can't help it — and although they never talk scandal, they — well, of course — they remark on it to every [381 one. And the worst of it all is, that I have been told that this woman has got a great deal of money out of somebody, for it seems that she came to London six months ago without anything at all to speak of, [386 and now she has this charming house in Mayfair, drives her pony in the Park every afternoon, and all — well, all — since she has known poor dear Windermere. 390

LADY W. Oh, I can't believe it!

DUCHESS OF B. But it's quite true, my dear. The whole of London knows it. That is why I felt it was better to come and talk to you, and advise you to take Windermere away at once to Homburg or to Aix [396 where he'll have something to amuse him, and where you can watch him all day long. I assure you, my dear, that on several occasions after I was first married I had to pretend to be very ill, and was obliged to [401 drink the most unpleasant mineral waters, merely to get Berwick out of town. He was so extremely susceptible. Though I am bound to say he never gave away any large sums of money to anybody. He is far [406 too high-principled for that.

LADY W. (*interrupting*). Duchess, Duchess, it's impossible! (*Rising and crossing stage* C.) We are only married two years. Our child is but six months old. 411

(*Sits in chair* R. *of* L. *table.*)

DUCHESS OF B. Ah, the dear, pretty baby! How is the little darling? Is it a boy or a girl? I hope a girl — Ah, no, I remember it's a boy! I'm so sorry. Boys are so wicked. My boy is excessively [416 immoral. You wouldn't believe at what hours he comes home. And he's only left Oxford a few months — I really don't know what they teach them there. 420

LADY W. Are *all* men bad?

DUCHESS OF B. Oh, all of them, my dear, all of them, without any exception. And they never grow any better. Men become old, but they never become good. 425

LADY W. Windermere and I married for love.

DUCHESS OF B. Yes, we begin like that. It was only Berwick's brutal and incessant threats of suicide that made me accept him at all, and before the year was out he [431 was running after all kinds of petticoats, every color, every shape, every material. In fact, before the honeymoon was over, I caught him winking at my maid, a most pretty, respectable girl. I dismissed [436 her at once without a character. — No, I remember I passed her on to my sister; poor dear Sir George is so short-sighted, I thought it wouldn't matter. But it did, though it was most unfortunate. (*Rises.*) And now, my dear child, I must go, as [442 we are dining out. And mind you don't take this little aberration of Windermere's too much to heart. Just take him abroad, and he'll come back to you all right. 446

LADY W. Come back to me? (C.)

DUCHESS OF B. (L. C.). Yes, dear, these wicked women get our husbands away from us, but they always come back, slightly damaged, of course. And don't make [451 scenes, men hate them!

LADY W. It is very kind of you, Duchess, to come and tell me all this. But I can't believe that my husband is untrue to me.

DUCHESS OF B. Pretty child! I was [456 like that once. Now I know that all men are monsters. (LADY W. *rings bell.*) The only thing to do is to feed the wretches well. A good cook does wonders, and that I know you have. My dear Margaret, you are [461 not going to cry?

LADY W. You needn't be afraid, Duchess, I never cry.

DUCHESS OF B. That's quite right, dear. Crying is the refuge of plain women, [466 but the ruin of pretty ones. Agatha, darling.

LADY A. (*entering* L.). Yes, mamma.

(*Stands back of table* L. C.)

DUCHESS OF B. Come and bid good-bye

to Lady Windermere, and thank her for your charming visit. (*Coming down again.*) And by the way, I must thank you for [472 sending a card to Mr. Hopper — he's that rich young Australian people are taking such notice of just at present. His father made a great fortune by selling some [476 kind of food in circular tins — most palatable, I believe, — I fancy it is the thing the servants always refuse to eat. But the son is quite interesting. I think he's attracted by dear Agatha's clever talk. [481 Of course, we should be very sorry to lose her, but I think that a mother who doesn't part with a daughter every season has no real affection. We're coming to-night, dear.

(PARKER *opens* C. *doors.*)

And remember my advice, take the poor fellow out of town at once, it is the only [487 thing to do. Good-bye, once more; come, Agatha. (*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* LADY A. C.)

LADY W. How horrible! I understand now what Lord Darlington meant by [491 the imaginary instance of the couple not two years married. Oh! it can't be true — she spoke of enormous sums of money paid to this woman. I know where Arthur keeps his bank-book — in one of the drawers [496 of that desk. I might find out by that. I *will* find out. (*Opens drawer.*) No, it is some hideous mistake. (*Rises and goes* C.) Some silly scandal! He loves *me!* He loves *me!* But why should I not look? I am his [501 wife, I have a right to look! (*Returns to bureau, takes out book and examines it, page by page, smiles and gives a sigh of relief.*) I knew it, there is not a word of truth in this stupid story. (*Puts book back in drawer. As she does so, starts and takes out another book.*) A second book — private — locked! [508 (*Tries to open it, but fails. Sees paper knife on bureau, and with it cuts cover from book. Begins to start at the first page.*) Mrs. Erlynne — £600 — Mrs. Erlynne — £700 — Mrs. Erlynne — £400. Oh! it is true! it is true! How horrible! (*Throws book on floor.*)

(*Enter* LORD W. C.)

LORD W. Well, dear, has the fan [515 been sent home yet? (*Going* R. C. *sees book.*) Margaret, you have cut open my bank book. You have no right to do such a thing!

LADY W. You think it wrong that you are found out, don't you? 520

LORD W. I think it wrong that a wife should spy on her husband.

LADY W. I did not spy on you. I never knew of this woman's existence till half an hour ago. Some one who pitied me [525 was kind enough to tell me what every one in London knows already — your daily visits to Curzon Street, your mad infatuation, the monstrous sums of money you squander on this infamous woman! (*Crossing* L.)

LORD W. Margaret, don't talk like [531 that of Mrs. Erlynne, you don't know how unjust it is!

LADY W. (*turning to him*). You are very jealous of Mrs. Erlynne's honor. I [535 wish you had been as jealous of mine.

LORD W. Your honor is untouched, Margaret. You don't think for a moment that —

(*Puts book back into desk.*)

LADY W. I think that you spend your money strangely. That is all. Oh, [540 don't imagine I mind about the money. As far as I am concerned, you may squander everything we have. But what I *do* mind is that you who have loved me, you who have taught me to love you, should [545 pass from the love that is given to the love that is bought. Oh, it's horrible! (*Sits on sofa.*) And it is I who feel degraded. *You* don't feel anything. I feel stained, utterly stained. You can't realize how hideous [550 the last six months seem to me now — every kiss you have given me is tainted in my memory.

LORD W. (*crossing to her*). Don't say that, Margaret, I never loved any one [555 in the whole world but you.

LADY W. (*rises*). Who is this woman, then? Why do you take a house for her?

LORD W. I did not take a house for her.

LADY W. You gave her the money to do it, which is the same thing. 561

LORD W. Margaret, as far as I have known Mrs. Erlynne —

LADY W. Is there a Mr. Erlynne — or is he a myth? 565

LORD W. Her husband died many years ago. She is alone in the world.

LADY W. No relations? (*A pause.*)

LORD W. None. 569

LADY W. Rather curious, isn't it? (L.)

LORD W. (L. C.). Margaret, I was saying to you — and I beg you to listen to me — that as far as I have known Mrs. Erlynne, she has conducted herself well. If years ago —

LADY W. Oh! (*Crossing* R. C.) I don't want details about her life.

LORD W. I am not going to give you any details about her life. I tell you simply this — Mrs. Erlynne was once honored, [580 loved, respected. She was well born, she had a position — she lost everything — threw it away, if you like. That makes it all the more bitter. Misfortunes one can endure — they come from outside, [585 they are accidents. But to suffer for one's own faults — ah! there is the sting of life. It was twenty years ago, too. She was little more than a girl then. She had been a wife for even less time than you have. 590

LADY W. I am not interested in her — and — you should not mention this woman and me in the same breath. It is an error of taste.

(*Sitting* R. *at desk.*)

LORD W. Margaret, you could save [595 this woman. She wants to get back into society, and she wants you to help her.

(*Crossing to her.*)

LADY W. Me!

LORD W. Yes, you.

LADY W. How impertinent of her! [600

(*A pause.*)

LORD W. Margaret, I came to ask you a great favor, and I still ask it of you, though you have discovered what I had intended you should never have known, that I have given Mrs. Erlynne a large sum of money. I want you to send her an invitation [606 for our party to-night.

(*Standing* L. *of her.*)

LADY W. You are mad. (*Rises.*)

LORD W. I entreat you. People may chatter about her, do chatter about her, [610 of course, but they don't know anything definite against her. She has been to several houses — not to houses where you would go, I admit, but still to houses where women who are in what is called Society nowadays do go. That does not con- [616 tent her. She wants you to receive her once.

LADY W. As a triumph for her, I suppose.

LORD W. No; but because she knows that you are a good woman — and [621 that if she comes here once she will have a chance of a happier, a surer life, than she has had. She will make no further effort to know you. Won't you help a woman who is trying to get back? 626

LADY W. No! If a woman really repents, she never wishes to return to the society that has made or seen her ruin.

LORD W. I beg of you. 630

LADY W. (*crossing to door* R.). I am going to dress for dinner, and don't mention the subject again this evening. Arthur (*going to him* C.), you fancy because I have no father or mother that I am alone in the [635 world and you can treat me as you choose. You are wrong, I have friends, many friends.

LORD W. (L. C.). Margaret, you are talking foolishly, recklessly. I won't argue with you, but I insist upon your asking Mrs. [640 Erlynne to-night.

LADY W. (R. C.). I shall do nothing of the kind.

(*Crossing* L. C.)

LORD W. (C.). You refuse?

LADY W. Absolutely! 645

LORD W. Ah, Margaret, do this for my sake; it is her last chance.

LADY W. What has that to do with me?

LORD W. How hard good women are!

LADY W. How weak bad men are! 650

LORD W. Margaret, none of us men may be good enough for the women we marry — that is quite true — but you don't imagine I would ever — oh, the suggestion is monstrous! 655

LADY W. Why should *you* be different from other men? I am told that there is hardly a husband in London who does not waste his life over *some* shameful passion.

LORD W. I am not one of them. 660

LADY W. I am not sure of that.

LORD W. You are sure in your heart. But don't make chasm after chasm between us. God knows the last few minutes have thrust us wide enough apart. Sit down and write the card. 666

LADY W. Nothing in the whole world would induce me.

LORD W. (*crossing to the bureau*). Then I will.

(*Rings electric bell, sits down and writes card.*)

LADY W. You are going to invite this woman? (*Crossing to him.*)

LORD W. Yes. (*Pause.*)

(*Enter* PARKER.)

LORD W. Parker!

PARKER. Yes, my lord. (*Comes down* L. C.)

LORD W. Have this note sent to [676 Mrs. Erlynne at No. 84A Curzon Street. (*Crossing to* L. C. *and giving note to* PARKER.) There is no answer. (*Exit* PARKER C.)

LADY W. Arthur, if that woman comes here, I shall insult her.

LORD W. Margaret, don't say that.

LADY W. I mean it.

LORD W. Child, if you did such a thing, there's not a woman in London who wouldn't pity you.

LADY W. There is not a *good* woman in London who would not applaud me. We have been too lax. We must make an example. I propose to begin to-night. (*Picking up fan.*) Yes, you gave me this fan [691 to-day; it was your birthday present. If that woman crosses my threshold, I shall strike her across the face with it.

LORD W. Margaret, you couldn't do such a thing.

LADY W. You don't know me!

(*Moves* R.)

(*Enter* PARKER.)

LADY W. Parker!

PARKER. Yes, my lady.

LADY W. I shall dine in my own room. I don't want dinner, in fact. See that [701 everything is ready by half-past ten. And, Parker, be sure you pronounce the names of the guests very distinctly to-night. Sometimes you speak so fast that I miss them. I am particularly anxious to hear the [706 names quite clearly, so as to make no mistake. You understand, Parker?

PARKER. Yes, my lady.

LADY W. That will do! 710

(*Exit* PARKER C.)

(*Speaking to* LORD W.) Arthur, if that woman comes here — I warn you —

LORD W. Margaret, you'll ruin us!

LADY W. Us! From this moment my life is separate from yours. But if you wish to avoid a public scandal, write at once [716 to this woman, and tell her that I forbid her to come here!

LORD W. I will not! — I cannot — she must come!

LADY W. Then I shall do exactly as [720 I have said. (*Goes* R.) You leave me no choice. (*Exit* R.)

LORD W. (*calling after her*). Margaret! Margaret! (*A pause.*) My God! What shall I do! I dare not tell her who this woman really is. The shame would kill her. 727

(*Sinks down into a chair and buries his face in his hands.*)

ACT II.

SCENE — *Drawing-room in* LORD W.'S *house. Door* R. U. *opening into ballroom, where band is playing. Door* L. *through which guests are entering. Door* L. U. *opens on an illuminated terrace. Palms, flowers, and brilliant lights. Room crowded with guests.* LADY W. *is receiving them.*

DUCHESS OF B. (*up* C.). So strange Lord Windermere isn't here. Mr. Hopper is very late, too. You have kept those five dances for him, Agatha! (*Comes down.*)

LADY A. Yes, mamma. 5

DUCHESS OF B. (*sitting on sofa*). Just let me see your card. I'm so glad Lady Windermere has revived cards. — They're a mother's only safeguard. You dear simple little thing! (*Scratches out two names.*) [10 No nice girl should ever waltz with such particularly younger sons! It looks so fast! The last two dances you must pass on the terrace with Mr. Hopper.

(*Enter* MR. DUMBY *and* LADY PLYMDALE *from the ballroom.*)

LADY A. Yes, mamma. 15

DUCHESS OF B. (*fanning herself*). The air is so pleasant there.

PARKER. Mrs. Cowper-Cowper. Lady Stutfield. Sir James Royston. Mr. Guy Berkeley. 20

(*These people enter as announced.*)

DUMBY. Good-evening, Lady Stutfield. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

LADY S. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It's been a delightful season, hasn't it?

DUMBY. Quite delightful! Good-evening, Duchess. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

DUCHESS OF B. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It has been a very dull season, hasn't it?

DUMBY. Dreadfully dull! Dreadfully dull!

MRS. C.-C. Good-evening, Mr. Dumby. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

DUMBY. Oh, I think not. There'll probably be two more.

(*Wanders back to* LADY P.)

PARKER. Mr. Rufford. Lady Jedburgh and Miss Graham. Mr. Hopper.

(*These people enter as announced.*)

HOPPER. How do you do, Lady Windermere? How do you do, Duchess?

(*Bows to* LADY A.)

DUCHESS OF B. Dear Mr. Hopper, how nice of you to come so early. We all know how you are run after in London.

HOPPER. Capital place, London! They are not nearly so exclusive in London as they are in Sydney.

DUCHESS OF B. Ah! we know your value, Mr. Hopper. We wish there were more like you. It would make life so much easier. Do you know, Mr. Hopper, dear Agatha and I are so much interested in Australia. It must be so pretty with all the dear little kangaroos flying about. Agatha has found it on the map. What a curious shape it is! Just like a large packing-case. However, it is a very young country, isn't it?

HOPPER. Wasn't it made at the same time as the others, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF B. How clever you are, Mr. Hopper. You have a cleverness quite of your own. Now I mustn't keep you.

HOPPER. But I should like to dance with Lady Agatha, Duchess.

DUCHESS OF B. Well, I *hope* she has a dance left. Have you got a dance left, Agatha?

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. The next one?

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

HOPPER. May I have the pleasure?

(LADY AGATHA *bows.*)

DUCHESS OF B. Mind you take great care of my little chatter-box, Mr. Hopper.

(LADY A. *and* MR. H. *pass into ballroom.*)

(*Enter* LORD W. C.)

LORD W. Margaret, I want to speak to you.

LADY W. In a moment.

(*The music stops.*)

PARKER. Lord Augustus Lorton.

(*Enter* LORD A.)

LORD A. Good-evening, Lady Windermere.

DUCHESS OF B. Sir James, will you take me into the ballroom? Augustus has been dining with us to-night. I really have had quite enough of dear Augustus for the moment.

(SIR JAMES R. *gives the* DUCHESS *his arm and escorts her into the ballroom.*)

PARKER. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bowden. Lord and Lady Paisley. Lord Darlington.

(*These people enter as announced.*)

LORD A. (*coming up to* LORD W.). Want to speak to you particularly, dear boy. I'm worn to a shadow. Know I don't look it. None of us men do look what we really are. Demmed good thing, too. What I want to know is this. Who is she? Where does she come from? Why hasn't she got any demmed relations? Demmed nuisance, relations! But they make one so demmed respectable.

LORD W. You are talking of Mrs. Erlynne, I suppose? I only met her six months ago. Till then I never knew of her existence.

LORD A. You have seen a good deal of her since then.

LORD W. (*coldly*). Yes, I have seen

a good deal of her since then. I have just seen her.

LORD A. Egad! the women are very down on her. I have been dining with Arabella this evening! By Jove! you [110 should have heard what she said about Mrs. Erlynne. She didn't leave a rag on her. . . . (*Aside.*) Berwick and I told her that didn't matter much, as the lady in question must have an extremely fine [115 figure. You should have seen Arabella's expression! . . . But, look here, dear boy. I don't know what to do about Mrs. Erlynne. Egad! I might be married to her; she treats me with such demmed in- [120 difference. She's deuced clever, too! She explains everything. Egad! She explains you. She has got any amount of explanations for you — and all of them different.

LORD W. No explanations are [125 necessary about my friendship with Mrs. Erlynne.

LORD A. Hem! Well, look here, dear old fellow. Do you think she will ever get into this demmed thing called Society? [130 Would you introduce her to your wife? No use beating about the confounded bush. Would you do that?

LORD W. Mrs. Erlynne is coming here to-night. 135

LORD A. Your wife has sent her a card?

LORD W. Mrs. Erlynne has received a card.

LORD A. Then she's all right, dear boy. But why didn't you tell me that be- [140 fore? It would have saved me a heap of worry and demmed misunderstandings!

(LADY A. *and* MR. H. *cross and exit on terrace* L. U. E.)

PARKER. Mr. Cecil Graham!

(*Enter* MR. CECIL G.)

CECIL G. (*bows to* LADY W., *passes over and shakes hands with* LORD W.). Good- [145 evening, Arthur. Why don't you ask me how I am? I like people to ask me how I am. It shows a widespread interest in my health. Now to-night I am not at all well. Been dining with my people. Wonder [150 why it is one's people are always so tedious? My father would talk morality after dinner. I told him he was old enough to know better. But my experience is that as soon as people are old enough to know [155 better, they don't know anything at all. Hullo, Tuppy! Hear you're going to be married again; thought you were tired of that game.

LORD A. You're excessively trivial, [160 my dear boy, excessively trivial!

CECIL G. By the way, Tuppy, which is it? Have you been twice married and once divorced, or twice divorced and once married? I say, you've been twice di- [165 vorced and once married. It seems so much more probable.

LORD A. I have a very bad memory. I really don't remember which.

(*Moves away* R.)

LADY P. Lord Windermere, I've [170 something most particular to ask you.

LORD W. I am afraid — if you will excuse me — I must join my wife.

LADY P. Oh, you mustn't dream of such a thing. It's most dangerous nowa- [175 days for a husband to pay any attention to his wife in public. It always makes people think that he beats her when they're alone. The world has grown so suspicious of anything that looks like a happy married [180 life. But I'll tell you what it is at supper.

(*Moves towards door of ballroom.*)

LORD W. (C.). Margaret, I *must* speak to you.

LADY W. Will you hold my fan for me, Lord Darlington? Thanks. 185

(*Comes down to him.*)

LORD W. (*crossing to her*). Margaret, what you said before dinner was, of course, impossible?

LADY W. That woman is not coming here to-night! 190

LORD W. (R. C.). Mrs. Erlynne is coming here, and if you in any way annoy or wound her, you will bring shame and sorrow on us both. Remember that! Ah, Margaret! only trust me! A wife [195 should trust her husband!

LADY W. (C.). London is full of women who trust their husbands. One can always recognize them. They look so thoroughly unhappy. I am not going to be one of [200 them. (*Moves up.*) Lord Darlington, will you give me back my fan, please? Thanks.

. . . A useful thing, a fan, isn't it? . . . I want a friend to-night, Lord Darlington. I didn't know I would want one so soon. [205

LORD D. Lady Windermere! I knew the time would come some day; but why to-night!

LORD W. I *will* tell her. I must. It would be terrible if there were any [210 scene. Margaret —

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne.

(LORD W. *starts.* MRS. E. *enters, very beautifully dressed and very dignified.* LADY W. *clutches at her fan, then lets it drop on the floor. She bows coldly to* MRS. E., *who bows to her sweetly in turn, and sails into the room.*)

LORD D. You have dropped your fan, Lady Windermere.

(*Picks it up and hands it to her.*)

MRS. E. (C.). How do you do again, [215 Lord Windermere? How charming your sweet wife looks! Quite a picture!

LORD W. (*in a low voice*). It was terribly rash of you to come!

MRS. E. (*smiling*). The wisest thing [220 I ever did in my life. And, by the way, you must pay me a good deal of attention this evening. I am afraid of the women. You must introduce me to some of them. The men I can always manage. How do [225 you do, Lord Augustus? You have quite neglected me lately. I have not seen you since yesterday. I am afraid you're faithless. Every one told me so.

LORD A. (R.) Now really, Mrs. [230 Erlynne, allow me to explain.

MRS. E. (R. C.). No, dear Lord Augustus, you can't explain anything. It is your chief charm.

LORD A. Ah! if you find charms in [235 me, Mrs. Erlynne — (*They converse together.* LORD W. *moves uneasily about the room watching* MRS. E.)

LORD D. (*to* LADY W.). How pale you are! 240

LADY W. Cowards are always pale.

LORD D. You look faint. Come out on the terrace.

LADY W. Yes. (*To* PARKER.) Parker, send my cloak out. 245

MRS. E. (*crossing to her*). Lady Windermere, how beautifully your terrace is illuminated. Reminds me of Prince Doria's at Rome. (LADY W. *bows coldly, and goes off with* LORD D.) Oh, how do you do, Mr. Graham? Isn't that your aunt, Lady Jedburgh? I should so much like to know her.

CECIL G. (*after a moment's hesitation* [253 *and embarrassment*). Oh, certainly, if you wish it. Aunt Caroline. allow me to introduce Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. So pleased to meet you, [256 Lady Jedburgh. (*Sits beside her on the sofa.*) Your nephew and I are great friends. I am so much interested in his political career. I think he's sure to be a wonderful success. He thinks like a Tory, and [262 talks like a Radical, and that's so important nowadays. He's such a brilliant talker, too. But we all know from whom he inherits that. Lord Allendale was saying to me only yesterday in the Park, that [267 Mr. Graham talks almost as well as his aunt.

LADY J. (R.). Most kind of you to say these charming things to me! (MRS. E. *smiles and continues conversation.*)

DUMBY (*to* CECIL G.). Did you [273 introduce Mrs. Erlynne to Lady Jedburgh?

CECIL G. Had to, my dear fellow. Couldn't help it. That woman can make one do anything she wants. How, I don't know. 278

DUMBY. Hope to goodness she won't speak to me! (*Saunters towards* LADY P.)

MRS. E. (C. *to* LADY J.). On Thursday? With great pleasure. (*Rises and speaks to* LORD W. *laughing.*) What a bore it is [283 to have to be civil to these old dowagers. But they always insist on it.

LADY P. (*to* MR. D.). Who is that well-dressed woman talking to Windermere?

DUMBY. Haven't got the slightest [288 idea. Looks like an *édition de luxe* of a wicked French novel, meant specially for the English market.

MRS. E. So that is poor Dumby with Lady Plymdale? I hear she is fright- [293 fully jealous of him. He doesn't seem anxious to speak to me to-night. I suppose he is afraid of her. Those straw-colored women have dreadful tempers. Do you know, I think I'll dance with you first, [298

Windermere. (LORD W. *bites his lip and frowns.*) It will make Lord Augustus so jealous! Lord Augustus! (LORD A. *comes down.*) Lord Windermere insists on my dancing with him first, and, as it's his own house, I can't well refuse. You know I would much sooner dance with you.

LORD A. (*with a low bow*). I wish I could think so, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. You know it far too well. I can fancy a person dancing through life with you and finding it charming.

LORD A. (*placing his hand on his white waistcoat*). Oh, thank you, thank you. You are the most adorable of all ladies!

MRS. E. What a nice speech! So simple and so sincere! Just the sort of speech I like. Well, you shall hold my bouquet. (*Goes towards ballroom on* LORD W.'s *arm.*) Ah, Mr. Dumby, how are you? I am so sorry I have been out the last three [319 times you have called. Come and lunch on Friday.

DUMBY (*with perfect nonchalance*). Delighted.

(LADY P. *glares with indignation at* MR. D. LORD A. *follows* MRS. E. *and* LORD W. *into the ballroom holding bouquet.*)

LADY P. (*to* MR. D.) What an absolute brute you are! I never can believe a word you say! Why did you tell me you didn't know her? What do you mean by calling on her three times running? You are not to go to lunch there; of course you understand that?

DUMBY. My dear Laura, I wouldn't dream of going!

LADY P. You haven't told me her name yet. Who is she?

DUMBY. (*coughs slightly and smooths his hair*). She's a Mrs. Erlynne.

LADY P. *That* woman!

DUMBY. Yes, that is what every one calls her.

LADY P. How very interesting! How intensely interesting! I really must have a good stare at her. (*Goes to door of ballroom and looks in.*) I have heard the most shocking things about her. They say she is [344 ruining poor Windermere. And Lady Windermere, who goes in for being so proper, invites her! How extremely amusing! It takes a thoroughly good woman to do a thoroughly stupid thing. You are to lunch there on Friday.

DUMBY. Why?

LADY P. Because I want you to take my husband with you. He has been so attentive lately, that he has become a [354 perfect nuisance. Now, this woman is just the thing for him. He'll dance attendance upon her as long as she lets him, and won't bother me. I assure you, women of that kind are most useful. They form the basis of other people's marriages.

DUMBY. What a mystery you are!

LADY P. (*looking at him*). I wish *you* were!

DUMBY. I am — to myself. I am the only person in the world I should like to know thoroughly; but I don't see any chance of it just at present.

(*They pass into the ballroom, and* LADY W. *and* LORD D. *enter from the terrace.*)

LADY W. Yes. Her coming here is monstrous, unbearable. I know now what [369 you meant to-day at tea-time. Why didn't you tell me right out? You should have!

LORD D. I couldn't! A man can't tell these things about another man! But [373 if I had known he was going to make you ask her here to-night, I think I would have told you. That insult, at any rate, you would have been spared.

LADY W. I did not ask her. He in- [378 sisted on her coming — against my entreaties — against my commands. Oh! the house is tainted for me! I feel that every woman here sneers at me as she dances by with my husband. What have I done [383 to deserve this? I gave him all my life. He took it — used it — spoiled it! I am degraded in my own eyes; and I lack courage — I am a coward! (*Sits down on sofa.*)

LORD D. If I know you at all, I [388 know that you can't live with a man who treats you like this! What sort of life would you have with him? You would feel that he was lying to you every moment of the day. You would feel that the look [393 in his eyes was false, his voice false, his touch false, his passion false. He would

come to you when he was weary of others; you would have to comfort him. He would come to you when he was devoted to [398 others; you would have to charm him. You would have to be to him the mask of his real life, the cloak to hide his secret.

LADY W. You are right — you are terribly right. But where am I to turn? [403 You said you would be my friend, Lord Darlington. — Tell me, what am I to do? Be my friend now.

LORD D. Between men and women there is no friendship possible. There [408 is passion, enmity, worship, love, but no friendship. I love you —

LADY W. No, no! (*Rises.*)

LORD D. Yes, I love you! You are more to me than anything in the whole [413 world. What does your husband give you? Nothing. Whatever is in him he gives to this wretched woman, whom he has thrust into your society, into your home, to shame you before every one. I offer you my life —

LADY W. Lord Darlington! 419

LORD D. My life — my whole life. Take it, and do with it what you will. . . . I love you — love you as I have never loved any living thing. From the moment I met [423 you I loved you, loved you blindly, adoringly, madly! You did not know it then — you know it now! Leave this house tonight. I won't tell you that the world matters nothing, or the world's voice, [428 or the voice of Society. They matter a good deal. They matter far too much. But there are moments when one has to choose between living one's own life, fully, entirely, completely — or dragging out [433 some false, shallow, degrading existence that the world in its hypocrisy demands. You have that moment now. Choose! Oh, my love, choose!

LADY W. (*moving slowly away from him, and looking at him with startled eyes*). I have not the courage. 440

LORD D. (*following her*). Yes; you have the courage. There may be six months of pain, of disgrace even, but when you [443 no longer bear his name, when you bear mine, all will be well. Margaret, my love, my wife that shall be some day — yes, my wife! You know it! What are you now? This woman has the place that belongs [448 by right to you. Oh! go — go out of this house, with head erect, with a smile upon your lips, with courage in your eyes. All London will know why you did it; and who will blame you? No one. If they do, [453 what matter. Wrong? What is wrong? It's wrong for a man to abandon his wife for a shameless woman. It is wrong for a wife to remain with a man who so dishonors her. You said once you would make no compromise with things. Make none now. Be brave! Be yourself! 460

LADY W. I am afraid of being myself. Let me think! Let me wait! My husband may return to me. (*Sits down on sofa.*) [463

LORD D. And you would take him back! You are not what I thought you were. You are just the same as every other woman. You would stand anything rather than face the censure of a world whose [468 praise you would despise. In a week you will be driving with this woman in the Park. She will be your constant guest — your dearest friend. You would endure anything rather than break with one blow this monstrous tie. You are right. You have no courage; none. 475

LADY W. Ah, give me time to think. I cannot answer you now.

(*Passes her hand nervously over her brow.*)

LORD D. It must be now or not at all.

LADY W. (*rising from the sofa*). [479 Then not at all! (*A pause.*)

LORD D. You break my heart!

LADY W. Mine is already broken.

(*A pause.*)

LORD D. To-morrow I leave Eng- [483 land. This is the last time I shall ever look on you. You will never see me again. For one moment our lives met — our souls touched. They must never meet or touch again. Good-bye, Margaret. (*Exit.*)

LADY W. How alone I am in life! How terribly alone! 490

(*The music stops. Enter the* DUCHESS OF B. *and* LORD P. *laughing and talking. Other guests come on from ballroom.*)

DUCHESS OF B. Dear Margaret, I've just been having such a delightful chat with

Mrs. Erlynne. I am so sorry for what [493 I said to you this afternoon about her. Of course, she must be all right if *you* invite her. A most attractive woman, and has such sensible views on life. Told me she entirely disapproved of people marry- [498 ing more than once, so I feel quite safe about poor Augustus. Can't imagine why people speak against her. It's those horrid nieces of mine — the Saville girls — they're always talking scandal. Still, I should [503 go to Homburg, dear, I really should. She is just a little too attractive. But where is Agatha? Oh, there she is. (LADY A. *and* MR. H. *enter from the terrace* L. U. E.) Mr. Hopper, I am very angry with you. You have taken Agatha out on the terrace, and she is so delicate. 510

HOPPER (L. C.). Awfully sorry, Duchess. We went out for a moment and then got chatting together.

DUCHESS OF B. (C.). Ah, about dear Australia, I suppose? 515

HOPPER. Yes.

DUCHESS OF B. Agatha, darling!

(*Beckons her over.*)

LADY A. Yes, mamma!

DUCHESS OF B. (*aside*). Did Mr. Hopper definitely — 520

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. And what answer did you give him, dear child?

LADY A. Yes, mamma. 524

DUCHESS OF B. (*affectionately*). My dear one! You always say the right thing. Mr. Hopper! James! Agatha has told me everything. How cleverly you have both kept your secret. 529

HOPPER. You don't mind my taking Agatha off to Australia, then, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF B. (*indignantly*). To Australia? Oh, don't mention that dreadful vulgar place. 534

HOPPER. But she said she'd like to come with me.

DUCHESS OF B. (*severely*). Did you say that, Agatha?

LADY A. Yes, mamma. 539

DUCHESS OF B. Agatha, you say the most silly things possible. I think on the whole that Grosvenor Square would be a more healthy place to reside in. There [543 are lots of vulgar people live in Grosvenor Square, but at any rate there are no horrid kangaroos crawling about. But we'll talk about that to-morrow. James, you can take Agatha down. You'll come to [548 lunch, of course, James. At half past one instead of two. The Duke will wish to say a few words to you, I am sure.

HOPPER. I should like to have a chat with the Duke, Duchess. He has not said a single word to me yet. 554

DUCHESS OF B. I think you'll find he will have a great deal to say to you to-morrow. (*Exit* LADY A. *with* MR. H.) And now good-night, Margaret. I'm afraid [558 it's the old, old story, dear. Love — well, not love at first sight, but love at the end of the season, which is so much more satisfactory.

LADY W. Good-night, Duchess. 563

(*Exit the* DUCHESS OF B. *on* LORD P.'s *arm.*)

LADY P. My dear Margaret, what a handsome woman your husband has been dancing with! I should be quite jealous if I were you! Is she a great friend of yours?

LADY W. No! 568

LADY P. Really? Good-night, dear.

(*Looks at* MR. D. *and exit.*)

DUMBY. Awful manners young Hopper has!

CECIL G. Ah! Hopper is one of Nature's gentlemen, the worst type of gentlemen I know. 574

DUMBY. Sensible woman, Lady Windermere. Lots of wives would have objected to Mrs. Erlynne coming. But Lady Windermere has that uncommon thing [578 called common sense.

CECIL G. And Windermere knows that nothing looks so like innocence as an indiscretion.

DUMBY. Yes; dear Windermere is [583 becoming almost modern. Never thought he would. (*Bows to* LADY W. *and exit.*)

LADY J. Good-night, Lady Windermere. What a fascinating woman Mrs. Erlynne is! She is coming to lunch on Thursday, won't you come too? I expect the Bishop and dear Lady Merton. 590

LADY W. I am afraid I am engaged, Lady Jedburgh.

LADY J. So sorry. Come, dear. 593
(*Exeunt* LADY J. *and* MISS G.)

(*Enter* MRS. E. *and* LORD W.)

MRS. E. Charming ball it has been! Quite reminds me of old days. (*Sits on the sofa.*) And I see that there are just as many fools in society as there used to be. So pleased to find that nothing has al- [598 tered! Except Margaret. She's grown quite pretty. The last time I saw her — twenty years ago, she was a fright in flannel. Positive fright, I assure you. The dear Duchess! and that sweet Lady Agatha! Just [603 the type of girl I like. Well, really, Windermere, if I am to be the Duchess's sister-in-law —

LORD W. (*sitting* L. *of her*). But are you —? 608

(*Exit* MR. CECIL G. *with rest of guests.* LADY W. *watches with a look of scorn and pain* MRS. E. *and her husband. They are unconscious of her presence.*)

MRS. E. Oh, yes! He's to call to-morrow at twelve o'clock. He wanted to propose to-night. In fact he did. He kept on proposing. Poor Augustus, you know how he repeats himself. Such a bad habit! But [613 I told him I wouldn't give him an answer till to-morrow. Of course I am going to take him. And I dare say I'll make him an admirable wife, as wives go. And there is a great deal of good in Lord Augustus. [618 Fortunately it is all on the surface. Just where good qualities should be. Of course you must help me in this matter.

LORD W. I am not called on to encourage Lord Augustus, I suppose? 623

MRS. E. Oh, no! I do the encouraging. But you will make me a handsome settlement, Windermere, won't you?

LORD W. (*frowning*). Is that what you want to talk to me about to-night? 628

MRS. E. Yes.

LORD W. (*with a gesture of impatience*). I will not talk of it here.

MRS. E. (*laughing*). Then we will talk of it on the terrace. Even business should have a picturesque background. Should it [634 not, Windermere? With a proper background women can do anything.

LORD W. Won't to-morrow do as well?

MRS. E. No; you see, to-morrow I [638 am going to accept him. And I think it would be a good thing if I was able to tell him that — well, what shall I say — £2000 a year left me by a third cousin — or a second husband — or some distant rela- [643 tive of that kind. It would be an additional attraction, wouldn't it? You have a delightful opportunity now of paying me a compliment, Windermere. But you are not very clever at paying compliments. I [648 am afraid Margaret doesn't encourage you in that excellent habit. It's a great mistake on her part. When men give up saying what is charming, they give up thinking what is charming. But seriously, what [653 do you say to £2000? £2500, I think. In modern life margin is everything. Windermere, don't you think the world an intensely amusing place? I do!

(*Exit on terrace with* LORD W. *Music strikes up in ballroom.*)

LADY W. To stay in this house any [658 longer is impossible. To-night a man who loves me offered me his whole life. I refused it. It was foolish of me. I will offer him mine now. I will give him mine. I will go to him! (*Puts on cloak and goes to* [663 *door, then turns back. Sits down at table and writes a letter, puts it into an envelope, and leaves it on table.*) Arthur has never understood me. When he reads this, he will. He may do as he chooses now with his life. I have done with mine as I think best, as I think right. It is he who has broken [670 the bond of marriage — not I. I only break its bondage. (*Exit.*)

(PARKER *enters* L. *and crosses towards the ballroom* R. *Enter* MRS. E.)

MRS. E. Is Lady Windermere in the ballroom?

PARKER. Her ladyship has just gone [675 out.

MRS. E. Gone out? She's not on the terrace?

PARKER. No, madam. Her ladyship has just gone out of the house. 680

MRS. E. (*starts and looks at the servant with a puzzled expression on her face*). Out of the house?

PARKER. Yes, madam — her ladyship told me she had left a letter for his [685 lordship on the table.

MRS. E. A letter for Lord Windermere?

PARKER. Yes, madam.

MRS. E. Thank you. (*Exit* PARKER. *The music in the ballroom stops.*) Gone out [690 of her house! A letter addressed to her husband! (*Goes over to table and looks at letter. Takes it up and lays it down again with a shudder of fear.*) No, no! It would be impossible! Life doesn't repeat its tragedies like that! Oh, why does this horrible [696 fancy come across me? Why do I remember now the one moment of my life I most wish to forget? Does life repeat its tragedies? (*Tears letter open and reads it, then sinks down into a chair with a gesture of anguish.*) Oh, how terrible! the same [702 words that twenty years ago I wrote to her father! and how bitterly I have been punished for it! No; my punishment, my real punishment is to-night, is now!

(*Still seated* R.)

(*Enter* LORD W. L. U. E.)

LORD W. Have you said good-night [707 to my wife? (*Comes* C.)

MRS. E. (*crushing letter in her hand*). Yes. 710

LORD W. Where is she?

MRS. E. She is very tired. She has gone to bed. She said she had a headache.

LORD W. I must go to her. You'll excuse me? 715

MRS. E. (*rising hurriedly*). Oh, no! It's nothing serious. She's only very tired, that is all. Besides, there are people still in the supper-room. She wants you to make her apologies to them. She said she didn't wish to be disturbed. (*Drops letter.*) She asked me to tell you. 722

LORD W. (*picks up letter*). You have dropped something.

MRS. E. Oh, yes, thank you, that is mine. (*Puts out her hand to take it.*)

LORD W. (*still looking at letter*). But it's my wife's handwriting, isn't it? 728

MRS. E. (*takes the letter quickly*). Yes, it's — an address. Will you ask them to call my carriage, please?

LORD W. Certainly. (*Goes* L. *and exit.*)

MRS. E. Thanks. What can I do? [733 What can I do? I feel a passion awakening within me that I never felt before. What can it mean? The daughter must not be like the mother — that would be terrible. How can I save her? How can I save my [738 child? A moment may ruin a life. Who knows that better than I? Windermere must be got out of the house; that is absolutely necessary. (*Goes* L.) But how shall I do it? It must be done somehow. Ah! [743

(*Enter* LORD A. R. U. E. *carrying bouquet.*)

LORD A. Dear lady, I am in such suspense! May I not have an answer to my request?

MRS. E. Lord Augustus, listen to me. You are to take Lord Windermere down to your club at once, and keep him there as long as possible. You understand? 750

LORD A. But you said you wished me to keep early hours!

MRS. E. (*nervously*). Do what I tell you. Do what I tell you. 755

LORD A. And my reward?

MRS. E. Your reward? Your reward? Oh! ask me that to-morrow. But don't let Windermere out of your sight to-night. [758 If you do I will never forgive you. I will never speak to you again. I'll have nothing to do with you. Remember you are to keep Windermere at your club, and don't let him come back to-night. (*Exit.*)

LORD A. Well, really, I might be her husband already. Positively I might. 765

(*Follows her in a bewildered manner.*)

ACT III.

SCENE — LORD DARLINGTON'S *rooms. A large sofa is in front of fireplace* R. *At the back of the stage a curtain is drawn across the window. Doors* L. *and* R. *Table* R. *with writing materials. Table* C. *with syphons, glasses, and Tantalus frame. Table* L. *with cigars and cigarette box. Lamps lit.*

LADY W. (*standing by the fireplace*). Why doesn't he come? This waiting is horrible. He should be here. Why is he not here, to wake by passionate words some fire within

me? I am cold — cold as a loveless thing. Arthur must have read my letter by this time. If he cared for me, he would have come after me, would have taken me back by force. But he doesn't care. He's entrammeled by this woman — fascinated by her — dominated by her. If a woman wants to hold a man, she has merely to appeal to what is worst in him. We make gods of men, and they leave us. Others make brutes of them, and they fawn and are faithful. How hideous life is! . . . Oh! it was mad of me to come here, horribly mad. And yet which is the worst, I wonder, to be at the mercy of a man who loves one, or the wife of a man who in one's own house dishonors one? What woman knows? What woman in the whole world? But will he love me always, this man to whom I am giving my life? What do I bring him? Lips that have lost the note of joy, eyes that are blighted by tears, chill hands and icy heart. I bring him nothing. I must go back — no; I can't go back, my letter has put me in their power — Arthur would not take me back! That fatal letter! No! Lord Darlington leaves England to-morrow. I will go with him — I have no choice. (*Sits down for a few moments. Then starts up and puts on her cloak.*) No, no! I will go back, let Arthur do with me what he pleases. I can't wait here. It has been madness my coming. I must go at once. As for Lord Darlington — Oh! here he is! What shall I do? What can I say to him? Will he let me go away at all? I have heard that men are brutal, horrible. . . . Oh! (*Hides her face in her hands.*)

(*Enter* MRS. E. L.)

MRS. E. Lady Windermere! (LADY W. *starts and looks up. Then recoils in contempt.*) Thank Heaven I am in time. You must go back to your husband's house immediately.

LADY W. Must?

MRS. E. (*authoritatively*). Yes, you must! There is not a second to be lost. Lord Darlington may return at any moment.

LADY W. Don't come near me!

MRS. E. Oh! you are on the brink of ruin; you are on the brink of a hideous precipice. You must leave this place at once, my carriage is waiting at the corner of the street. You must come with me and drive straight home. (LADY W. *throws off her cloak and flings it on the sofa.*) What are you doing?

LADY W. Mrs. Erlynne — if you had not come here, I would have gone back. But now that I see you, I feel that nothing in the whole world would induce me to live under the same roof as Lord Windermere. You fill me with horror. There is something about you that stirs the wildest rage within me. And I know why you are here. My husband sent you to lure me back that I might serve as a blind to whatever relations exist between you and him.

MRS. E. Oh! You don't think that — you can't.

LADY W. Go back to my husband, Mrs. Erlynne. He belongs to you and not to me. I suppose he is afraid of a scandal. Men are such cowards. They outrage every law of the world, and are afraid of the world's tongue. But he had better prepare himself. He shall have a scandal. He shall have the worst scandal there has been in London for years. He shall see his name in every vile paper, mine on every hideous placard.

MRS. E. No — no —

LADY W. Yes! he shall. Had he come himself, I admit I would have gone back to the life of degradation you and he had prepared for me — I was going back — but to stay himself at home, and send you as his messenger — oh! it was infamous — infamous.

MRS. E. (C.). Lady Windermere, you wrong me horribly — you wrong your husband horribly. He doesn't know you are here — he thinks you are safe in your own house. He thinks you are asleep in your own room. He never read the mad letter you wrote to him!

LADY W. (R.). Never read it!

MRS. E. No — he knows nothing about it.

LADY W. How simple you think me! (*Going to her.*) You are lying to me!

MRS. E. (*restraining herself*). I am not. I am telling you the truth.

LADY W. If my husband didn't read my letter, how is it that you are here? Who told you I had left the house you [109 were shameless enough to enter? Who told you where I had gone to? My husband told you, and sent you to decoy me back.

(*Crosses* L.)

MRS. E. (R. C.). Your husband has never seen the letter. I — saw it, I opened it. I — read it. 115

LADY W. (*turning to her*). You opened a letter of mine to my husband? You wouldn't dare!

MRS. E. Dare! Oh! to save you [119 from the abyss into which you are falling, there is nothing in the world I would not dare, nothing in the whole world. Here is the letter. Your husband has never read it. He never shall read it. (*Going to fire-* [124 *place.*) It should never have been written.

(*Tears it and throws it into the fire.*)

LADY W. (*with infinite contempt in her voice and look*). How do I know that was my letter after all? You seem to think [129 the commonest device can take me in!

MRS. E. Oh! Why do you disbelieve everything I tell you! What object do you think I have in coming here, except to save you from utter ruin, to save you from [134 the consequence of a hideous mistake? That letter that is burning now *was* your letter. I swear it to you!

LADY W. (*slowly*). You took good care to burn it before I had examined it. I [139 cannot trust you. You, whose whole life is a lie, how could you speak the truth about anything?

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. E. (*hurriedly*). Think as you like about me — say what you choose [144 against me, but go back, go back to the husband you love.

LADY W. (*sullenly*). I do *not* love him!

MRS. E. You do, and you know that he loves you. 149

LADY W. He does not understand what love is. He understands it as little as you do — but I see what you want. It would be a great advantage for you to get me back. Dear Heaven! what a life I would have [154 then! Living at the mercy of a woman who has neither mercy nor pity in her, a woman whom it is an infamy to meet, a degradation to know, a vile woman, a woman who comes between husband and wife! 159

MRS. E. (*with a gesture of despair*). Lady Windermere, Lady Windermere, don't say such terrible things. You don't know how terrible they are, how terrible and how unjust. Listen, you must listen! Only go [164 back to your husband, and I promise you never to communicate with him again on any pretext — never to see him — never to have anything to do with his life or yours. The money that he gave me, he gave [169 me not through love, but through hatred, not in worship, but in contempt. The hold I have over him —

LADY W. (*rising*). Ah! you admit you have a hold! 174

MRS. E. Yes, and I will tell you what it is. It is his love for you, Lady Windermere.

LADY W. You expect me to believe that?

MRS. E. You must believe it! It is true. It is his love for you that has made [179 him submit to — oh! call it what you like, tyranny, threats, anything you choose. But it is his love for you. His desire to spare you — shame, yes, shame and disgrace. 184

LADY W. What do you mean? You are insolent! What have I to do with you?

MRS. E. (*humbly*). Nothing. I know it — but I tell you that your husband loves you — that you may never meet with [189 such love again in your whole life — that such love you will never meet — and that if you throw it away, the day may come when you will starve for love and it will not be given to you, beg for love and it will [194 be denied you — Oh! Arthur loves you!

LADY W. Arthur? And you tell me there is nothing between you?

MRS. E. Lady Windermere, before Heaven your husband is guiltless of all [199 offense towards you! And I — I tell you that had it ever occurred to me that such a monstrous suspicion would have entered your mind, I would have died rather than have crossed your life or his — oh! died, gladly died! 205

(*Moves away to sofa* R.)

LADY W. You talk as if you had a heart.

Women like you have no hearts. Heart is not in you. You are bought and sold.

(*Sits* L. C.)

MRS. E. (*starts, with a gesture of* [209 *pain. Then restrains herself, and comes over to where* LADY W. *is sitting. As she speaks, she stretches out her hands towards her, but does not dare to touch her*). Believe what you choose about me, I am not worth a moment's sorrow. But don't spoil your beautiful young life on my account! You don't know what may be in store for you, [217 unless you leave this house at once. You don't know what it is to fall into the pit, to be despised, mocked, abandoned, sneered at — to be an outcast! to find the door shut against one, to have to creep in by hid- [222 eous byways, afraid every moment lest the mask should be stripped from one's face, and all the while to hear the laughter, the horrible laughter of the world, a thing more tragic than all the tears the world has [227 ever shed. You don't know what it is. One pays for one's sin, and then one pays again, and all one's life one pays. You must never know that. — As for me, if suffering be an expiation, then at this moment I have [232 expiated all my faults, whatever they have been; for to-night you have made a heart in one who had it not, made it and broken it. — But let that pass. I may have wrecked my own life, but I will not let you [237 wreck yours. You — why, you are a mere girl, you would be lost. You haven't got the kind of brains that enables a woman to get back. You have neither the wit nor the courage. You couldn't stand dishonor. No! Go back, Lady Windermere, to [243 the husband who loves you, whom you love. You have a child, Lady Windermere. Go back to that child who even now, in pain or in joy, may be calling to you. (LADY W. [247 *rises.*) God gave you that child. He will require from you that you make his life fine, that you watch over him. What answer will you make to God if his life is ruined through you? Back to your house, [252 Lady Windermere — your husband loves you. He has never swerved for a moment from the love he bears you. But even if he had a thousand loves, you must stay with your child. If he was harsh to you, [257 you must stay with your child. If he ill-treated you, you must stay with your child. If he abandoned you, your place is with your child.

(LADY W. *bursts into tears and buries her face in her hands.*)

(*Rushing to her.*) Lady Windermere! [262

LADY W. (*holding out her hands to her, helplessly, as a child might do*). Take me home. Take me home. 265

MRS. E. (*is about to embrace her. Then restrains herself. There is a look of wonderful joy in her face*). Come! Where is your cloak? (*Getting it from sofa.*) Here. Put it on. Come at once! 270

(*They go to the door.*)

LADY W. Stop! Don't you hear voices?

MRS. E. No, no! There is no one!

LADY W. Yes, there is! Listen! Oh! that is my husband's voice! He is coming in! Save me! Oh, it's some plot! You have sent for him! 276

(*Voices outside.*)

MRS. E. Silence! I am here to save you if I can. But I fear it is too late! There! (*Points to the curtain across the window.*) The first chance you have, slip out, if you ever get a chance! 281

LADY W. But you!

MRS. E. Oh! never mind me. I'll face them.

(LADY W. *hides herself behind the curtain.*)

LORD A. (*outside*). Nonsense, dear Windermere, you must not leave me! 286

MRS. E. Lord Augustus! Then it is I who am lost!

(*Hesitates for a moment, then looks round and sees door* R., *and exit through it.*)

(*Enter* LORD D., MR. A., LORD W., LORD A. L., *and* CECIL G.)

DUMBY. What a nuisance their turning us out of the club at this hour! It's only two o'clock. (*Sinks into a chair.*) The lively part of the evening is only just beginning.

(*Yawns and closes his eyes.*)

LORD W. It is very good of you, [293 Lord Darlington, allowing Augustus to force our company on you, but I'm afraid I can't stay long.

LORD D. Really! I am so sorry! You'll take a cigar, won't you? 298

LORD W. Thanks! (*Sits down.*)

LORD A. (*to* LORD W.). My dear boy, you must not dream of going. I have a great deal to talk to you about, of demmed importance, too. 303

(*Sits down with him at* L. *table.*)

CECIL G. Oh! we all know what that is! Tuppy can't talk about anything but Mrs. Erlynne!

LORD W. Well, that is no business of yours, is it, Cecil? 308

CECIL G. None! That is why it interests me. My own business always bores me to death. I prefer other people's.

LORD D. Have something to drink, you fellows. Cecil, you'll have a whiskey and soda? 314

CECIL G. Thanks. (*Goes to the table with* LORD D.) Mrs. Erlynne looked very handsome to-night, didn't she?

LORD D. I am not one of her admirers.

CECIL G. I usen't to be, but I am [319 now. Why! she actually made me introduce her to poor dear Aunt Caroline. I believe she is going to lunch there.

LORD D. (*in surprise*). No? 323

CECIL G. She is, really.

LORD D. Excuse me, you fellows. I'm going away to-morrow. And I have to write a few letters. 327

(*Goes to writing table and sits down.*)

DUMBY. Clever woman, Mrs. Erlynne.

CECIL G. Hallo, Dumby! I thought you were asleep. 330

DUMBY. I am, I usually am!

LORD A. A very clever woman. Knows perfectly well what a demmed fool I am — knows it as well as I do myself. (CECIL G. *comes towards him laughing.*) Ah! you may laugh, my boy, but it is a great thing to come across a woman who thoroughly understands one. 338

DUMBY. It is an awfully dangerous thing. They always end by marrying one.

CECIL G. But I thought, Tuppy, you were never going to see her again. Yes! you told me so yesterday evening at the club. You said you'd heard —

(*Whispering to him.*)

LORD A. Oh, she's explained that. 345

CECIL G. And the Wiesbaden affair?

LORD A. She's explained that, too.

DUMBY. And her income, Tuppy? Has she explained that?

LORD A. (*in a very serious voice*). She's going to explain that to-morrow. 351

(CECIL G. *goes back to* C. *table.*)

DUMBY. Awfully commercial, women nowadays. Our grandmothers threw their caps over the mills, of course, but by Jove, their granddaughters only throw their caps over mills that can raise the wind for them. 357

LORD A. You want to make her out a wicked woman. She is not!

CECIL G. Oh! Wicked women bother one. Good women bore one. That is the only difference between them. 362

LORD D. (*puffing a cigar*). Mrs. Erlynne has a future before her.

DUMBY. Mrs. Erlynne has a past before her. 366

LORD A. I prefer women with a past. They're always so demmed amusing to talk to.

CECIL G. Well, you'll have lots of topics of conversation with *her*, Tuppy. 371

(*Rising and going to him.*)

LORD A. You're getting annoying, dear boy; you're getting demmed annoying.

CECIL G. (*puts his hands on his shoulders*). Now, Tuppy, you've lost your figure [375 and you've lost your character. Don't lose your temper; you have only got one.

LORD A. My dear boy, if I wasn't the most good-natured man in London — [379

CECIL G. We'd treat you with more respect wouldn't we, Tuppy? (*Strolls away.*)

DUMBY. The youth of the present day are quite monstrous. They have absolutely no respect for dyed hair.

(LORD A. *looks round angrily.*)

CECIL G. Mrs. Erlynne has a very great respect for dear Tuppy. 386

DUMBY. Then Mrs. Erlynne sets an admirable example to the rest of her sex. It is perfectly brutal the way most women nowadays behave to men who are not their husbands. 391

LORD W. Dumby, you are ridiculous, and Cecil, you let your tongue run away with you. You must leave Mrs. Er- [394

lynne alone. You don't really know anything about her, and you're always talking scandal against her.

CECIL G. (*coming towards him* L. C.). My dear Arthur, *I* never talk scandal. *I* only talk gossip.

LORD W. What is the difference between scandal and gossip?

CECIL G. Oh! gossip is charming! History is merely gossip. But scandal is [404 gossip made tedious by morality. Now I never moralize. A man who moralizes is usually a hypocrite, and a woman who moralizes is invariably plain. There is nothing in the whole world so unbe- [409 coming to a woman as a Non-conformist conscience. And most women know it, I'm glad to say.

LORD A. Just my sentiments, dear boy, just my sentiments.

CECIL G. Sorry to hear it, Tuppy; whenever people agree with me, I always feel I must be wrong.

LORD A. My dear boy, when I was your age —

CECIL G. But you never were, Tuppy, and you never will be. (*Goes up* C.) I say, Darlington, let us have some cards. You'll play, Arthur, won't you?

LORD W. No, thanks, Cecil.

DUMBY (*with a sigh*). Good heavens! how marriage ruins a man! It's as demoralizing as cigarettes, and far more expensive.

CECIL G. You'll play, of course, Tuppy?

LORD A. (*pouring himself out a brandy and soda at table*). Can't, dear boy. [430 Promised Mrs. Erlynne never to play or drink again.

CECIL G. Now, my dear Tuppy, don't be led astray into the paths of virtue. [434 Reformed, you would be perfectly tedious. That is the worst of women. They always want one to be good. And if we are good, when they meet us, they don't love us at all. They like to find us quite irretrievably [439 bad, and to leave us quite unattractively good.

LORD D. (*rising from* R. *table, where he has been writing letters*). They always do find us bad!

DUMBY. I don't think we are bad. I think we are all good except Tuppy.

LORD D. No, we are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

(*Sits down at* C. *table.*)

DUMBY. We are all in the gutter, [449 but some of us are looking at the stars? Upon my word, you are very romantic, tonight, Darlington.

CECIL G. Too romantic! You must be in love. Who is the girl?

LORD D. The woman I love is not free, or thinks she isn't.

(*Glances instinctively at* LORD W. *while he speaks.*)

CECIL G. A married woman, then! Well, there's nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It's a thing [459 no married man knows anything about.

LORD D. Oh! she doesn't love me. She is a good woman. She is the only good woman I have ever met in my life.

CECIL G. The only good woman you have ever met in your life?

LORD D. Yes!

CECIL G. (*lighting a cigarette*). Well, you are a lucky fellow! Why, I have met hundreds of good women. I never [469 seem to meet any but good women. The world is perfectly packed with good women. To know them is a middle-class education.

LORD D. This woman has purity and innocence. She has everything we men [475 have lost.

CECIL G. My dear fellow, what on earth should we men do going about with purity and innocence? A carefully thought-out buttonhole is much more effective.

DUMBY. She doesn't really love you then?

LORD D. No, she does not!

DUMBY. I congratulate you, my dear fellow. In this world there are only two [485 tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst, the last is a real tragedy! But I am interested to hear she does not love you. How long could you love a [490 woman who didn't love you, Cecil?

CECIL G. A woman who didn't love me? Oh, all my life!

DUMBY. So could I. But it's so difficult to meet one.

LORD D. How can you be so conceited, Dumby?

DUMBY. I didn't say it as a matter of conceit. I said it as a matter of regret. I have been wildly, madly adored. I am [500 sorry I have. It has been an immense nuisance. I should like to be allowed a little time to myself, now and then.

LORD A. (*looking round*). Time to educate yourself, I suppose. 505

DUMBY. No, time to forget all I have learned. That is much more important, dear Tuppy.

(LORD A. *moves uneasily in his chair.*)

LORD D. What cynics you fellows are!

CECIL G. What is a cynic? 510

(*Sitting on the back of the sofa.*)

LORD D. A man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing.

CECIL G. And a sentimentalist, my dear Darlington, is a man who sees an absurd value in everything, and doesn't know [515 the market price of any single thing.

LORD D. You always amuse me, Cecil. You talk as if you were a man of experience.

CECIL G. I am. 520

(*Moves up to front of fireplace.*)

LORD D. You are far too young!

CECIL G. That is a great error. Experience is a question of instinct about life. I have got it. Tuppy hasn't. Experience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes. That is all. 526

(LORD A. *looks round indignantly.*)

DUMBY. Experience is the name every one gives to their mistakes.

CECIL G. (*standing with his back to fireplace*). One shouldn't commit any. 530

(*Sees* LADY W.'s *fan on sofa.*)

DUMBY. Life would be very dull without them.

CECIL G. Of course you are quite faithful to this woman you are in love with, Darlington, to this good woman? 535

LORD D. Cecil, if one really loves a woman, all other women in the world become absolutely meaningless to one. Love changes one — I am changed.

CECIL G. Dear me! How very interesting. Tuppy, I want to talk to you. 541

(LORD A. *takes no notice.*)

DUMBY. It's no use talking to Tuppy. You might as well talk to a brick wall.

CECIL G. But I like talking to a brick wall — it's the only thing in the world that never contradicts me! Tuppy! 546

LORD A. Well, what is it? What is it?

(*Rising and going over to* CECIL G.)

CECIL G. Come over here. I want you particularly. (*Aside.*) Darlington has been moralizing and talking about the purity of love, and that sort of thing, and he has [551 got some woman in his rooms all the time.

LORD A. No, really! really!

CECIL G. (*in a low voice*). Yes, here is her fan. (*Points to the fan.*)

LORD A. (*chuckling*). By Jove! By [556 Jove!

LORD W. (*up by door*). I am really off now, Lord Darlington. I am sorry you are leaving England so soon. Pray call on us when you come back! My wife and I [561 will be charmed to see you!

LORD D. (*up stage with* LORD W.). I am afraid I shall be away for many years. Good-night! 565

CECIL G. Arthur!

LORD W. What?

CECIL G. I want to speak to you for a moment. No, do come!

LORD W. (*putting on his coat*). I can't — I'm off! 571

CECIL G. It is something very particular. It will interest you enormously.

LORD W. (*smiling*). It is some of your nonsense, Cecil. 575

CECIL G. It isn't. It isn't really!

LORD A. (*going to him*). My dear fellow, you mustn't go yet. I have a lot to talk to you about. And Cecil has something to show you. 580

LORD W. (*walking over*). Well, what is it?

CECIL G. Darlington has got a woman here in his rooms. Here is her fan. Amusing, isn't it? 585

(*A pause.*)

LORD W. Good God!

(*Seizes the fan* — DUMBY *rises.*)

CECIL G. What is the matter?

LORD W. Lord Darlington!

LORD D. (*turning round*). Yes!

LORD W. What is my wife's fan doing

here in your rooms? Hands off, Cecil. [591 Don't touch me.

LORD D. Your wife's fan?

LORD W. Yes, here it is!

LORD D. (*walking towards him*). I don't know! 596

LORD W. You must know. I demand an explanation. (*To* CECIL G.) Don't hold me, you fool.

LORD D. (*aside*). She is here after all!

LORD W. Speak, sir! Why is my [601 wife's fan here? Answer me, by God! I'll search your rooms, and if my wife's here, I'll — (*Moves.*)

LORD D. You shall not search my rooms. You have no right to do so. I forbid you.

LORD W. You scoundrel! I'll not [607 leave your room till I have searched every corner of it! What moves behind that curtain? (*Rushes towards the curtain* C.)

MRS. E. (*enters behind* R.). Lord [611 Windermere!

LORD W. Mrs. Erlynne!

(*Every one starts and turns round.* LADY W. *slips out from behind the curtain and glides from the room* L.)

MRS. E. I am afraid I took your wife's fan in mistake for my own, when I [615 was leaving your house to-night. I am so sorry.

(*Takes fan from him.* LORD W. *looks at her in contempt.* LORD D. *in mingled astonishment and anger.* LORD A. *turns away. The other men smile at each other.*)

ACT IV.

(SCENE — *Same as in Act I.*)

LADY W. (*lying on sofa*). How can I tell him? I can't tell him. It would kill me. I wonder what happened after I escaped from that horrible room. Perhaps she told them the true reason of her [5 being there, and the real meaning of that — fatal fan of mine. Oh, if he knows — how can I look him in the face again? He would never forgive me. (*Touches bell.*) How securely one thinks one lives — out of [10 reach of temptation, sin, folly. And then suddenly — Oh! Life is terrible. It rules us, we do not rule it.

(*Enter* ROSALIE R.)

ROSALIE. Did your ladyship ring for me? 15

LADY W. Yes. Have you found out at what time Lord Windermere came in last night?

ROSALIE. His lordship did not come in till five o'clock. 20

LADY W. Five o'clock! He knocked at my door this morning, didn't he?

ROSALIE. Yes, my lady — at half past nine. I told him your ladyship was not awake yet. 25

LADY W. Did he say anything?

ROSALIE. Something about your ladyship's fan. I didn't quite catch what his lordship said. Has the fan been lost, my lady? I can't find it, and Parker says [30 it was not left in any of the rooms. He has looked in all of them and on the terrace as well.

LADY W. It doesn't matter. Tell Parker not to trouble. That will do. 35

(*Exit* ROSALIE.)

LADY W. (*rising*). She is sure to tell him. I can fancy a person doing a wonderful act of self-sacrifice, doing it spontaneously, recklessly, nobly — and afterwards finding out that it costs too much. [40 Why should she hesitate between her ruin and mine? . . . How strange! I would have publicly disgraced her in my own house. She accepts public disgrace in the house of another to save me. . . . There is a bitter [45 irony in things, a bitter irony in the way we talk of good and bad women. . . . Oh, what a lesson! and what a pity that in life we only get our lessons when they are of no use to us! For even if she doesn't tell, I [50 must. Oh! the shame of it, the shame of it. To tell it is to live through it all again. Actions are the first tragedy in life, words are the second. Words are perhaps the worst. Words are merciless. . . . Oh! 55

(*Starts as* LORD W. *enters.*)

LORD W. (*kisses her*). Margaret — how pale you look!

LADY W. I slept very badly.

LORD W. (*sitting on sofa with her*). I am so sorry. I came in dreadfully late, [60 and I didn't like to wake you. You are crying, dear.

LADY W. Yes, I am crying, for I have something to tell you, Arthur.

LORD W. My dear child, you are [65 not well. You've been doing too much. Let us go away to the country. You'll be all right at Selby. The season is almost over. There is no use staying on. Poor darling! We'll go away to-day, if you like. (*Rises.*) We can easily catch the 4.30. I'll send [71 a wire to Fannen.

(*Crosses and sits down at table to write a telegram.*)

LADY W. Yes; let us go away to-day. No; I can't go away to-day, Arthur. There is some one I must see before I leave [75 town — some one who has been kind to me.

LORD W. (*rising and leaning over sofa*). Kind to you?

LADY W. Far more than that. (*Rises and goes to him.*) I will tell you, Arthur, but [80 only love me, love me as you used to love me.

LORD W. Used to? You are not thinking of that wretched woman who came here last night? (*Coming round and sitting* R. [85 *of her.*) You don't still imagine — no, you couldn't.

LADY W. I don't. I know now I was wrong and foolish.

LORD W. It was very good of you to [90 receive her last night — but you are never to see her again.

LADY W. Why do you say that?

(*A pause.*)

LORD W. (*holding her hand*). Margaret, I thought Mrs. Erlynne was a woman [95 more sinned against than sinning, as the phrase goes. I thought she wanted to be good, to get back into a place that she had lost by a moment's folly, to lead again a decent life. I believed what she told [100 me — I was mistaken in her. She is bad — as bad as a woman can be.

LADY W. Arthur, Arthur, don't talk so bitterly about any woman. I don't think now that people can be divided into [105 the good and the bad, as though they were two separate races or creations. What are called good women may have terrible things in them, mad moods of recklessness, assertion, jealousy, sin. Bad women, as [110 they are termed, may have in them sorrow, repentance, pity, sacrifice. And I don't think Mrs. Erlynne a bad woman — I know she's not.

LORD W. My dear child, the woman's impossible. No matter what harm she [116 tries to do us, you must never see her again. She is inadmissible anywhere.

LADY W. But I want to see her. I want her to come here. 120

LORD W. Never!

LADY W. She came here once as *your* guest. She must come now as *mine*. That is but fair.

LORD W. She should never have [125 come here.

LADY W. (*rising*). It is too late, Arthur, to say that now. (*Moves away.*)

LORD W. (*rising*). Margaret, if you knew where Mrs. Erlynne went last night, [130 after she left this house, you would not sit in the same room with her. It was absolutely shameless, the whole thing.

LADY W. Arthur, I can't bear it any longer. I must tell you. Last night — [135

(*Enter* PARKER *with a tray on which lie* LADY W.'S *fan and a card.*)

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne has called to return your ladyship's fan which she took away by mistake last night. Mrs. Erlynne has written a message on the card.

LADY W. Oh, ask Mrs. Erlynne to [140 be kind enough to come up. (*Reads card.*) Say I shall be very glad to see her. (*Exit* PARKER.) She wants to see me, Arthur.

LORD W. (*takes card and looks at it.*) Margaret, I *beg* you not to. Let me see [145 her first, at any rate. She's a very dangerous woman. She is the most dangerous woman I know. You don't realize what you're doing.

LADY W. It is right that I should [150 see her.

LORD W. My child, you may be on the brink of a great sorrow. Don't go to meet it. It is absolutely necessary that I should see her before you do. 155

LADY W. Why should it be necessary?

(*Enter* PARKER.)

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne.

(*Enter* MRS. E. *Exit* PARKER.)

MRS. E. How do you do, Lady Windermere? (*To* LORD W.) How do you do? Do you know, Lady Windermere, I am [160 so sorry about your fan. I can't imagine how I made such a silly mistake. Most stupid of me. And as I was driving in your direction, I thought I would take the opportunity of returning your property [165 in person, with many apologies for my carelessness, and of bidding you good-bye.

LADY W. Good-bye? (*Moves towards sofa with* MRS. E. *and sits down beside her.*) Are you going away, then, Mrs. Erlynne? [170

MRS. E. Yes; I am going to live abroad again. The English climate doesn't suit me. My — heart is affected here, and that I don't like. I prefer living in the south. London is too full of fogs and -- and [175 serious people, Lord Windermere. Whether the fogs produce the serious people or whether the serious people produce the fogs, I don't know, but the whole thing rather gets on my nerves, and so I'm leaving [180 this afternoon by the Club Train.

LADY W. This afternoon? But I wanted so much to come and see you.

MRS. E. How kind of you! But I am afraid I have to go. 185

LADY W. Shall I never see you again, Mrs. Erlynne?

MRS. E. I am afraid not. Our lives lie too far apart. But there is a little thing I would like you to do for me. I want a [190 photograph of you, Lady Windermere — would you give me one? You don't know how gratified I should be.

LADY W. Oh, with pleasure. There is one on that table. I'll show it to you.

(*Goes across to the table.*)

LORD W. (*coming up to* MRS. E. [196 *and speaking in a low voice*). It is monstrous your intruding yourself here after your conduct last night.

MRS. E. (*with an amused smile*). My [200 dear Windermere, manners before morals!

LADY W. (*returning*). I'm afraid it is very flattering — I am not so pretty as that. (*Showing photograph.*)

MRS. E. You are much prettier. But haven't you got one of yourself with [206 your little boy?

LADY W. *I have.* Would you prefer one of those?

MRS. E. Yes. 210

LADY W. I'll go and get it for you, if you'll excuse me for a moment. I have one upstairs.

MRS. E. So sorry, Lady Windermere, to give you so much trouble. 215

LADY W. (*moves to door* R.). No trouble at all, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. Thanks so much. (*Exit* LADY W. R.) You seem rather out of temper this morning, Windermere. Why should [220 you be? Margaret and I get on charmingly together.

LORD W. I can't bear to see you with her. Besides, you have not told me the truth, Mrs. Erlynne. 225

MRS. E. I have not told *her* the truth, you mean.

LORD W. (*standing* C.). I sometimes wish you had. I should have been spared then the misery, the anxiety, the annoy- [230 ance of the last six months. But rather than my wife should know — that the mother whom she was taught to consider as dead, the mother whom she has mourned as dead, is living — a divorced woman going [235 about under an assumed name, a bad woman preying upon life, as I know you now to be — rather than that, I was ready to supply you with money to pay bill after bill, extravagance after extravagance, to risk [240 what occurred yesterday, the first quarrel I have ever had with my wife. You don't understand what that means to me. How could you? But I tell you that the only bitter words that ever came from those [245 sweet lips of hers were on your account, and I hate to see you next her. You sully the innocence that is in her. (*Moves* L. C.) And then I used to think that with all your faults you were frank and honest. You are not. 251

MRS. E. Why do you say that?

LORD W. You made me get you an invitation to my wife's ball.

MRS. E. For my daughter's ball — yes.

LORD W. You came, and within an [256

hour of your leaving the house, you are found in a man's rooms — you are disgraced before every one. (*Goes up stage* C.)

MRS. E. Yes.

LORD W. (*turning round on her*). Therefore I have a right to look upon you as what you are — a worthless, vicious woman. I have the right to tell you never to enter this house, never to attempt to come near my wife —

MRS. E. (*coldly*). My daughter, you mean.

LORD W. You have no right to claim her as your daughter. You left her, aban- [270 doned her, when she was but a child in the cradle, abandoned her for your lover, who abandoned you in turn.

MRS. E. (*rising*). Do you count that to his credit, Lord Windermere — or to [275 mine?

LORD W. To his, now that I know you.

MRS. E. Take care — you had better be careful.

LORD W. Oh, I am not going to mince words for you. I know you thoroughly.

MRS. E. (*looking steadily at him*). I question that.

LORD W. I *do* know you. For twenty years of your life you lived without [285 your child, without a thought of your child. One day you read in the papers that she had married a rich man. You saw your hideous chance. You knew that to spare her the ignominy of learning that a woman [290 like you was her mother, I would endure anything. You began your blackmailing.

MRS. E. (*shrugging her shoulders*). Don't use ugly words, Windermere. They are vulgar. I saw my chance, it is true, and took it.

LORD W. Yes, you took it — and spoiled it all last night by being found out.

MRS. E. (*with a strange smile*). You are quite right, I spoiled it all last night. [300

LORD W. And as for your blunder in taking my wife's fan from here, and then leaving it about in Darlington's rooms, it is unpardonable. I can't bear the sight of it now. I shall never let my wife use [305 it again. The thing is soiled for me. You should have kept it, and not brought it back.

MRS. E. I think I *shall* keep it. (*Goes up.*) It's extremely pretty. (*Takes up fan.*) I shall ask Margaret to give it to me. [311

LORD W. I hope my wife will give it you.

MRS. E. Oh, I'm sure she will have no objection.

LORD W. I wish that at the same time she would give you a miniature she kisses every night before she prays — It's the miniature of a young, innocent-looking girl with beautiful dark hair.

MRS. E. Ah, yes, I remember. How long ago that seems! (*Goes to sofa and sits down.*) It was done before I was married. Dark hair and an innocent expression were the fashion then, Windermere! (*A pause.*)

LORD W. What do you mean by [326 coming here this morning? What is your object? (*Crossing* L. C. *and sitting.*)

MRS. E. (*with a note of irony in her voice*). To bid good-bye to my dear daughter, [330 of course. (LORD W. *bites his underlip in anger.* MRS. E. *looks at him, and her voice and manner become serious. In her accents as she talks there is a note of deep tragedy. For a moment she reveals herself.*) Oh, don't imagine I am going to have a pathetic scene with her, weep on her neck and tell her who I am, and all that kind of thing. I have no ambition to play the [339 part of a mother. Only once in my life have I known a mother's feelings. That was last night. They were terrible — they made me suffer — they made me suffer too much. For twenty years, as you say, I have lived childless — I want to live childless still. [345 (*Hiding her feelings with a trivial laugh.*) Besides, my dear Windermere, how on earth could I pose as a mother with a grown-up daughter? Margaret is twenty-one, and I have never admitted that [350 I am more than twenty-nine, or thirty at the most. Twenty-nine when there are pink shades, thirty when there are not. So you see what difficulties it would involve. No, as far as I am concerned, let your wife [355 cherish the memory of this dead, stainless mother. Why should I interfere with her illusions? I find it hard enough to keep my own. I lost one illusion last night. I thought I had no heart. I find I have, [360

and a heart doesn't suit me, Windermere. Somehow it doesn't go with modern dress. It makes one look old. (*Takes up hand-mirror from table and looks into it.*) And it spoils one's career at critical moments. [365

LORD W. You fill me with horror — with absolute horror.

MRS. E. (*rising*). I suppose, Windermere, you would like me to retire into a convent or become a hospital nurse or [370 something of that kind, as people do in silly modern novels. That is stupid of you, Arthur; in real life we don't do such things — not as long as we have any good looks left, at any rate. No — what consoles [375 one nowadays is not repentance, but pleasure. Repentance is quite out of date. And, besides, if a woman really repents, she has to go to a bad dressmaker, otherwise no one believes in her. And nothing in the [380 world would induce me to do that. No; I am going to pass entirely out of your two lives. My coming into them has been a mistake — I discovered that last night.

LORD W. A fatal mistake. 385

MRS. E. (*smiling*). Almost fatal.

LORD W. I am sorry now I did not tell my wife the whole thing at once.

MRS. E. I regret my bad actions. You regret your good ones — that is the difference between us. 391

LORD W. I don't trust you. I *will* tell my wife. It's better for her to know, and from me. It will cause her infinite pain — it will humiliate her terribly, but it's right that she should know. 396

MRS. E. You propose to tell her?

LORD W. I am going to tell her.

MRS. E. (*going up to him*). If you do, I will make my name so infamous that [400 it will mar every moment of her life. It will ruin her and make her wretched. If you dare to tell her, there is no depth of degradation I will not sink to, no pit of shame I will not enter. You shall not tell her — I forbid you. 406

LORD W. Why?

MRS. E. (*after a pause*). If I said to you that I cared for her, perhaps loved her even — you would sneer at me, wouldn't you? 411

LORD W. I should feel it was not true. A mother's love means devotion, unselfishness, sacrifice. What could you know of such things? 415

MRS. E. You are right. What could I know of such things? Don't let us talk any more about *it*, as for telling my daughter who I am, that I do not allow. It is my secret, it is not yours. If I make [420 up my mind to tell her, and I think I will, I shall tell her before I leave this house — if not, I shall never tell her.

LORD W. (*angrily*). Then let me beg of you to leave our house at once. I will make your excuses to Margaret. 426

(*Enter* LADY W. R. *She goes over to* MRS. E. *with the photograph in her hand.* LORD W. *moves to back of sofa, and anxiously watches* MRS. E. *as the scene progresses.*)

LADY W. I am so sorry, Mrs. Erlynne, to have kept you waiting. I couldn't find the photograph anywhere. At last I discovered it in my husband's dressing-room — he had stolen it. 431

MRS. E. (*takes the photograph from her and looks at it*). I am not surprised — it is charming. (*Goes over to sofa with* LADY W. *and sits down beside her. Looks again at the photograph.*) And so that is your little boy! What is he called? 437

LADY W. Gerard, after my dear father.

MRS. E. (*laying the photograph down*). Really?

LADY W. Yes. If it had been a girl, [441 I would have called it after my mother. My mother had the same name as myself, Margaret.

MRS. E. My name is Margaret, too.

LADY W. Indeed! 446

MRS. E. Yes. (*Pause.*) You are devoted to your mother's memory, Lady Windermere, your husband tells me.

LADY W. We all have ideals in life. At least we all should have. Mine is my [451 mother.

MRS. E. Ideals are dangerous things. Realities are better. They wound, but they are better.

LADY W. (*shaking her head*). If I lost my ideals, I should lose everything. 457

MRS. E. Everything?

LADY W. Yes. (*Pause.*)

MRS. E. Did your father often speak to you of your mother? 461

LADY W. No, it gave him too much pain. He told me how my mother had died a few months after I was born. His eyes filled with tears as he spoke. Then [465 he begged me never to mention her name to him again. It made him suffer even to hear it. My father — my father really died of a broken heart. His was the most ruined life I know. 470

MRS. E. (*rising*). I am afraid I must go now, Lady Windermere.

LADY W. (*rising*). Oh, no, don't.

MRS. E. I think I had better. My carriage must have come back by this time. I sent it to Lady Jedburgh's with a [476 note.

LADY W. Arthur, would you mind seeing if Mrs. Erlynne's carriage has come back?

MRS. E. Pray don't trouble Lord Windermere, Lady Windermere. 481

LADY W. Yes, Arthur, do go, please.

(LORD W. *hesitates for a moment, and looks at* MRS. E. *She remains quite impassive. He leaves the room.*)

(*To* MRS. E.) Oh, what am I to say to you? You saved me last night!

(*Goes toward her.*)

MRS. E. Hush — don't speak of it. [485

LADY W. I must speak of it. I can't let you think that I am going to accept this sacrifice. I am not. It is too great. I am going to tell my husband everything. It is my duty. 490

MRS. E. It is not your duty — at least you have duties to others besides him. You say you owe me something?

LADY W. I owe you everything.

MRS. E. Then pay your debt by [495 silence. That is the only way in which it can be paid. Don't spoil the one good thing I have done in my life by telling it to any one. Promise me that what passed last night will remain a secret between us. You [500 must not bring misery into your husband's life. Why spoil his love? You must not spoil it. Love is easily killed. Oh, how easily love is killed! Pledge me your word, Lady Windermere, that you will *never* tell him. I insist upon it. 506

LADY W. (*with bowed head*). It is your will, not mine.

MRS. E. Yes, it is my will. And never forget your child — I like to think of you as a mother. I like you to think of [511 yourself as one.

LADY W. (*looking up*). I always will now. Only once in my life I have forgotten my own mother — that was last night. Oh, if I had remembered her, I should not [516 have been so foolish, so wicked.

MRS. E. (*with a slight shudder*). Hush, last night is quite over.

(*Enter* LORD W.)

LORD W. Your carriage has not come back yet, Mrs. Erlynne. 521

MRS. E. It makes no matter. I'll take a hansom. There is nothing in the world so respectable as a good Shrewsbury and Talbot. And now, dear Lady Windermere, I am afraid it is really good-bye. [526 (*Moves up* C.) Oh, I remember. You'll think me absurd, but do you know, I've taken a great fancy to this fan that I was silly enough to run away with last night from your ball. Now, I wonder [531 would you give it to me? Lord Windermere says you may. I know it is his present.

LADY W. Oh, certainly, if it will give you any pleasure. But it has my name on it. It has "Margaret" on it. 537

MRS. E. But we have the same Christian name.

LADY W. Oh, I forgot. Of course, do have it. What a wonderful chance our names being the same! 542

MRS. E. Quite wonderful. Thanks — it will always remind me of you.

(*Shakes hands with her.*)

(*Enter* PARKER.)

PARKER. Lord Augustus Lorton. Mrs. Erlynne's carriage has come. 546

(*Enter* LORD A.)

LORD A. Good-morning, dear boy. Good-morning, Lady Windermere. (*Sees* MRS. E.) Mrs. Erlynne!

MRS. E. How do you do, Lord Augustus? Are you quite well this morning? [551

LORD A. (*coldly*). Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. You don't look at all well, Lord Augustus. You stop up too late — it is so bad for you. You really should take more care of yourself. Good-bye, Lord [557 Windermere. (*Goes towards door with a bow to* LORD A. *Suddenly smiles, and looks back at him.*) Lord Augustus! Won't you see me to my carriage? You might carry the fan. 562

LORD W. Allow me!

MRS. E. No, I want Lord Augustus. I have a special message for the dear Duchess. Won't you carry the fan, Lord Augustus? 567

LORD A. If you really desire it, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. (*laughing*). Of course I do. You'll carry it so gracefully. You would carry off anything gracefully, dear Lord Augustus. 573

(*When she reaches the door she looks back for a moment at* LADY W. *Their eyes meet. Then she turns, and exit* C., *followed by* LORD A.)

LADY W. You will never speak against Mrs. Erlynne again, Arthur, will you? 575

LORD W. (*gravely*). She is better than one thought her.

LADY W. She is better than I am.

LORD W. (*smiling as he strokes her hair*). Child, you and she belong to different worlds. Into your world evil has never entered. 582

LADY W. Don't say that, Arthur. There is the same world for all of us, and good and evil, sin and innocence, go through it hand in hand. To shut one's eyes to half of life that one may live securely is as [587 though one blinded one's self that one might walk with more safety in a land of pit and precipice. 590

LORD W. (*moves down with her*). Darling, why do you say that?

LADY W. (*sits on sofa*). Because I, who had shut my eyes to life, came to the brink. And one who had separated us — 595

LORD W. We were never parted.

LADY W. We never must be again. Oh, Arthur, don't love me less, and I will trust you more. I will trust you absolutely. Let us go to Selby. In the Rose Garden at Selby, the roses are white and red. 601

(*Enter* LORD A.)

LORD A. Arthur, she has explained everything! (LADY W. *looks horribly frightened.* LORD W. *starts.* LORD A. *takes* LORD W. *by the arm, and brings him to front of stage.*) My dear fellow, she has explained every demmed thing. We all wronged [607 her immensely. It was entirely for my sake she went to Darlington's rooms — called first at the club. Fact is, wanted to put me out of suspense, and being [611 told I had gone on, followed — naturally — frightened when she heard a lot of men coming in — retired to another room — I assure you, most gratifying to me, the whole thing. We all behaved brutally to her. [616 She is just the woman for me. Suits me down to the ground. All the condition she makes is that we live out of England — a very good thing, too! — Demmed clubs, demmed climate, demmed cooks, demmed everything! Sick of it all. 622

LADY W. (*frightened*). Has Mrs. Erlynne — ?

LORD A. (*advancing towards her with a bow*). Yes, Lady Windermere, Mrs. [626 Erlynne has done me the honor of accepting my hand.

LORD W. Well, you are certainly marrying a very clever woman. 630

LADY W. (*taking her husband's hand*). Ah! you're marrying a very good woman.

INDEX OF CHARACTERS

Abraham (*The Brome Abraham and Isaac*)
Alexander the Great, Spirit of (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Alexas (*Philaster*)
Ananias (*The Alchemist*)
Angel (*The Brome Abraham and Isaac*)
Angel (*Everyman*)
Angelus (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Antony's two little daughters (*All for Love*)
Arethusa, Daughter of the King (*Philaster*)
Attendants (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)

Backbite, Sir Benjamin (*The School for Scandal*)
Beauty (*Everyman*)
Bellario (*Philaster*)
Belzebub (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Betty (*The Way of the World*)
Berwick, The Duchess of (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Bumper, Sir Harry (*The School for Scandal*)

Candour, Mrs. (*The School for Scandal*)
Cardinal of Lorrain (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Careless (*The School for Scandal*)
Carlisle, Lady Agatha (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Charles (*The School for Scandal*)
Charmion (*All for Love*)
Citizens, Five (*Philaster*)
Cleopatra (*All for Love*)
Cleremont (*Philaster*)
Clown (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Confession (*Everyman*)
Cornelius (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Country Fellow, A (*Philaster*)
Cousin (*Everyman*)
Cowper-Cowper, Mrs. (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Crabtree (*The School for Scandal*)

Dame Pliant (*The Alchemist*)
Dapper (*The Alchemist*)
Darlington, Lord (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Daw (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Death (*Everyman*)
Deus (*The Brome Abraham and Isaac*)
Devils (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Dion, a Lord (*Philaster*)
Discretion (*Everyman*)
Doctor (*The Brome Abraham and Isaac*)
Doctor (*Everyman*)
Dol Common (*The Alchemist*)
Dolabella (*All for Love*)
Drugger (*The Alchemist*)
Duchess of Vanholt (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Duke of Vanholt (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Dumby, Mr. (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)

Emperor of Germany (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Epicure Mammon, Sir (*The Alchemist*)
Erlynne, Mrs. (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Euphrasia, Daughter of Dion (*Philaster*)
Everyman (*Everyman*)
Evil Angel (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)

Face (*The Alchemist*)
Fainall (*The Way of the World*)
Fainall, Mrs. (*The Way of the World*)
Faustus (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Fellowship (*Everyman*)
First Shepherd (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Five Wits (*Everyman*)
Foible (*The Way of the World*)
Friars (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)

Galatea (*Philaster*)
Gill (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Good Angel (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Good Deeds (*Everyman*)
Goods (*Everyman*)
Graham, Mr. Cecil (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)

Helen of Troy, Spirit of (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Hopper, Mr. (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Horse-Courser (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)

Iras (*All for Love*)
Isaac (*The Brome Abraham and Isaac*)

Jedburgh, Lady (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)

Kastrill (*The Alchemist*)

Kindred (*Everyman*)
King of Sicily, The (*Philaster*)
King's Guard and Train, The (*Philaster*)
Knight (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Knowledge (*Everyman*)

Ladies (*Philaster*)
Lorton, Lord Augustus (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Lovewit (*The Alchemist*)
Lucifer (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)

Mak (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Maria (*The School for Scandal*)
Maria (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Mark Antony (*All for Love*)
Marwood, Mrs. (*The Way of the World*)
Megra (*Philaster*)
Mephistophilis (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Messenger (*Everyman*)
Millamant, Mrs. (*The Way of the World*)
Mincing (*The Way of the World*)
Mirabell (*The Way of the World*)
Moses (*The School for Scandal*)
Mutes (*The Alchemist*)
Myris (*All for Love*)

Neighbors (*The Alchemist*)

Octavia (*All for Love*)
Officers (*The Alchemist*)
Old Captain, An (*Philaster*)
Old Man (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)

Page (*Philaster*)
Paramour of Alexander the Great (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Parker (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Peg (*The Way of the World*)
Pertinax, Surly (*The Alchemist*)
Petulant (*The Way of the World*)
Pharamond, Prince of Spain (*Philaster*)
Philaster, Heir to the Crown (*Philaster*)
Plymdale, Lady (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Pope, The (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Primus Pastor (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)

Ralph (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Robin (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Rosalie (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Rowley (*The School for Scandal*)

Scholars (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Second Shepherd (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Secundus Pastor (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Serapion (*All for Love*)
Servants (*All for Love*)
Seven Deadly Sins, The (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Shepherds (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Snake (*The School for Scandal*)
Sneerwell, Lady (*The School for Scandal*)
Spirit, of Alexander the Great (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Spirit, of Helen of Troy (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Strength (*Everyman*)
Stutfield, Lady (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Subtle (*The Alchemist*)
Surface, Joseph (*The School for Scandal*)
Surface, Sir Oliver (*The School for Scandal*)
Surly, Pertinax (*The Alchemist*)

Teazle, Lady (*The School for Scandal*)
Teazle, Sir Peter (*The School for Scandal*)
Tertius Pastor (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Third Shepherd (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)
Thrasiline (*Philaster*)
Tribulation, Wholesome (*The Alchemist*)
Trip (*The School for Scandal*)

Uxor Eius (*The Second Shepherds' Play*)

Valdes (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Ventidius (*All for Love*)
Vintner (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)

Wagner (*The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*)
Waitwell (*The Way of the World*)
Wholesome, Tribulation (*The Alchemist*)
Windermere, Lady (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Windermere, Lord (*Lady Windermere's Fan*)
Wishfort, Lady (*The Way of the World*)
Witwoud (*The Way of the World*)
Witwoud, Sir Wilfull (*The Way of the World*)
Woodmen, Two (*Philaster*)